

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
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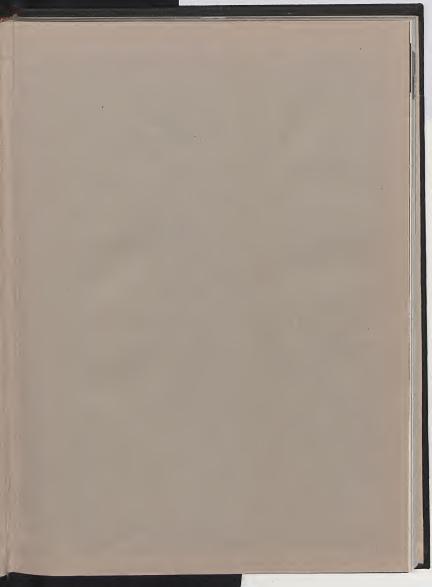


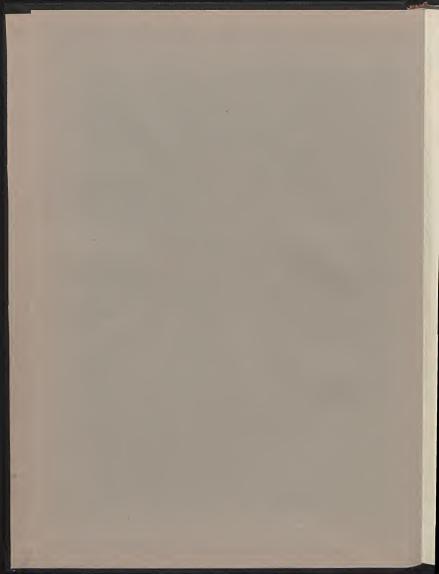
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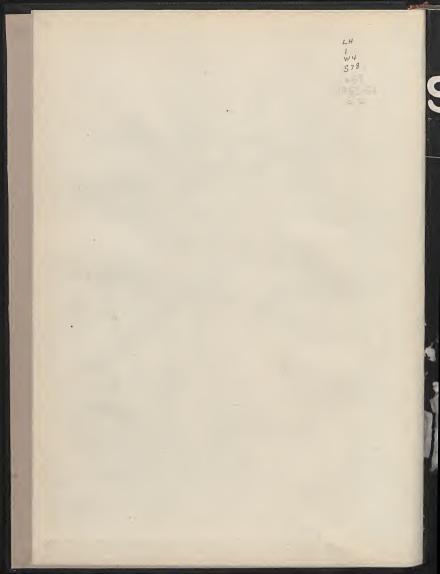
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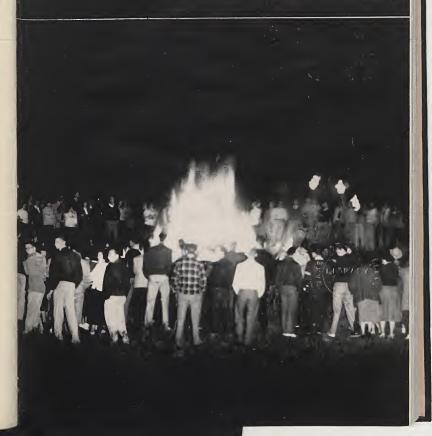




student

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE LIERARY FALL, 1953 NO 3 53 VOL. 67, NO. 1

> Boregarde On Beowulf Turtle Jones' Army Cornerstone Pictures



LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE

A liberal arts college begins with the assumption that the human mind has the capacity to apprehend truth, that in the light of all the truths available, the individual will be able to form a philosophy for himself that is in accordance with divine reality. Henceforth, such a college lays every branch of knowledge open to the student without restriction. It does not tell the student how to think or what to think, but rather attempts to bring him into contact with those ideas of the great souls of past times, in order that from the observation and study of all that man's intellect holds up to view and from the use of his own intuition, he may formulate his own credo of life.

Such a college realizes that an ideally controlled campus will not actually prepare a student for a life in which he must do most of his own thinking. A plant, raised under ideal conditions in a hothouse, may flourish there. Once it is exposed to the earth's atmosphere it will die.

The primary aim of the liberal arts then is to develop the individual student to the highest point of growth which he may attain. Recognizing the brevity of human life, a college should concentrate on teaching those things which will help bring the student to an understanding of the world he lives in, God and mankind rather than methods of attaining the material wealth to support his temporal life.

There is a primary danger confronting the liberal arts college today and, in particular, Wake Forest as she moves: the ever-increasing demand for practical vocational courses in the curriculum.

The atmosphere of anxiety which has prevailed since the beginning of the cold war has pushed today's student into a search for security. He demands that he be taught methods for making a living rather than what true living is. Our society has conditioned him to regard success and, hence, security in terms of material wealth. The average student no longer dreams of organizing a new business or starting anything new. He is rather concerned with teaching himself the skills which will enable him to fit into a secure niche in a corporation, with perhaps the ultimate goal of ten thousand a year and the surburban idyll to comfort him as he struggles upward.

It remains for the liberal college to distinguish between appearances and the truths. When we begin to substitute vocational training for Irining for Irining for living, we are de-emphasizing the only source in which real security may be found. Communism, the shadowy source of our fear, is in essence itself a vision of man's material destiny, a false philosophy which believes that man can make through his own thought a better world than he can by devoting himself to living in accordance to his interpretation of God's laws and according this same right to his fellowman.

When a college begins to cater to materialism, it is diminishing its own effect in the ideological battle which now engulfs the world, for our best weapons are not prosperity and arms, but the ideas of Christ, Ermerson, Whitman, Shakespeare, Thoreau, Plato and many others whose chronicles form the culture of Western civilization. It is essential that we realize that scientific progress has not doomed us. Science is neither good nor evil in itself. It is man's use which determines that. The root of the turmoil of the world lies as it always has in the lack of man's awareness of his soul and the subsequent result in his attitude towards his fellowmen. It should be the first function of a liberal arts college to bring that awareness, that wonder of being to its students. When it does that, it will have also answered the quest for security.

Now is a time when every person interested in Wake Forest should be concentrating on helping with the moving program by any method which presents itself. Those same people should take an active interest in what the new college will be, for there will be no other years as important in forming the philosophy of the college as the first decade of its life on the new earnous.

We have come to realize the true worth of Wake Forest lately. Perhaps it is because we are watching her in the last hours of her life here that we have come to realize that a college is something more than buildings, or faculty, or a student body. There is something here that is hard to grasp. It is in the beatup writing tables in the Alumni Building, the quiet sanctuary of the philosophy rooms, the magnolias who have watched silently for so long . . . perhaps it is a composite of the influences of all the men who have given up material considerations to devote themselves to the good of Wake Forest, those who have done so much with so little because of superior effort. Wake Forest has become from them something unique in education. A student who actually realizes the potentiality of what the college offers does not only learn something, he becomes something. Wake Forest has a soul. And it is the responsibility of those who love her to see that amid the hustle of modern education, she does not lose that soul.

the student

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE FALL, 1953 VOL. 67, NO. 1

THE 1953 STUDENT

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THE STUDENT magazine serves two very definite the purposes. First of all it should entertain and inform the student body. Since the students pay for the magazine, it is only fair that a majority of you be pleased. The STUDENT should also serve as an outlet for any creative ability in the student body. This year we are trying to accomplish these purposes, and as a result some changes have been made in the type of magazine published. We are trying to combine short stories, articles, features, humorous writing, and pictures into a magazine which will appeal to the entire student body.

However, publishing a magazine of this type will be difficult. It is known that good humor is one of the most difficult things to write. Thus if you, the student body, want a good magazine this year, we are going to need your help. We want you to feel free to come by the Student office at any time to submit manuscripts or offer suggestions.

The STUDENT is not our magazine; it is yours. Its success depends upon the help which you, the students, give it.

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A College Lays Three Cornerstones

A dream of the new Wake Forest becomes reality: 2,000 watch as the cornerstones of a library, chapel and science building are sealed.

THE Wake Forest student body, thirteen Greyhounds strong, journeyed to Winston-Salem on October 3 to witness the second important step in the birth of their new college. On a wind-swept sun-scorched Reynolda they stood, rather awed, as history was made.

Sealed boxes containing items of significance in Wake Forest history were placed in the cornerstones of the three new buildings 'dedicated: the Wait chapel, the Z. Smith Reynolds library, and the Science building. The three structures symbolize the unity of religion, science and the humanities on the new Wake campus.

Students inspected the rapid progress of the builders, ate enormously of a chicken pienic lunch which the College provided, wildly cheered an upset over Villanova, and rode back to the old campus, tired but happy, on the police escorted buses. Most of them agreed that it had been, all in all, quite a day.



Students board buses in Wake Forest for trip to cornerstone ceremonies.

Library cornerstone is laid by R. J. Reynolds, president of Z. Smith Reynolds foundation; Charles Babcock, vice-president; and Stratton Coyner, secretary.



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Mary Pickford, America's sweetheart of the 20's, and husband Buddy Rogers (center) enjoy ceremonies with Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Hoyt of Winston-Salem.



Dr. C. Oscar Johnson . . . "humanities and the church go together."



Roy Haberkern, chairman of the executive committee of R. Teynolds Tobacco Company and P. Huber Hanes, president of Hanes Knitting Company, look on as Albert Butler, president of Arista Mills, seals the cornerstone of the science building.



Students and visitors examine interior of impressive Wait Chapel.



Box lunches are enjoyed by crowd on new campus before Wake Forest-Villanova game.

Photographs on pages 3 and 4 courtesy of Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel.

Sleeping bags aren't the best method of getting a good night's rest, and bicycles aren't the best method of transportation, but when the sleeping bags are in the middle of cow pastures, and the bicycles must be pedaled over the Pyrenees Mountains . . . well, all of that and much more happened to Helen Paul in France this summer.



Helen Paul, or "Bebop" as she is better known on campus, holds one of the many souvenirs she collected during her seven weeks' stay in France.

Photograph by Helga Schneitzer.

"BEBOP" SEES FRANCE

by Byrd Barnette

THE French people know how to live. They really enjoy life."

That was the impression Helen Paul, Wake Forest senior, gained this summer during a tour of France. Helen, a French major, was one of eleven American students chosen to participate in "Experiment in International Living." The students were selected mainly because of their interests in world affairs and government. Many of them were history majors. Helen was the South's only representative in the entire group, which included six girls, five boys, and the leader.

Three of her seven weeks in France were spent touring the Pyrenees and Basque country on a bicycle. They were accompanied on the tour by cleven French students. The remainder of the time Helen lived with the Carteron family at St. Etienne in the province of Loire in Southern France.

Although Helen found the bicycle tour the most interesting and thrilling part of the summer, it was not without its minor discomforts. The group slept out every night in sleeping bags, usually in cow pastures. One morning they heard a lot of noise and woke up to find a herd of cattle walking through the camp.

Helen says that good water is very hard to find in France. "We brushed our teeth in the same water that the cows drank," she said. They also washed their clothes in the streams and then laid them out on rocks to dry.

Every day during the bicycle tour the party cooked their own breakfast and lunch. They had to get water to cook in from farmhouses. "The food is so cheap that we had steaks nearly every day," Helen said.

Everyone got sick one day from drinking bad water in a small village. Most of the French people drink

(Continued on page nineteen)



AUTUMN STORY

by John Durham

James Hufham . . . the man who fell in love with a princess more than a century after her death.

Telder shadows of the magnolias lengthened, and the elderly man drowsed in the late afternoon sun. A noise startled him and he looked up, caught a glimpse of bright skirts and heard a quick, high snatch of conversation as two coeds hurried by the bench on which he was sitting. He stared after them and felt excited. "For a moment I thought I saw her," he said to himself, "but of course that's impossible." He sank back into his reverie and his mind went back, back back. . . .

It was spring in Paris and the people sat in the cafes drinking wine, and the sun glittered on the smoothly flowing Seine. It is very hard to die in Paris in the spring when you are just past twenty. The young woman walked slowly out of the prison of Le Force and recoiled as the sun glinted off the steel blade of the guillotine. No one knows what thoughts ran through her mind, what memories of a thousand warm, happy days or what deep anguish that it should all end so senselessty.

She walked slowly up the steps, and as the executioner moved toward her, said: "May I make one last request?"

He nodded.

"Would you see that my children get this?"

He took the little box from her, and led her to the stock. She strained her eyes up to the crowd, searching, and one last fragrant smell of the flowers blooming by the river came to her; then there was a sudden, muted sound. The headless body jerked slightly and was still.

A few hours later, a message came from the Court of the French Tribunal. The death sentence for the Princess de Monaco was recalled. The messenger had set out early in order to stay the execution, but in com-



The Princess of Monaco

ing swiftly through the Rue du Roi de Sicile, his horse had fallen heavily, throwing him off and breaking his leg. So the reprieve came too late. The executioner, touched with the strangeness of the realization of the part the fates play in human destiny, did as he had promised, and delivered the little package to the Princess' children.

Upon opening it they found a long lock of chestnut brown hair with a note, "Because it is all I have to leave." The Princess had cut it off with a piece of glass from the window that last night in the prison of Le Force. It was the year 1794.

The elderly man on the bench is Mr. James Dunn Hufham of Wake Forest, and the story he remembers is one he became interested in in 1932.

Mr. Hufham was coming home from church in Washington, D. C., and stopped for a minute at the National Press Club to look at a London newspaper, and saw a picture and an account of the circumstances surrounding the tragic death of the Princess de Monaco.

He said later, "It made me angry to think that such a lovely woman had died in futility. I almost—well, actually did fall in love with her. She was so charming, so sweet, so lovely."

He wrote to the French Embassy in Washington, and they procured for him the address of the Princess' nearest living relative, the Count de Chabrillan, a resident of Paris.

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Mr. Hufham said: "I had determined to make a study of this great woman the mission of my life and, upon receiving the address of the Count, I immediately wrote to him. I told the Count that I was not interested in having him endorse a toothpaste ad, nor was my letter a stunt or farce in any way. I told him that I was greatly interested in the Princess as a great woman, and that as for Robespierre and her persecutors, I would like to go over and dig up their bones and throw them uncovered into the Mediterranean Sea."

Mr. Hufham received a cordial and appreciative letter from the Count in which the latter invited him to spend a vacation at his home in Paris and visit the home and the tomb of the Princess.

A thirty-day leave from work gave Mr. Hufham the opportunity to go to Europe, and he left New York in the fall of 1932. The Count showed the strange American every hospitality on his arrival, and together they went to the Execution Square where the Princess is buried. The tomb lies inside the walls of the Convent of the Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, and is cared for by the sisters. The high point of Mr. Hufham's visit came when he held in his hands the lock of hair which the Princess had cut off that day so long ago.

"I never met the Countess of Chabrillan," says Mr. Hufham, "as she was away at their country estate in Burgundy, but each year I send her 100 francs to buy flowers and place upon the grave of the Princess on the anniversary of her execution."

Feeling that his quest had been successful, he returned to the United States and his quiet life. The thing which seemed to him most poignant about the Princess' story was how near she came to being saved. The Princess was the last person to be executed during the Reign of Terror.

On July 27, 1794, Robespierre rose before the Assembly. The indignation which had been gradually accumulating over the injustice of his government settled on him. A man in the back of the assembly shouted: "Let's send him to hell to lick up the blood he's spilt." The government was overthrown that day, and Tallein, the new premier, ordered all executions stopped im-



View from terrace looking toward the garden. Paris house of the Princess of Monaco.

mediately, and it was from this assembly that the messenger was coming with the Princess' pardon when his horse fell.

Had it not been for her children, the Princess might have remained safe in Italy where she had fled at the beginning of the Revolution. She left her two young daughters in the care of a governess. The 73-year-old Prince of Monaco was jailed, his estate confiscated, and the governess of the children was executed. Another governess took charge and wrote the Princess of the danger. In Italy, anxious, she gathered money and set out for France to rescue her children. She was seized near the border by Robespierre's agents, tried and convicted of having brought funds into France to start a counter-revolution. Her execution followed a short time later.

The man who played the central role in uncovering this fascinating story, Mr. James Dunn Hufham, is a

(Continued on page twenty-one)

Captain Jones in a moment of military sternness.

"... mighty men, valiant in the war,
but neither disdaining the arts of peace."

—Selected

Washington & Lee may claim its Robert E. Lee, West Point may claim its Eisenhower, but little Wake Forest College lays its claim to military greatness in the person of Captain "Turtle" Jones, who every Tuesday night drops his professional garb to take over as commander of the Service Company, 321st Infantry, Wake Forest, North Carolina.

Professor, or Captain, Wayland H. Jones takes over the position of commander as the local group is launching its fourth year as a part of the greater 321st Infantry with headquarters centered in Raleigh. The function of Service Company is the supply and maintenance of an Infantry Regiment; these men do everything from supervising mess halls to registration of graves. Most of the 30 men in the unit come from ROTC, but there are also men from the businesses and professions, ranging from the Retail Credit Corporation offices and the DuPont laboratory to ministers and men in law school. They meet every Tuesday night at 7:30 in the basement of the local post office. Their meetings are of two hours duration and consist of lectures, films, demonstrations and other forms of training.

The Captain begins his job of training Service Company with a diversified background of training for himself. He was graduated from the University of Richmond with a B.A. in 1940 and after two years as a teacher was taken into the army. He did a tour of duty in England and France and wound up his regular stint in Germany. After he was discharged, he went into the army reserve program, and since that time has spent most of his summers in reserve camp. He has received training in courses from strategic intelligence to an uncomfortably realistic course in mountain climbing taken in the mountains of the western United States. He also received his M.A. in history from the University of Virginia and is now doing graduate work at Duke University. This summer, he commanded the unit in training at Fort Jackson, S. C.

Few of the students realize what this mild-mannered, unassuming professor with the slight Southern drawl does with his spare time. However, his mannerisms on class that have become a by-word typify him perfectly. He is methodical, a creature of definite habits, and as one of his students put it, "Efficiency personified." The minute the bell starts ringing, Professor Jones comes through the door, crosses the room, opens a window, and lights a cigarette. This procedure seldom varies. A chain smoker, he lights one cigarette off the other and smokes constantly through his lectures. Although noticeably a natty dresser, when he sits down at his desk, he might or might not have on brogans. Lateness he will not tolerate, and he wants his students to be seated when he enters the room, i.e., when the bell rings. His lectures are interesting and amusing, interspersed with a store of anecdotes and such innovations as "Ladies' day," when all the questions are fired at the coeds. Not a second is wasted during a lecture and he talks continually . . . during the time he is not giving a pop. He stops lecturing when the bell rings even if he is in the middle of a sentence.

The men under Captain Jones' command like and respect him as a leader, just as his students do as a teacher. He is an ideal officer and his men are entusiastic in their comments about him. "If you have a gripe, take it to him and if it's legitimate, he'll try to have it corrected," was the way football-player Joe White put it. He gets around among his men, talking with them on a friendly basis, asking them questions, trying to find out ways to correct some of the conditions that irk them. He is appreciative of good work on the part of his men, and all of them agree that he has the one quality that makes for an excellent officer; he takes care of the wants and needs of his outfit.

Except for regularly scheduled classes and Tuesday night reserve meetings, "Turtle" Jones follows one of the most indefinable and erratic courses that ever plagued a feature writer. He may suddenly set sail for Raleigh, Durham, Blackstone, or a vitamin shot at the infirmary. He goes to Raleigh on military matters, Durham for graduate study, Blackstone for no one knows what, and he is well known down at the infirmary for his ailments. He seems to eat breakfast every morning and then disappear for the rest of the day with a typical but astounding thoroughness. He wants to be in on everything and has an undetermined number of activities which when taken together are totally incongruous. He may read a paper for the Humanities Club one night, direct a reserve class the next night, and then on another night listen with enthusiasm to a young speaker tell of a summer in Norway.

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one ever The eating habits of Wayland "Pops" Jones are a waiter's nightmare. He eats his supper at the Theta Chi house with a group of Wake Forest faculty members and personnel, where he discourses freely and with exceptional wit. On occasions he will drop by the College Inn for his breakfast; coffee (the waiters swear he can easily drink a gallon), two eggs and pancakes, since he doesn't eat toast, he substitutes the pancakes, eating them dry along with eggs. He does not take a mid-day meal although he is in sympathy with those people who do.

Jones is especially fond of cantaloupes, and he wryly

tells the story of how once his fondness for the melon nearly got the best of him. It was in mountain-climbing school in Colorado at the foot of a 13,000-foot peak, where for such a short course, the army instructors, most of them veterans, didn't have time to whip their pupils into shape. Naturally, then, good food was necessary to keep the men going. Near the end of the course, an overnight climb was planned and each man had to pack his own gear and food. "Turtle" Jones, who figured he could subsist just as well on cantaloupes as anything else, loaded his food bag with good cantaloupes. When night fell and the company was just above the timber line after a climb up rocky and vertical slopes, "Turtle" Jones sat over at the side and watched the other men eat. His cantaloupes had frozen too solid to eat.

His individuality extends into his intellectual tastes, too. He is very fond of Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas, but his current favorite is "New Faces of 1952." His favorite literary character is Lord Chesterfield, and 18th Century England is his chief attraction as a setting and period. History is by far his favorite subject of conversation, and he can speak about it at length and with authority, complete with an astounding number of dates. He likes to argue about any and everything, and, what-

(Continued on page twenty-three)



"Turtle" Jones swears in four new members of his reserve unit. Note conspicuous absence of football.



CONCERT

by John Durham Illustrated by Jayne Smithwick

DISMISSED class early, too early, so that standing there by the road, the wait for my wife seemed very long. She came at last, pulling the old Chevrolet smoothly up to the curb. I got in, and she slid over so that I could drive.

"Surely you aren't going dressed like that," she said.
"I would think . . . I would think that since he is an old college friend you might at least show enough respect to wear a decent suit."

"We haven't much time. We will be late if I take time to change."

"All right. All right." She said the words curtly and I thought: the kids gave her a bad day.

We went slowly through the college town out to the main highway junction and turned off toward the city. The countryside was beautiful as only New York is in autumn, the red maples flared against the land, and the afternoon air was tinged with cold in that magic time between seasons when the warmth of summer beins to diffuse with the chill winter and every tree bedecks itself with brilliant-hued leaves, like an old clown at his last performance with bright pigments and a painted smile denies that this is the end.

She began to get excited as a child, forgetting her momentary irritation, when we got into the outskirts of the city. She squeezed down in the seat so she could see the bright windows of the stores as we drove snail-pace through the late afternoon traffic. We stopped at a drive-in and had cheeseburgers and coffee, gave the car to an attendant in the lot behind the drive-in, and took a taxi to the concert hall.

The people were already queued up waiting for the unreserved seats to go on sale when we reached the auditorium. I stopped in front of the poster as we started in the control of the poster as we can be also in the control of the control o

Michael Brien. The face was long, completely covered with freckles, no longer boyish as I remembered it. His red hair, still nurruly, fell slightly down on his forehead. Underneath the picture was the now famous quote from the Times, from the day when their music critic wrote two sentences and insisted on a blank column for the space his copy would ordinarily have filled: "Michael Brien does not play Beethoven. His hands are Beethoven's."

Then the usher was taking us into the big, hushed

hall and over to our seats on the left side. A few other people were early in the reserved seats and the whisper of their voices sounded ghostly in the huge emptiness.

I glanced at my wife. She was staring intently at a woman's hat about eight rows down. Her face was blurred soft in the half light.

"Did I ever tell you you're quite a girl."

Without looking up she said: "Yes, monotonously often."

"Forgive me, damsel, you must be fatigued with attentions."

"Off thy knees, knight, thou wilt dirty thy oldest suit." "Touché."

"Yes."

Then we sat and didn't say anything for a little while as the seats filled up. At eight o'clock the curtain opened. One large grand piano stood in the center of the stage. Michael Brien came out from the left side of the stage, walking very straight with his head thrown back. The applause was deafening and as I sat there in the noise, I could not help thinking how incongruous that red hair and freckles looked against the white stiffness of his tuxedo shirt. The house lights all went out except for a small spot on the piano, and the packed house was very still.

Michael did not look at the audience. Sitting down on the piano bench, he waited, his back very stiff, for the applause to stop. As it began to die, he flexed his fingers and looked down at the keys with a peculiar little twist of his head to the left, touched the piano very lightly on both sides beyond the last key, and began to play.

He opened with a sad little thing of his own composition which began very slowly with the left hand, swelled slowly, then went into crescendo, then back to the plaintive little theme. After this he began to play Beethoven's work very intensely and the long red hair fell down over his forehead, and his hands moved so quickly it looked impossible. The music caught you and took you up, u, until you were straining forward in your seat, drawn out of an awareness of your surroundings, every part of you fused with the man and his piano. He played almost savagely, face livid and concentrated over the keys, hands now arched and stiff,

bringing out bass, then light as a mouse running up and down the keys. Time lost all sense of being, then, just as suddenly, the beauty was over. All the people were leaning forward. He paused for a long moment, let his hands stop, then played the little theme with which he had opened and the concert was over.

There was a brief period of complete quiet, then everyone in the hall stood up as the applause broke out in a tumultous roar. There was a packed emotion in that audience that swept itself to the stage. Nan was crying quite forlornly and unashamedly, and the terrific noise went on. Michael came out on the stage which he had left as soon as he had finished, came out, looking behind him as though he was being urged. He stood there and there was not much expression on his face although he winced as the spot shifted to his face and the light glinted off the thick glasses. He bowed and bowed again, and his face, with the freckles standing out sharply in the whiteness, looked weird coming in and out of the light. Then he bowed to the piano-to the composer, really. His lips moved once in a shaped "Thank You." The applause continued for a long time after he went backstage, but he did not

The people were strangely quiet moving out, though you heard a few snatches of conversation, church-voiced,

Nan said: "Aren't you going backstage to see him?" I replied: "No, I don't think so. It's been such a long time. He probably wouldn't remember me."

We walked back to the car because we had plenty of time now. The streets were full of people, and the neon signs blinked and glared against the sky. We reached the lot and the attendant brought the car out. I paid him, opened the door for her, and lit a cigarette as I walked around back of the car. When I tried the starter, it ground but didn't catch. We waited.

"Bill."
"What?"

"I would think a man who promised the world to the girl he married could at least get a car which she didn't have to push off everytime he took her to town. Wouldn't you?"

"Yes." I tried the starter again and it caught. "Do we know the couple?"

"You bum."

Soon we were away from the stop-lights and on the boulevard leading home. I opened the window, but the air was too cold so I shut it again. She was quiet and pensive and stared at the headlights of the approaching cars. I was suddenly weary.

I do not wish to think, I said to myself. I do not wish to know what it is like for him after he says good night to the people back-stage and goes to the hotel room. I realized Nan was speaking to me.

" . . . married?" .

"I'm sorry. I wasn't listening. What did you say?" "Is he married?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Brien."

Surprised, I answered: "No, no, he isn't. Why?"

"No reason."

"He was wonderful, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"He didn't ever smile, did you notice?"
"Uh-huh."

"Do you remember very much—I mean about the way he was in college? That's always so much fun—to compare them then and now—of course—since you didn't go back—but do you remember?"

"No I don't remember very much. You see I didn't know him too well."

"Oh-Bill, I thought his eyes looked strange in the spotlight, afterwards, you know."

I said: "One of them is false."

"Oh."

After a little while, she half lay down on the seat and slipped her high heels off and then she was asleep with her cheek resting against the seat and her forehead touching my shoulder.

There are many things you can not tell a woman who has lived always like a happy child. She was still that to me after five years. But driving home with the glare of the headlights now in my eyes and suddenly gone and the long ribbon of road stretched out before me, I began to remember much, much more about Michael Brien than I wished to.

The first time I ever saw him was in September twelve years ago. I was coming home from an orientation meeting at the beginning of my freshman year in college when I saw a long, black Buick sedan parked in front of the house where I was rooming. I went upstairs and, hearing the sounds of unpacking going on in the room across from mine, knocked on the door. A tall, thin, red-haired boy, wearing thick glasses, opened it.

"Hello," he said, "come in."

We introduced ourselves and he introduced me to his father. Mr. Brien was a pudgy, fat little man in contrast to his son. He smoked a cigar in short, quick puffs the whole time I was in the room. There was something half apologetic in his manner as he fussed about the room, putting shirts and other clothes away carefully. We spoke of things concerning school and their trip down. I noticed a tension in the room as though I had broken in on something. It made me feel awkward, so I excused myself and went into my room and began a letter home They closed their door so I got up and closed mine.

After a few minutes Mr. Brien began to talk to Mike in a low tone so that I could not hear what he was

(Continued on page twenty-four)

BOREGARDE SMITH: HIS THEORY ON BEOWULF

by Bill Williams

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Several years ago an article was published which contained a number of conjectures on the ancient epic poem, Beovulf. So profound were the ideas set forth in this article that its author, Mr. Boregarde Smith, was immediately recognized as potentially one of the greatest thinkers of our day. Smith's analysis of Beowulf was at that time presented as chiefly supposition since the extensive research required for a more authoritative criticism had not been fully completed. At last, after exhausting pains, Smith has compiled data which should add a firmer foundation for acceptance of his theories.

Whether mankind can break away from the traditional concept, which has never been questioned until now, remains to be seen: however, the modern Smith theory must not be cast aside without due consideration. For appraisal by a reading public, then, Smith's ponderous philological argument is presented on these pages.

Long have I pondered on the true events that lay behind the ascendancy of the ancient Geat hero Beowulf. The stories of his deeds have survived in the epic poem which bears his name, yet there seems to be room open for questioning the complete validity of the narrative as an unprejudiced account of the incidents it relates. Over a year ago I made known my intentions to pursue further study of the deeds of Beowulf in order to try to arrive at the truth. Some may remember my previous article. Now in compliance with my promise and with my analysis complete, the full truth behind the Beowulf epic can be disclosed.

Misinterpretation of the motive behind the audacious murder of Grendal and the Troll Wife has for over fourteen hundred years allowed a villain to bathe in the golden fountain of heroism. Failure of our greatest thinkers to recognize a clever piece of political propaganda has caused an innocent creature to be branded a hellish criminal. Modern man has brought on himself the indignity of superstitious blindness by falling victim to the lies of a sixth century political gangster whose ruthless lust for power would allow him to stop at nothing to satisfy his vicious ambition.

"Around five hundred A.D. the military headed by King Hrothgar, were in control of the Danish government. Though popular for his do-nothing policy, Hrothgar squandered Danish gold in loathful extravagance. Finally to climax his wicked pursuits he built a large building, called Heorot Hall, near a peaceful swamp and there began to incessantly throw wild meat balls.



The poet's statement that the light of this hall "shown over many lands" is ample indication that anyone living nearby would be driven to distraction in a short time. Hrothgar, however, seemed to care little or nothing about the inhabitants of the area within the range of the wicked boisterousness of him and his abominable associates.

"It so happened that in a previously peaceful fen, or swamp, the monster, Grendal, and his mother, the Troll Wife, had for years lived a quiet life in the solitude of a nature's wonderland. There is no record of either ever having done anything unbecoming to an upstanding Danish monster. As far as can be discerned, the two had spent their entire lives there among their friends, the sea dragons, harming no one in either deed or thought. Evidence indicates that many of the sixth century were afflicted with a strange form of distemper, and it appears that Grendal's mother was a victim of some such malady. It is not difficult to understand, then, why Grendal should seek the aid of the king in quieting the parties at Heorot, at least until the Troll Wife was in better health.

So it was that on that fateful night Grendal made his way to Heorot where Hrothgar was throwing his biggest blast of the year.

"History points out that a wave of anti-monster sentiment had spread over Scandinavia in the early fivehundreds, and perhaps it was because of this that an humble request met only with insults from a drunken mob. Amid jeers and mockey the Danish horde attacked Grendal, and it was only with righteous indignation and in self defense that Grendal proceeded to clean house. Finding force the only means to guard his mother's

(Continued on page twenty-seven)

APO: Good Scouts

by Jimmy Taylor

HIYA, Janie" "Ralph! When did you get back?"

"Just this morning. Registered yet?"

"Just finished. Am I tired! I thought I'd go to the A. P. O. Bookstore and get my books, then I'm going to go to bed for a week."

"I'll go with you . . . uh . . . to the Bookstore that is. I still have to pick up a Business Law book. You know, it's a good thing the A. P. O. opened their Bookstore. If they hadn't I'd have had to either go bookless or give up eating for a few weeks."

This conversation might have been heard at almost any place on the campus during the two days of registration at the beginning of the year. It is clearly indicative of the attitude of the student body toward Alpha Phi Omega and the work it has done on the campus, especially in the instance of the Bookstore mentioned in the conversation. Everyone agrees that this group has done an admirable job, but surprisingly few people know exactly what Alpha Phi Omega is. The purpose of this article is to tell the reader what A. P. O. is, what it does, and how it does it.

Alpha Phi Omega is a national service fraternity, composed of college and university men who are or have been previously affiliated with the Boy Scouts. The purpose of the fraternity, as set forth in the National Constitution, is "To assemble college men in the fellowship of the Scout Oath and Law, to develop friendship and promote service to humanity." The first chapter of A. P. O. was established at Lafavette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, on December 16, 1925, by a group of former Scouts who recognized the desirability of carrying over into their college life the ideals and principles which they adopted as Scouts in their boyhood days. The fraternity has grown steadily throughout its relatively short history and today boasts more than two hundred forty chartered chapters on campuses across the nation.

Alpha Phi Omega had its beginning on the Wake Forest College Campus in the fall of 1951, just two short years ago, when Bill Roth, a representative of the National Office with headquarters at Chapel Hill. approached Phil Robbins with the idea of organizing a chapter on this campus. The project met with Robbin's enthusiastic approval. With Roth and Thorn-



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APO members Tom Bostic and Harold Wilkinson go over receipts from operation of successful book exchange.

ton M. Long, also of the Chapel Hill group, Robbins set about the task of forming what is now the Wake Forest Chapter of Alpha Phi Omega.

Soon a small but active group of interested former Scouts was assembled and the chapter was ready to begin operations. From the very beginning the members have taken the service clause in their constitution seriously. One of their first projects was to take over the sponsorship of the local Boy Scout Troop, which was at that time in a rather decadent state, and to re-organize it and give it new life. Under their direction, the Scout Lodge on the Durham highway was completed and the equipment of the troop was materially supplemented.

The fraternity then turned its attention to the campus proper. They cleaned up the area around the scoreboard on the baseball field before the opening of the season. When the Christian Service Group on the campus began their Clothing Drive in the town, the members of A. P. O. joined them and helped to make it a success. In January they brought the Bloodmobile to Wake Forest so that the students of the college might have an opportunity to contribute their blood to the nation's stock-pile. This program met with such success that the group has made it a permanent part of their annual program.

On May 14, 1952, the Wake Forest College Chapter of Alpha Phi Omega was granted its charter by the National Office. There were thirty-two charter members, led by Phil Robbins as president, Stan Edden as vice-president, and Gene Boyce as secretary-treasurer. According to precedent, the chapter was not due to receive its charter until the fall of fifty-two, but its service record so impressed the National Office that it judged the group to be sufficiently well organized to merit receiving its charter without serving the full preparatory period.

The opening of the fall semester of 1952 found A. P. O. members already on campus, helping with the task of initiating the freshman class and providing Information Booths at which the new students could get help in making out their schedules, information about the college and campus, or just a friendly greeting to help ease the strain of those first days at school.

Under the leadership of president Brad Curry, the fraternity soon embarked on a full schedule of projects for the year. Twice during the year they brought the Bloodmobile back to the campus. In connection with this project, they set up a permanent record of blood types of the donors to be used in case of future emergencies. With their aid the studios of WFDD were rejuvenated. Screens were installed, the building was painted on the inside, and a new asphalt tile floor was added. The group participated actively in the physical arrangements for the Magnolia Festival.

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They did not neglect the local Boy Scout Troop, but Continued to work very closely with the group. Several of the members of the fraternity accompanied the Scouts on camping trips and other outings. The group Sponsored a Father-Son Banquet for the Scouts as a Part of this project.

Alpha Phi Omega did not neglect the older boys of the town. They organized a Sea Scout Ship for boys fourteen to seventeen years old who were interested in Scout work; Wayne Brindle served as skipper of the Ship. Funs for this movement were secured through the Ugly Man Contest which the fraternity sponsored on campus.

In the spring, A. P. O. sponsored a Scout Day Campus, for which they brought Scouts from the town and the Okineje Council who were interested in attending college to the campus and introduced them to the school in an effort to get them to attend Wake Forest College.

During the year the Alpha Phi Omega Chapter Room came into being in the basement of Hunter Dormitory. The fraternity re-decorated and furnished this room to make a very attractive meeting place for fraternity functions.

Perhaps nothing the group has done has met with greater approval than their A. P. O. Book Store. After recognizing the great need for such an institution or campus, they secured a room in the basement of Hunter Dormitory and set up an exchange center at which students could buy and sell used textbooks. The reaction of the student body leaves little doubt of their appreciation to the group for this sorely needed service.

With Leon Applegate serving as presiding officer, the group has already begun the work of this school year. Once again new students were greeted by the friendly faces of Alpha Phi Omega members at Information Booths on the campus. The Book Exchange began its second year of operations with even greater response from the student body than before. The plans of the fraternity include bringing the Bloodmobile back to the campus in late November so that the student body may have an opportunity to swell the nation's supply of gamma globulin. An Ugly Man Contest and a clothing or paper drive are two projects that will be used to raise money for the local Boy Scouts and Sea Scouts and other projects which the fraternity will undertake. This year the Ugly Man Contest will be climaxed by a dance at which the winner of the competition will be crowned. Plans for a weekly informative program to be broadcast over WFDD are also being formulated. This program will be a bulletin board of the air waves and will be open to any group on the campus for the purpose of making announcements to the student body.

Social life also has an important place on the Alpha Phi Omega calendar. Socials are usually held about once each month. Last year the fraternity journeyed to Brooks Recreation Center in Raleigh on several of these occasions. There skating and bowling were the order of the day; work projects were temporarily forgotten. To climax the year's activities, the members feted themselves at a well-earned Alpha Phi Omega Banquet in the late spring.

Service to the campus and the town remain the prime objective of the group, and there can be little doubt in the mind of any observer that this objective is well met by the members of the fraternity. The town of Wake Forest and the campus of Wake Forest College are better places for youth to live because of the efforts of this young but progressive and hard-working service fraternity, Alpha Phi Omega.

Review

James A. Mitchener, The Bridges at Toko-ri. 147 pages. Random House, \$2.50.

By PATSY PEARCE

"Nobody ever knows why he gets the dirty job. But any society is held together by the efforts . . . yes, and the sacrifices of only a few." These words seem to aptly state the general theme of James A. Mitchener's new novel, The Bridges at Toko-ri. Mitchener has skillfully taken the fundamental truth, that the civilization of any nation or age depends upon the minority that has the courage to accept the responsibilities of preserving it, and woven it into a framework of Navy combat.

In essence, Mitchener is saying in his book that the armed forces, a small percentage of the American pele, have been called to bear the responsibilities of the Korean war. These men are not at the front fighting because they want to, but because fate destined that they be the ones to do the job, infers Mitchener. Although some are bitter because it is they who must sacrifice instead of their next-door neighbor, they accept their fate and with the courage of true men, set about to do the dirty work. They never really understand or see justice in why they are the ones that must do it, however.

The Bridges at Toko-ri is the story of Harry Brubaker, a World War II Navy pilot who had been called back into service after the beginning of the Korean conflict. During the interim between wars, he had married the girl he loved, and it was with bitterness that he left his home to resume responsibility in the Navy as an air lieutenant.

Admiral Tarrant, the commander of the aircraft carrier Hornet, liked Brubaker because he reminded him of his son, and he had to fight to keep from showing favoritism toward Brubaker. Tarrant admired him because his loyalty was stronger than his bitterness, and because he was the best pilot in the crew. It was this that made Tarrant assign Brubaker the mission of bombing the bridges at Toko-ri, the most dangerous mission that the Hornet would have to undertake. Garrant knew that Brubaker would "go in low" and hit those bridges when the time came.

Brubaker dies at the end of the novel, but not until the bitterness that possesses him is dissolved by an understanding of his purpose in Korea.

From the standpoint of story-telling, Mitchener has (Continued on page twenty-eight)

Louis Bromfield, Mr. Smith; New York, Harper and Brothers; 1951; 278 pp.

By WILFRED WINSTEAD

Mr. Smith is a novel about a man who made a new and interesting acquaintance. He came to know himself. It is not a great novel; Louis Bromfield is not a great author. But Mr. Smith is a stimulating work.

From a strictly literary viewpoint, Bromfield, a promising novelist 25 years ago, is mediocre. His strong point is that he comes under the category of thought-provoking writers.

The book is written as a manuscript, supposedly given to Bromfield by a sergeant who served under the author, Lt. Wolcott Ferris, in World War II.

Ferris is just an average man, from an upper-middleclass family, with average hopes and ambitions. There is but one thing that distinguishes him from others. He has found himself. He has come to realize the futility of many of the activities of contemporary society. His discovery of himself, as he reveals in retrospect, comes after he has finished college, is married and has settled down to the life of an average businessman.

"I stood there with my razor poised, looking into my own eyes, thinking, 'This is you? This is the guy you have to live with for the rest of your life? What is you? Are you decent and kindly or a monster? What is it you want? Whither are you bound? Why are you shut off from everyone and everything in spite of every effort to lose yourself? Where did you come from and where will you end? What are you here for? What are you doing with this short space of time permitted you on earth? What becomes of you when this flesh dies and withers away?"

Ferris spends the rest of his life attempting to answer these basic questions. His conclusions are not startling, but for him, as they would be for many persons, they are reasonable.

Mr. Smith is divided into alternate chapters, one of which is entitled "Oakdale," Ferris' home; the other is called "The Jungle," dealing with the experiences of the lieutenant and the four men stationed with him on a Pacific island.

From the South-Pacific jungle he writes that "many people in our world were afraid to be alone—because, in spite of anything they could do, solitude would permit the creeping in of small thoughts and corroding doubts which . . . would destroy the whole fabric of existence and create in its place the bare skeleton of despair." And again, "To fail materially in that world-to slip down the scale, was as much a tragedy as having one's sixteen-year-old daughter go on the street That was why such morbid emphasis was placed upon all things from bathrooms to interior decorators to auto-

(Continued on page twenty-seven)

Character: Bob Callen

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Back in the fall of 1932 things on this side of the ocean looked pretty dark. Food lines were everywhere; Wall Streeters were selling Cadillacs and apples on street corners; on the Continent a paper hanger named Adolph Hitler was trying to sell a bunch of tired Germans on the idea that they were better than anyone else. Joe Stalin was kicking up dust about Five Year Plans over in the Kremlin; Benito Mussolini, making faces and noises like a pig, was squealing the advantages of Fascism to the Romans; F. D. Roosevelt and the Democrats were preparing for a fall of eloquent words and big grins. And in East Orange, New Jersey, Robert Holmes Callen was born.

So what, huh? (It took me a long time to figure an answer to this one.) This is what. I'll just be willing to wager that you didn't know that that same Robert H. Callen, yes, that same child of world turmoil and unrest, is now here, on our campus. I mean, actually down here amongst us, pursuing a serious course of

Bob Callen was born on October 28, 1932. (To be sure you've already discovered that it happened somewhere around here, but dates like 1066, 1776, and October 28, 1932, are always worth repeating.)

Bob leaped rapidly up the ladder of natural development (he still takes a step every once in a while), but he soon discovered that things didn't look quite so rosy on the outside as they did from his swaddling clothes. It was here that developed the only serious psychological block in his personality—he became a confirmed cynic and began to look at the world through thick bottomed glasses.

"Listen," he says, "It ain't hard to see that everybody around these days is out for nothing but the big 'L' Everybody is either crooked, drunk most of the time, or psychopathic, so why should I be different?" I think Bob must have been kidding when he told me this, because he's surely not psychopathic, and I know he's pretty honest.

Bob's matriculation here at Wake Forest is but another reinstatement of the loyalty of old grads of Wake Forest all over the world. One often wonders why someone living five hundred miles from here would ever decide on Wake Forest as his choice for higher education, when there are other excellent schools much closer home. I asked Bob about this, and he told me a touching story that made me feel proud to know that one day I may be one of those alumni, always anxious for the welfare of dear old alma mater. Thus it was due to the influence of one of these men that Bob decided to apply here. But wait-I am limited in space and don't think I can tell the full story, so I'll try to sum it up as best I can. It probably can be expressed best in Bob's own words; "I wanted to go to Seton Hall, but this place was the only one within two thousand miles of East Orange that would accept me, so here I am."

Bob came to Wake Forest in the fall of 1951 with the intention of studying business, and he at once found the business department much to his liking. In fact the business department never had a more devoted disciple than Bob Callen. Long into the night I've listened to him sing the praises of those "fine old fellows" down in the Chapel basement, and I have yet to detect any note of sarcasm in these long and often damp orations. Always they are filled with profound regard and tear-rending devotion—that certain something that cements a band of brothers together toward a certain goal. Even when he's sober, he still thinks a lot of them.

Just to make sure we're all talking about the same fellow, Bob may be observed on the campus as somewhat of a rubber ball with tooth picks stuck in at appropriate places. His hair is that shade of red that is not exactly red but closer to red than anything else. His hair and the fact that he is usually carrying something (this may range anywhere from an economics book to a hang-over) are the only things that distinguish him from Sidney Greenstreet.

If you were to talk to Bob for a few minutes, you would soon discover that he is strongly the outdoor type, given to a passionate oratory on the glory of Mother Nature's wonderland. It was only this summer that Bob spent practically all his spare time in the great outdoors, running from the two-dollar window at Jamaica to his seat in the stands, and back to the window again. As if this weren't enough, Bob made every effort to spend at least two hours a day soaking up fresh air and sunshine in a German beer garden in his neighborhood.

During the rest of the day Bob worked in the Otis Elevator Plant in East Orange. It's when he's talking about Otis that he comes into his own. He tells me that he has worked there for many summers, and he hopes to get a permanent job there when he finishes school. Thus he naturally thinks that no set-up runs more efficiently or is better organized than the Otis Elevator Corporation, omitting possibly God and His Heaven. "Cheez," he says, "We got plants all over the world-been in the business for ages. How do you think Hannibal got over the Alps? We once built an elevator for the Shah of Arabia. Boy, it was a fancy job. Took us two years to build it. It had cushions filled with cashmere, a bar with two built in eunuchs, a john lined with silver and equipped with a big library, a roster of all the races the next day with the odds, a threepiece orchestra with dancing girls, and a store of Lili St. Cyr movies." Musta been some elevator; did it go up and down too, Bob? I can understand why Bob thinks so much of Otis-he told me that every holiday they wheel likker in by the truckload.

A Soldier's View of Korea



by Carlton Warren as told to Jack Crosswell

Back from fighting in Korea, Carlton Warren pursues his sophomore studies at Wake Forest. Warren's unusual story has been edited for this issue by Jack Crosswell.

Sometimes the easy way is hardest, and sometimes the rougher route is smoothest after all, or at least that is the opinion of Carlton Warren, a sophomore at Wake Forest College, for he knows both.

He knew little about the hard way until he was inducted into the Army in 1950. Before that his world had been his father's farm with an occasional Saturday night movie at nearby Newton Grove. His geography had consisted of little beyond the barn, some corn fields, and the old swimming hole down at the bend in the creek near his home.

His draft board first selected the hard way for him back in 1944. But the Army decided that he should return to his home because he was not physically fit. He resumed his carefree life with little thought about the future.

Then came the Korean War. This time Uncle Sam found him fit and sent him through fourteen weeks of rugged combat infantry training at Camp Atterbury, Ind. There he saw sights which opened his eyes.

"I had never even seen a tank," he related. "We were walking around the camp when I saw my first one. I climbed up to look at the turret. Suddenly, my foot slipped and I fell into a bed of rocks. I was knocked out cold."

After basic training, he was shipped to Seattle and packed on a transport ship. Destination—Korea! The

ocean crossing was not very pleasant for Warren. "They said seasickness was all in your head, but I found it all in my stomach," he said.

He arrived at the front in time to meet the Red w Spring Offensive. His company, which was part of the famed 24th Division, had been in combat territory only a a day when hordes of shouting Chinese swarmed down on them. That was April 22, 1951.

The American infantrymen were able to repel the oattack. With the aid of allied artillery, they forced the Reds to retreat.

For Warren, his only injury in that engagement was some severely blistered feet from a lot of hiking.

But three days later he was in action again. This time his outfit was ordered to knock out a Chinese road-block which was holding up the U. N. retreat toward Seoul.

"We had to climb up cliffs on both sides of a winding road to form security for the tanks and half-tracks moving back to destroy the block," he said.

"After the tanks got through and we abandoned the block, we counted twenty-five casualties in my company," he added.

Then Warren was assigned to K Company, 19th Regiment, 24th Division, and withdrew to the north bank of the Han River. There they dug in for a few

However, the war soon found them on the move again, or as Warren stated, "We were fluid during the spring and summer." Too, he related that he always knew when Sunday came "because that was our day to move out."

He spent a large part of that summer running combat patrols through positions held by the Fifth Regi- . mental Combat Team. It was on one of these missions that K Company was assigned to take a hill called X Ray. It was then that Warren had his first narrow escape.

"During the battle," he said, "I got a bullet through a can of 'C' rations which was in my fatigue pants' pocket. I didn't realize a bullet had come so close until I felt something scratch my thigh. I made the remark that the Chinks had burst the cake of dry cocoa inside my ration can, and everybody laughed and kidded me about it for a long time."

Later, he got his first "incoming mail," which is a Varren term given enemy artillery. Warren's outfit was taking a hill when some Chinese forward observers spotted or this them and reported their position to a Red heavy weapons battery. "They really let us have everything but the kitchen sink," he said.

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"I really didn't get into another hot engagement until "They my division jumped off on a limited offensive in the ound it Kumsong Valley region," he disclosed.

"Every company was given an objective then. Ours ne Red was to take a hill named Charlie. And believe me, she of the Was rugged. One of our own pilots mistook us for Chinks and to make one of the tragedies of war, strafed our position. The lines weren't clearly distinguishable and I guess he still thinks we were Reds. We left this hill pel the on the morning of October 16, 1951.

"As we were pulling out, I had another very close call. I was hit on the temple by shell fire and suffered a concussion of the head. And then I was roent was tated to Japan for some welcome rest.

> "My buddies back at basic training told me I was so green that I'd never get back in one piece. But I guess I surprised them," he continued.

Warren was honorably discharged at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, and then came the biggest decision in his life. That was whether he should return to the farm and the old way, or try to get a college education. For Warren it posed a big problem.

Unlike most freshmen, it had been nearly a decade since his graduation from Newton Grove High School, and he had seen things more gruesome than most young men entering college. Lastly, he sometimes had severe headaches resulting from his temple wound.

But his desire for knowledge outweighed all else. He wanted to learn about this world that he had fought for on the bloody battlefields of the Far East. He is now enrolled at Wake Forest College.

He had a special reason for selecting Wake Forest, for two of his brothers, James L. and Percy A. Warren, were graduated here with the Class of '37.

Thus, Carlton Warren has chosen the rougher route for he firmly believes that it is the shortest way to find success.

BEBOP SEES FRANCE (Continued from page five)

wine exclusively, but Helen said her group drank water because "wine doesn't quench the thirst like water." She still has ill effects from the impure water, as it takes from six to eight months to fully recover.

Helen hurt her ankle when her bike brakes wouldn't hold, and she ran into a car. As a result she had to go to Biarritz by bus ahead of the group. She got stranded there when the others didn't show up. "I was scared," she said. "I didn't have anywhere to stay and I didn't know what to do." She finally ended up spending the night in a deserted train station. There weren't any trains running because of a strike, and the man in charge said she could stay there when he locked up for the night. She was even more frightened when she found herself in the train station alone, but the rest of the party found her the next day, and they continued their

While in Biarritz they saw ex-king Farouk of Egypt.

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"He's as awful looking as his pictures," Helen declared, "but a lot of women were following him around."

Helen found the Basque people very interesting. "They are part French and part Spanish and have a language all their own," she said. "Most of them still wear their native costumes, which are quite colorful. In each village we passed through they were having a parade—there were street dances every night, the music furnished by a small Basque band."

The family with whom Helen lived was quite well to do. Monsieur Carteron, head of the house, owned a ribbon factory in St. Etienne. "But he went to work

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only about five days when I was there," said Helen. "Most of the time he worked in the garden."

The Carteron chateau was filled with antiques. There were eight bedrooms and only one bathroom, which didn't have a tub. They did, however, have an electric stove and lights.

The immediate family consisted of the mother, father, and four children. One son serves with the army in Africa, and two of the daughters had studied in England. The younger son was getting ready to go to "college" which in France is the same as high school in America.

The Carterons were not allowed to speak English to Helen. "Everybody speaks some English over there. They were very surprised to learn that people in my family could not speak French."

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There was very little recreation such as movies outside of the home. The families are quite big and are always getting together "Fetes on Saint Days are huge affairs. They are bigger than Christmas or birthdays," Helen said. "The families sing, dance, and give gifts. And they love to eat! Dinner usually consisted of six or seven courses. The largest meal of the day was served when the relatives turned up."

The Carterons had three cars, which was a good thing because the family was so large. French cars are so small that it took three to take them all. One was a Fregate, one a Simca, and the other a Citrypen.

A typical day for Helen with her French family began by getting up late. One of the Carteron daughters slept late, too, but the rest of the family got up around five o'clock in the morning and went about their various tasks. There were two maids who did the cooking. Helen and her French sister made up the beds.

"Every day we turned the mattresses and aired all the bed clothing for half an hour. Every day the house was cleaned. There are no vacuum cleaners; the rugs are beaten, the floors scrubbed, stair steps cleaned and railing polished by hand."

In the afternoon the girls went swimming at a pool in town, went fishing or picnicking. At night the girls did not date because it is not customary in French families. "Boys are not welcome in girls' homes. The marriages are usually arranged by the parents."

Helen says that the Communist party is very much out in the open in France. In all the little villages they passed through there were Communist signs and slogans. And nearly everyone she talked to asked her about the Rosenbergs. Most of the people thought they had been cruelly murdered. In one village an image of Eisenhower had been hanged in effigy. His teeth were electric chairs, and there was a sign which said: "Two innocents have been murdered. May their assassins be accursed forever."

The only argument Helen got into was about reli-

gion. The French are predominantly Catholic and have no understanding of Protestantism. Helen tried to explain the Baptist religion to them in French, but they could not understand it at all.

While in France Helen attended the Catholic church service. When the group was in Paris they went to high mass at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. "I had never been to high mass before," Helen said. "It was most impressive." Also in Paris they went to the Moulin Rouge and "sat in as many sidewalk cafes as we could

Helen was disappointed because she did not learn more about the government of France. She said the French people didn't like to talk about it. They seemed to be ashamed of its instability. There was a general strike while Helen was in France and as a result the mail service virtually ceased. Helen did not hear from anyone in America for nearly five weeks, and only now are her friends receiving the post cards she wrote them.

Helen says that the French people go crazy over American cigarettes. She took five cartons with her, which was the legal limit, but she gave two of them to the Carterons. Whenever she opened a pack, everybody else wanted one, too, and she often ended up without one herself. "French cigarettes are awful," Helen said. "Besides tasting terrible, they go out all the time. We would light a cigarette, say two or three sentences, and when we looked at our cigarette it would be out."

Helen believes that the French differ from the Americans most in their easy-going attitude. "Americans are always in a hurry and are continually worrying about something," she said. "The French just relax and enjoy life. To talk to them one would never know that they had a worry in the world."

To Helen the whole trip was better than she had even expected. "The people are just wonderful," she said. "They were friendly and always willing to help us. I'd like to go back as soon as I can!"

AUTUMN STORY (Continued from page seven) graduate of Wake Forest. He was born in Warsaw, N. C.,

on April 16, 1873. The family moved to Scotland Neck in 1878 and here the boy grew up. His father was the Pastor of the local church and had been the editor of the Biblical Recorder during the Civil War. A brother of Mr. Hufham, T. M., graduated from Wake Forest in

1889 and was later president of Mars Hill College. Mr. Hufham entered Wake Forest in 1892 and was graduated in 1896 with an A.B. degree. He was a member of the first German class of Dr. Gorrell who became modern language head at Wake Forest in 1894, and also was in the first English class Dr. Sledd taught after he assumed duties as head of the English department.

After his graduation, Mr. Hufham taught in rural schools, worked in a bank, and was a newspaper reporter during the Spanish-American War. He worked with the U. S. Civil Service two years and then with the Interstate Commerce Commission for twenty-two years until his retirement in 1938. He traveled for some time after retiring, but now has settled permanently in Wake Forest. Unmarried, he lives at Wooten's Hometel on Raleigh Road.

He has always had a tremendous interest in the Revolutionary period, both in this country and in France. His great-great grandfather, Lieutenant Curtis Ivey, was an officer in the 4th North Carolina Continental Infantry, and was a member of the Society of the Cincinattus, an honorary organization of the military leaders of the Revolutionary War. Membership is hereditary and Mr. Hufham is now a member of the society.

Writing has been one of his chief interests since his

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college days. He was correspondent for The Rutland (Vermont) Herald and for the Rider and Driver (N. Y.). He translated from French a two-volume book, Les Français les Treize Etoiles, the French under the thirteen stars, which was a list, with brief biographical note of every Frenchman who fought in the American Revolutionary War.

Another of the books is a biography of Le Marquis de la Rouerie, a French officer who aided the American cause under the assumed name of Colonel Armand. The French marquis fought in a battle near Camden, S. C., and later went back to France, organized and equipped a legion at his own expense, and brought them back to fight for the United States.

Mr. Hufham has also been interested in railroading since his youth when he worked for them a short time. Many changes have taken place since then, and he wanted very much to see them first hand; so on December 2, 1950, C. I. Morton, superintendent of the Virginia division of the Seaboard Railroad arranged for the elderly man to make a trip on the crack train "Silver Meteor" on a run from Raleigh to Richmond, Virginia.

The crew put him up in the engine and started off.

Mr. Hufham was amazed at the speed of the train, which was, incidentally, slightly faster than usual, since on a long straight stretch about half way to Richmond, the engineer, grinning at the fireman, pushed the throttle wide open. Staring out from the speeding train, Mr. Hufham watched the myriads of signal lights now used to control railroad traffic, and contrasted them with the crude methods he remembered. As he said later, in his narrative of the trip:

"As we sped along at the average of seventy miles an hour, sometimes greater, sometimes less, all the time governed by the engineer's hand on the controls, I thought of the time half a century earlier when the road-bed was gravel and chaffingly called 'Elmore's brown sugar' by T. M. Whisnant, superintendent of that day: J. T. Elmore being roadmaster. My station semaphore at Bracey, Va., then was a post sunk in the rightof-way, an auger hole bored in it where I used to thrust the staff of my red flag, or a red lantern at night."

White-haired now, and 80 last April 16, Mr. Hufham is a frequent visitor to the college library, and spends a great deal of his time reading though his sight has begun to fail him recently. His room at Wooten's is filled with souvenirs of past days, including his most





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prized possession, a photograph of the Princess' hair , which which he was given on his trip to Paris by her relatives in gratitude for the fund which he set up to nd, the throttle provide flowers for her grave. He treasures also pictures of her home in Paris and the small photograph n, Mr. of her he saw in the newspaper that day long ago in w used ith the Washington. iter, in

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She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ode on a Grecian Urn John Keats

TURTLE JONES' ARMY

(Continued from page nine) ever his views, will frequently take an opposite view just to draw his opponent out.

The optimistic professor, though denying that he makes being happy an avocation, expresses his outlook perfectly when he says with his Virginia accent, "Well, you might as well be content with things . . ." He attempts to stay busy at all times, and he is an indefatigable dynamo of energy.

He likes to swim and spent some time at Lake Morrow last year. He is an expert bridge player, a perfectionist at the game, and is fairly proficient at badminton. His nickname, "Turtle," came from grammar school days when he didn't get around the base paths as fast his more agile friends thought he should. His nickname, "Pops," was tagged on to him by his students, not because of any athletic ability or because of age, but because of his affinity for pop quizzes.

Captain "Pops" "Turtle" Jones first heard about Wake Forest when he was doing his basic training. He and another groaning G.I. were policing the area for cigarette butts, and the man kept talking about Wake Forest between grunts. He painted a picture of glory that Jones didn't forget, and eventually Jones came here to teach.

Captain Jones has entered into his work as commander of the Wake Forest reserve group with the same enthusiasm that he carried into his classes. The reserve program under which he serves was initiated by the . army six years ago in order to keep on hand a constant cadre of trained personnel in case of national emergency. To insure its success, the army offered several advantages that made it particularly appealing to college students, and Jones points to the number of men in his group who are in school as proof. His reserve Pfc's get about \$90 a year, with a full day's pay being paid for each two-hour meeting attended; every two years spent in the reserves means a raise in pay and when the men finally do go into service,

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they earn more money due to their reserve training longevity.

Service Company of Wake Forest has, besides Captain Jones, several master sergeants and sergeants, plus the Pfc's and recruits from the college. Jones' unit, like most reserve units, is composed of key personnel; consequently, there is a lot of rank.

"Turtle" Jones has taught many of the men in his outfit, and though he doesn't push anyone into johing, he is always ready to talk about it. Enthusiasm and thoroughness typify everything that he does. "A good man for a good job." As one of his reserve subordinates said, "'Turtle' Jones doesn't demand respect from his men. He just gets it."

CONCERT

(Continued from page twelve)

saying, just the noise of him talking. Then Mike answered something in a weary voice. He sounded older than his father.

They opened the door and came out into the hall and I heard the old man say: "You're sure you have everything you need? Better let me give you an extra twenty. That's the way it is with you boys in college, always need a little extra for a week end."

He laughed mirthlessly and Mike neither answered

Compliments of

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WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

or laughed. Then they went down the stairs. When they reached the bottom, one of them stopped and started to come back up.

Mike said: "I tell you I don't want the damn thing. Take it on back home with you. I've got no use for it."

His father said in a low voice, almost desperate: "Well, keep it for a little while. I'd much rather catch the train home. You may want to go to the beach while the weather's still warm."

Then I heard Mike go back down the stairs and the Buick started up. When Mike came back about three hours later, he was alone. He went in his room. When I looked in to ask if he wanted to eat, he was lying down and said:

"I believe I'll wait a little while. I'm not too hungry just now."

It was then, as I saw the left side of his face for the first time, that I noticed the glass eye which stared straight up and never moved.

The first half of the year went by quickly. I didn't see very much of Mike. His door was always closed. He did not go around with the crowd who lived at the house, keeping pretty much to himself. He rather gave the impression of being conceited because of his reserve. Very careful of what he said to everyone, he would make elaborate excuses to keep out of even the smallest engagement. We all rather disliked him.

I was dating this girl from a nearby school, and they were having a dance for which she wanted me to get a friend of hers a date. I asked evryone I knew but no one could go so finally I asked Mike. He hesitated at first, but at last he said he'd go. Well, the girl turned out to be pretty nice and we were having a great time when I saw Mike suddenly stop dancing and clap his hand over his left eye. He and the girl walked very quickly to the edge of the dance floor, and he excused himself and almost ran to the men's room. I followed.

He was standing by the wash basin. He had a little bottle of liquid in his hand.

"Can I do anything?"

"No."

"Couldn't I get something?"

"No, there's nothing to do. It does this way. I'll be O.K. in a minute. Would you please go out now?"

So I did, and a little bit later he came out, very pale, and he and the girl danced some more, but he did not seem to enjoy it.

We were going home after the dance, and I was hungry, so we stopped at this all night restaurant about half-way back to school. I got eggs and Mike got a sandwich. I noticed the counterman staring at Mike, then looking quickly away. Mike didn't say anything. The counterman went down, to the end of the bar where a group of men were sitting, and a moment later they laughed. Mike looked at them and then back to his plate. We finished and left.

After we got in the car, he sat under the steering wheel for a minute. Then he said: "Have you heard the one about the man with the glass eye who kept it by his bed at night and went to a psychiatrist because its stare bothered him. And the psychiatrist told him to look his troubles in the eye?"

Startled, I said, "What?"

"It's a joke, Bill. It's a joke. Like the one that crutty son of a . . ." he choked, " . . . counterman is telling now."

I said quickly: "I don't believe he noticed it even. You're imagining the whole thing."

There was such a vicious note in his voice that I didn't say anything more.

There was evidently something wrong with the eggs because I woke up about three-thirty so sick that I could hardly raise myself. I got my feet on the floor and went to the bathroom. When I turned on the bathroom light, I almost screamed at what I saw.

He was standing in the middle of the bathroom floor, and he had a bottle of whiskey in his left hand. The empty socket gleamed wetly in the light, and the blue eye stared from a glass of liquid on the window sill. He had been standing there drinking and looking at himself in the mirror, at least as much as he could see in the little bit of moonlight which sifted through the window. He looked at me.

I murmured a hurried excuse and went back to my room and was very sick in a towel, and after a bit I heard him cut off the bathroom light and I prayed very frantically "Jesus, don't let him come in here." I cut my light off and sat there in the dark. He went back to his own room, and I heard the bed creak, and I sat there in the dark, alternating between praying and being sick until the first red streaks began to color the sky.

He never spoke to me after that. It happened three days before Christmas vacation, and he didn't come back to school to take his first semester exams. A truck with the name Brien Manufacturing Company came down about the middle of January and picked up his clothes.

I didn't hear any more of him for a long time. I had my degree, was married, and working on my doctorate at Yale when I met a student at a party there who I noticed was from the same home town as Mike had been, so I asked him if he knew Brien.

"Mike Brien. Of course. I was in high school with him. Do you know him?"

"Yeah, well, he roomed where I did as a freshman."

"Oh, I see."

"I was wondering what had happened to him. He dropped school you know."

"Yes, I know. He is in Germany now, studying music."

"Is that right?"

"Yes, he has been over there almost two years now. They say he has great promise as a pianist."

"I see."

He started to leave, and I called him back.

"Uh . . ." I said, hesitating . . . "well, I wonder if you could tell me anything about him. He was such a strange fellow when I knew him."

He looked away, then said rather sharply, "Are you interested or just curious?"

That broke the ice, and I told him about the night Mike and I had gone to the dance.

He said very slowly, "If you will meet me somewhere with a couple of hours sometime, I will tell you a story. But I do not think you will like it."

A week later, one rainy afternoon, we met in a little restaurant down town. The rain was coming down in cold, thick torrents and it was rather good to be inside

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I was about a sande, then g. The with hot coffee and the warm, blue smoke of cigarettes curling up to the ceiling.

We talked books for a while, then ordered fresh coffee.

He began: "I will start with what I know of Mike's father. He was one of those unfortunate executives who tried to earry his business practices over into his home. He had worked his way up from nothing to the ownership of a large corporation. So I guess he figured that hard work and sacrifice had gotten him where he was and he was also determined that the boy should not have it too easy and be ruined. You know that philosophy: refusal to grant wishes as a technique for building character. He wanted Mike to step into his chair and place with the company. Mike wanted to be a surgeon ... you know the way a lot of kids want to be doctors, only in his case I think it was real.

HOTEL N E N Winston-Salem, N. C. WELCOME STUDENTS AND ALUMNI

"His father opposed it, called it a 'white coat complex,' I remember. They argued rather bitterly. Finally, Mike's father as much as told the boy he could do as he said or get out."

"And his mother?" I asked.

"She died when he was born. Mike was stubborn and he left. He worked in a mill and at various jobs until he had enough money to go one year. A sliver of steel got into his eye when he was working at the mill and somehow it had never healed just right. During that freshman year his eyes got infected.

"He wrote his father but the old man thought he was faking to get some help, and to leave him alone would be a good lesson for him. Old Brien wrote back that the conditions were still the same. Mike must have thought—I don't know what he could have thought.

"The constant expense of the eyes forced him to go to work in order to stay in school, but he kept at it. The G. P. he was going to didn't know much, evidently, because one morning that January he woke up and the nuscles in his left eye refused to work. His father came then and took him home.

"Then they began the long trek around to the different specialists, and Mike was in and out of hospitals for a year. Finally the verdict came: Removal of the left eye. It was done at Johns-Hopkins. I was there. Mike's father paced up and down the corridor saying, 'God. God. if I had known.'

"Mike was quiet for a long time afterwards and wouldn't turn over for anyone except the nurses. Then when they got ready to let him out, they fitted him with the glass eye, and the thick glasses, and the old head surgeon told him in a scientist's quick, blunt, kind way that he didn't have enough vision in his right eye to begin a study of surgery."

Mike's friend stopped. We ordered some more coffee. It was still raining very hard outside. I offered him a cigarette which he refused, and the waiter brought the coffee back and we drank it slowly, and then he started again:

"You see, it was not only the left eye. He lost the greater part of the sight in the other one. It was what they call sympathetic ophthalmia, the unexplained fading of one eye after the other is injured. They stop it with cortisone now. We did not have it then."

He stopped again. He looked at me.

"You will not talk of this as a picturesque bit of conversation to one of your aesthetes or your gushing Christians?"

I said, "No."

"He tried to kill himself two weeks after he came out of Hopkins. They put him in an asylum in Schenec-

tady for a time. Oh, it is a pretty story. I tell it so beautifully, don't you think? God damn damn damn."

I said nothing.

"I am sorry," he said, "Mike was very close to me."
I nodded.

"Then Mike went back to school—that's when you knew him, I guess. He went back because it seemed the only thing to do. I do not think he had any plans at all. Well, you know that part. After he dropped out of school, he began drinking pretty heavily, but his father never complained and gave him anything he wanted. He wandered over a good part of the United States that year, you know, Nevada, California, Florida, the usual places. The drinking was getting worse all the time when a man from your school, Thurber, I think his name was."

"Yes, I know him," I replied.

"Well, Thurber had this friend—an immigrant from Germany who had been a pianist before he lost one hand in the war. He had been a master of Beethoven before, and still played, of course not much, with one hand."

"Yes."

"Well, the old man went to talk to Mike and he had to chase him around and Mike wouldn't talk to him at first.

"I don't know what he said to him when he finally got him to listen, but when I heard again, Mike was in Germany with the old man teaching him. He was different when he came back last year. Not happy, but Something else."

There wasn't anything left to say. I thanked him and walked home slowly in the rain. Then just after I got my first teaching job, I saw an advertisement in the Paper that Mike was to have a concert so I had bought reserve tickets and was remembering all this afterwards as I drove down the long, straight stretch of road that leads from New York to our town.

I reached the shady street on which we lived. The elms along the side stood out darkly against the sky and all the lights were out in the houses except ours.

I turned the radio on and in the small, red glow which it made I could see her. She was still asleep beside me in the car, and I reached over and cupped her chin in my hand. She turned her cheek against my fingers and murmured sleepily, "What is it?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. We're almost home, that's

BOREGARDE SMITH

(Continued from page thirteen)

welfare, Grendal applied it and put a temporary end to Hrothgar's selfish pleasures.

The Hrothgar machine countered with a flood of

propagnda, which spread until it reached Geatland and the ears of the political aspirant, Beowulf. With his eye on the kingship, Beowulf gathered a band of professional killers comparable to today's Murder, Inc., and set sail for Denmark. Within days he had reached the Danish court and there conferred with Hrothgar on one of mankind's bloodiest crimes. Soon their plan was in effect.

"Another ball was held at Heorot after which Beowulf and his hoodlums lay in ambush. Grendal soon came to retaliate for this injustice and with sheer animal brutality Beowulf seized him and tore his arm off at the shoulder, Grendal fled with this mortal wound.

"The Hrothgar-Beowulf coalition entered into wild celebration of their infamous success, and Beowulf was proclaimed a national hero. But the unquenchable thirst for publicity still flared in the Geat, and led to his committing the most horrible atrocity that common decency and human morality have ever recognized.

"Grendal had managed to travel the distance to the fen after his fatal battle and there had died in his mother's arms. The Troll Wife was heart-broken by the loss of her only son. She wanted at least to give him a decent burial. Hoping that the king would give her the arm which Beowulf had torn from Grendal in order that she might bury it with the rest of the body, she pulled herself to Heorot despite her weakened condition. There she found only hate and was lucky to escape with her life.

"The unscrupulous Beowulf saw his chance for more popular support, which would probably insure his appointment as king. He pursued the Troll Wife and killed her in her own home, an act unequaled throughout history in its brutal savagery. To reach the dwelling Beowulf had to travel, according to the poem, for an entire day under water. Accomplishment of this feat exemplifies how full of wind the Geat Politician was.

"The Beowulf epic sadly illustrates an instance in which evil triumphed over good. For too long a barbarous villain has masqueraded under a cloak of veneration. I hope that my investigation will at last correct this misfortunate misinterpretation which has been accepted as fact for fourteen centuries."

BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from page sixteen)
mobiles. They were a symbol of wealth like strings of
shells worn about the necks of savages."

Ferris and his companions are guarding an Army supply dump. They regard their occupation as worthless. The supplies, they say, will inevitably rot or be dumped into the sea, rather than given to the natives who could use them.

Ferris' companions seem to represent various classes in America. Homer, the wool-hat, detested by the other

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men, is from Georgia, a personification of the prejudice and intolerance of much of the South. He believes that the Primitive Baptist church is the only one that exists and revolts the other soldiers by his experiences with the greasy native girls.

There is Meyer, the little Jew from Brooklyn, who had never read anything before he came into the Army, where the chief problem is killing time. All is a Kansas farm boy. Learning more about making a living from the soil, getting back to his farm and marrying a neighbor's daughter are his sole objectives.

Sergeant Burke, the only one of military rank besides Ferris, is a typical sergeant—big, rough, with a heart of gold, he lives life to the fullest of his desires, complete with women and liquor.

It is Homer, the wool-hat, the grudge-bearer, the narrow and under-privileged, who finally destroys "middle class 'Mr. Smith,' with all his limitations, his weaknesses, his aspirations."

Through Ferris, Bromfield is highly critical of the values and outlooks of many Americans. He considers it a great illusion to place strong emphasis on material things, to live a life free from asking and answering basic questions. He defends the eccentric and attacks those who regard him as a Red or someone fit only to be committed.

Bromfield finds distasteful much of twentieth-century society and civilization. He may be regarded as a cynic or a pessimist. But even the casual reader will concern himself with the acuteness and validity of many of his observations and realize that Bromfield has come closer to the truth than most Americans like to admit.

BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from page sixteen)

succeeded in writing a moderately interesting tale of the Navy at work. The story moves forward at a rapid pace, dramatically portraying the lives of the men who claim the sea as home. As in all stories of combat, there is an element of suspense that runs throughout the novel. The bridges at Toko-ri supply this element in Mitchener, whether aware of it or not, impresses the

Tarrant and the crew aboard the *Hornet* because they symbolize the strength of the enemy. Tarrant feels confident that when they have been destroyed, the enemy will recognize how fruitless is their struggle against more powerful opponents.

Tarrant thought he understood war because he had already given two sons and his home to war. He had accepted it as his job to help save America from her apparent fate of destruction. He could look back through the pages of history and see that America like France, England, and Rome was destined to fall if she did not arise and accept the "honorable responsibilities forced upon her by the relentless press of history." Mitchener, whether aware of it or not, impresses the reader with the great burden that rests upon the shoulders of those men like Tarrant who command our armed forces.

Brubaker is a superb example of Mitchener's art of characterization. He is in lowe with his wife and two children and is evidently bitter because he has had to leave them. He admits that he is tempted at times to leave them. He admits that he is tempted at times to wfoul up the works" on some important mission, but suppresses this impulse with the thought that he is there with the job before him so he might as well do it right, and he does. Brubaker realizes only at the end of the novel why he had to be the one to bomb the bridges at Toko-ri. When he sees a North Korean family shot down by an American plane that has mistaken them for Communist soldiers, he sees his responsibilities in a new light.

Mitchener, a Quaker who overcame religious scruples to join the Navy, has written a straightforward drama of fear, truth, and death. He has laid bare the evils of war in all their grim aspects. With boldness he has attacked the American people who can afford to look upon the Korean conflict with an air of complacency only because they refuse to look at the facts.

Although Mitchener's book will probably not go down as a work of literary art, one must recognize that he has written a shocking novel in the sense that it awakens its readers to a knowledge of the unselfish heroism of those men whose job it is to do the dirty work.

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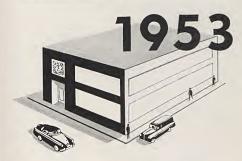
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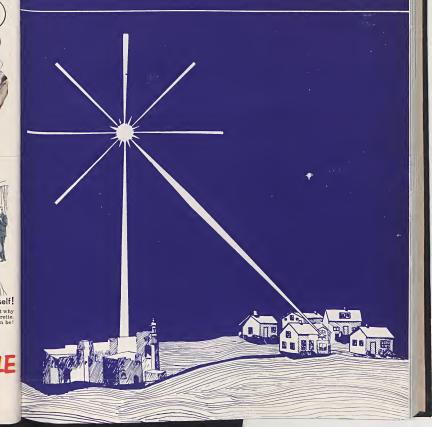
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VOL. 69, NO. 2

Prize-winning Short Story: All The Glory The Boy_from_Jonesville



CHRISTMAS

- Peace on earth. The words sound like a mockery to many of us in our troubled time. Surrounded with the vague fears and tensions which knowledge of the world situation brings, we are prone to become anxious and perhaps even a bit cynical. Even in the close circle of the family gathering at Christmas, we still cannot quite escape the tiny, insistent clamor of anxiety.
- There was, long ago, another man who felt much the same way. He walked out of an inn with the owner's condescending offer of a place for his pregnant wife and him in the stables. Perhaps he stood frustrated there in the cold street. Things had been so difficult of late—the long ride, the strange events surrounding his wife's conception. He did not understand—and now this final, meaningless inability of his to provide his family with shelter. He turned wearily toward the stable. His wife looked very tired.
- And now we pause to celebrate the birth of the Child who came that night. The
 Child became a strange Man whose teachings were to appeal to men so that in
 the following years they were to change the whole course of civilization. One of
 the things the Child taught when he became a Man was that the meaning of peace
 was not primarily concerned with physical security. He lifted it to something
 beyond that, and it is those who embrace some part of His teaching that have
 any knowledge of peace in these bad days.

the student

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
WINTER, 1953
VOL. 69, NO. 2

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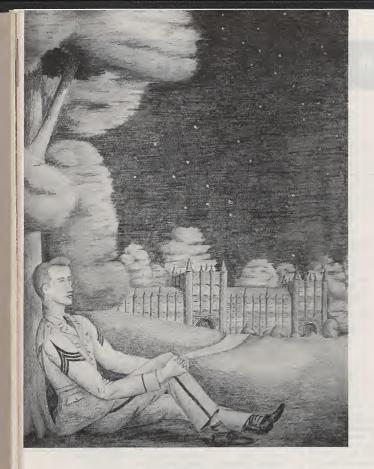


Illustration by Owen Herring

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ALL THE GLORY

The prize winning short story

by Bill Laughrun

The editors of the Student are pleased to announce that Bill Laughrun, junior from Forest City, North Carolina, is the winner of the recently sponsored short story contest and of the first prize of fifteen dollars for his story, "All the Glory." Bill is a Psychology-Philosophy major and plans to do graduate work in philosophy after graduation from Wake Forest.

The editors would like also to express their appreciation to all those who sub-

mitted stories and encourage them to continue writing.

If it had not been for the girl, he would never have been reported. But there it was in black and white half way down the column of names:

Russell Wood: A.W.O.L., absent bed-check 0230. Woody walked away from the bulletin board and took his place at the end of the line before the Colonel's office. Inside the door he could see Colonel Ingram behind his large, walnut-topped desk. There were three cadets in line in front of him, each of them dressed in blue-grey wool trousers with a black stripe down the side, a grey shirt, a black tie, and black shoes. It was late spring, and the commandant had not given the order for the cadet corps to change into summer uniforms. The wool was hot and sticky, and the perspiration ran down Woody's arms and legs. The collar of his shirt was wet. Perspiration formed on his forehead, and a drop ran down the tip of his nose, but he did not move to wipe it off. In his left hand he clenched his overseas cap that was wet from the sweat that trickled under the cuff of his shirt and ran down his wrist. He cursed the commandant for not giving the order to change to summer uniforms.

Two more of the cadets who were in line went into the Colonel's office and came out. When Woody steptod up behind the boy in front of him, he was close enough to read the report sheet on the bulletin board beside the door. He found his name on the list and read the teport again.

Russell Wood: A.W.O.L., absent bed-check 0230. He had read it a dozen times before, but he wanted to be sure about the time. If he wanted the Colonel to believe his story, he had to be sure about the time. He went over the whole thing again, just like he would say it in the office. It had to be perfect. If he messed up, it would mean more demerits than he could afford.

The boy in front went into the commandant's office, talked a few minutes, and came out. Woody stepped

up to the doorway and waited for the Colonel to call him in. Behind the paper-cluttered desk Colonel Ingram sat reading a letter. He did not look up at Woody. Woody wanted to rush in and start telling about the A.W.O.L. report, but he stood at attention and waited. In the straight-backed chair next to the wall sat Captain Brinkley with his hands in his lap. Woody had not seen him till he got to the door, or he would have waited till later to answer the report. Captain Brinkley was on O.C. duty the night he was reported. Laying the letter to one side, Colonel Ingram picked up the report sheet and looked up.

"Come in," he said. Woody took four steps up to the desk.

"Cadet Wood reports his presence, sir." He saluted and stood at attention, gripping his cap tightly.

"Where were you the other night, Cadet Wood?" the commandant asked. "Thursday night?" The slow Virginia drawl did not sound as funny as it usually did. Woody glanced over at Captain Brinkley and then back at the Colonel.

"Sir, I was down on the golf course." Colonel Ingram raised his eyes from the paper.

"What did you say, boy?" He pronounced it booeeee.
"I said I was down on the golf course, sir."

"And what were you doing down on the golf course?" Woody twisted his cap in his hand and tried hard to remember everything he was going to say.

"Well, sir, I came in from the dance about ten o'clock and went to bed when taps blew. I couldn't sleep down there." Colonel Ingram twisted his white mustache with his fingers.

"Cadet Wood, were you drinking that night?"

"No, sir," Woody replied. He wondered why the Colonel always asked that.

"Do you know that it rained that night?" He knew

it did. It was one of the questions that he had anticipated-typical of the Colonel's memory.

"Yes, sir."

"And you slept out in the rain all night?"

"Sir, it didn't rain all night."

"Then, most of the night?" he asked somewhat impatiently.

"Sir, it did not rain most of the night." Woody's knees grew weak, and he wished that he had not said it.

"Cadet Wood, I don't give a damn how long it rained. The fact is that it rained, and you say that you slept out in it. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, looking first at Colonel Ingram and then at Captain Brinkley. Captain Brinkley registered a frown of disgust as if to emphasize the absurdity of the idea as the colonel had put it.

"Did you not know that you would be reported

A.W.O.L.?" the colonel asked.

"No, sir. I thought that the O.C. had already made his inspection." When Woody said that, Captain Brinkley sat up in his chair and the look of disgust left his face.

"Cadet Wood, I think that you know that the Officer in charge never makes his night inspection before twelve o'clock, do you not?" Woody had known what he was going to say before he had seen Captain Brinkley in the office. Now he did not know what to say.

"Well, sir,-most of the time. I mean-some of the time." Colonel Ingram sat back in his chair and said:

"Cadet Wood, what you mean is that sometimes Captain Brinkley makes his night inspections before twelve o'clock. Is that right?" The shock of the question hit him squarely in the face. Now he knew why Captain Brinkley was in the office. He glanced over at Brinkley who had been as stunned as he by the Colonel's remark. The Colonel was still waiting for an answer.

"Yes, sir, I guess so," he said.

"Cadet Wood, is it not common knowledge among the members of the cadet corps that Captain Brinkley always makes his night inspections before twelve oclock, and many times shortly after taps has blown?" The Colonel did not look at Brinkley.

"Yes, sir. I guess so," Woody answered. Colonel Ingram's firmly knitted brows relaxed and it seemed as though he wanted to smile, but he did not. Woody stood up straight and felt more at ease.

"Then you were down on the golf course when this A.W.O.L. report was made. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir. That's right," Woody said resolutely. For once he was not indignant about the way the Colonel had of repeating himself and never assuming anything—and then always adding "Cadet Wood" to everything he said. The Colonel laid the report sheet down and tapped the little red pencil on his desk.

"Cadet Wood, I need not lecture to you about the

honor system here. You have been here about as long as I have." This was Colonel Ingram's twenty-fourth year at the academy. He smiled faintly and continued: "And so I shall assume that this is an official statement Is that right?"

"That is correct, sir." Yes, he always asked, Is that an official statement?

"Then that will be all, Cadet Wood," he said. Woody saluted with his best form, did an about face, and walked out the door. When he got out of sight of the office, he wanted to laugh, but he could not. He only smiled and felt good. Everything would be all right

When he got back to his room, he threw his cap in the corner and flopped down on the lower bunk of the bed. On the top bunk his roommate was asleep. After fumbling in his pocket for a cigarette, he found one and lighted it. He nestled his head deep in the pillow and took long puffs on the cigarette. Putting his foot against the bottom of the top bunk, he kicked hard and shouted: "Hey! Kirby! Get up booeece." He mocked the commandant's accent. When he kicked the top bunk, the boy went up in the air. He fell on the side of the bunk and almost fell off. Grabbing the bed rail he pulled himself back on the bed.

"All right! Dammit! That's enough!" Kirby looked down over the edge of the bed and rubbed his eyes 'Hey, either put that eigarette out or go open the window. You're going to get caught smoking up her one of these days, and I'll get to help you pack." Wood got up from the bed, walked over to the window, and stood looking out, blowing the smoke against the window pane.

"Well, I did it," he said without looking around at his roommate.

"Did what?" Kirby asked.

"Went to see Bear about my a-wall report."

"What did you tell him?"

"That I was down on the golf course, like I said."
"What did he say?"

"Brinkley was in there when I went in. I didn' see him till I was at the door, and then I couldn' leave. Anyway, Bear was chewing Brinkley out whe! I went in about making his night inspections too early When I told him I thought the O.C. had come around by ten o'clock, he asked me if what I meant was that Captain Brinkley always makes his night inspection' before twelve o'clock. He asked me if it was not 'commo' knowledge among the members of the cadet corps' as he put it. I told him I guessed it was. It shocked hell out of Brinkley. He just sat there and didn't sol anything. Bear went over it all again and then Is said: 'Cadet Wood, is that an official statement?'

"Do you think he believed you?" Kirby asked.
"I doubt it. He wanted to get back at Brinkley for (Continued on page fifteen)

said that it was, and that's all he said."

Glory as long tement. JUDGE



Illustration by Denny Spear.

by Boregarde Smith

By far the most prolific field of contemporary literature is that of the detective story. The overwhelming popularity of this relative newcomer to writing entitles it to a distinct place in modern culture. It must be remembered, however, that this literary infant, which has during its brief history evolved from the sophisticated ratiocination of the heroes of the Doyle and Poe mysteries to today's hard-hitting, fast-moving private eye methods of detection is, despite its precocious appearances, still an infant and will see many more changes in future years.

It is my pleasure after exhausting study to present what I think may be the introduction of the next stage of development of the murder mystery. By combining the best elements of both the reserved Sherlock Holmes and the reckless Mike Hammer type of detectives, I submit for perusal by the reading public an episode from the life of Hammer Smith, the erudite but impulsive crusader for justice whose driving desire to see the guilty punished for their sins does not permit him to sit idly by and wait for the law to take its slow and often uncertain course. Hammer Smith not only retains the rash disregard for caution of the modern magazine detective, but he is also elegantly aware that this rashness is inherent in his nature, and he views it with enlightened understanding.

Humbly I present Hammer Smith, private eye.

-Boregarde Smith

The door of Jason's apartment was locked, so I knocked it off its hinges, stepped over the guard I had knocked out and went in. Inside the neat apartment Inspector Mallingford's voice called, "Sorry, Hammer, I thought the door was unlocked,"

His voice came from Jason's bedroom, so I knocked the door down and went in. The inspector and Joe Sikes of the Gazette stood over a motionless figure,

"Here's the body, Hammer," the inspector said in a dull monotone.

I looked at the corpse. It wasn't a pretty sight with the two bullet holes in its chest.

"The body," I thought aloud, "yesterday it was Jason, the best bloodhound on the force-today it's the body." The sight made my temperature rise to a furious pitch as indignation burned within me. The rotten irony of life had killed Jason. The filth of the gutter and the scum of skid row were alive and free, but Jason was dead.

Joe Sikes looked at me with a sarcastic sneer. "Don't worry inspector, the tin hero Hammer Smith is here to save the day."

At these words my uncontrollable temper, which with little provocation will burst forth in a most horribly awe-inspiring manner, seized control of my powerful arms. I picked Sikes up bodily and threw him against the china cabinet with devastating results. I picked (Continued on page eighteen)

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Prague, looking across the Charles IV Bridge.

"How I wish that I could see her once more!" There was an almost wistful look on my friend's face as he turned away from his drawing and sauntered over to the window. It was growing dark outside, and the shadows of the late November afternoon were stealthily but steadily lengthening and deepening. When my friend spoke again, he had become oblivious of his surroundings and of my presence. "Prague" . . . he lingered on the name as though it were poetry . . . "The city of the thousand spires. One may count them, up there on the Belvedere, when the early morning sun has not yet fought her way through the mist of the night before. There is a sea, an ocean of them, stretching as far as the human eye will reach. Churches, cathedrals, temples, palaces, all glittering through the transparent haze. And when the mist lifts, there is the city.'

He paused, a smile of reminiscence playing on his lips. "Spread out at your feet, like an Indian carpet, there is Prague. Her streets are narrow and your feet stumble over their cobble-stones. The houses, very tall and very erect, bear their age gracefully and proudly, Ancient wells play in the center of the old market-places, and the archavays of yester-year's merchant buildings form a crumbling frame for their picturesque beauty. And above the city, surrounded by hundreds of trees, rises the castle, the symbol of the imperial city, the proud seat of kings and emperors, standing for all the glory and grandeur of the Bohemia of Charles the Great. True, there are now dreary and commonplace offices where the

Prague—The Golden Mother

BY HELGA SCHNITZER

Helga Schnitzer, sophomore from Winston-Salem, is contributing her first article to the STUDENT. Helga and her family have been living in the United States for one and a half years. Last year she attended Mitchell Junior College in Statesville, N. C. Prior to coming to this country, Helga lived in the northern Bohemian part of Czechoslovakia and in Prague for a year. Interested in writing and photography, she plans a career in journalism.

princes and their ladies used to walk, and the place of the old guards and their halberds has been taken by soldiers in khaki, armed with machine guns. True also that the kings have died, and that an iconoclast rules in their stead, a man who has exchanged one ism for another and deluded a people into believing that the world is a better place for this change. But the ideals for which the eastle stands have not been destroyed. Anarchy and atheism have not yet found their way into the heart of the country. The cathedral is still there majestically overshadowing those that have relinquished all beliefs, its gothic spires reaching heavenward.

"There is a magic spell over the castle, which lingers in the halls where judgment was spoken in the days of long ago, in the ballrooms in whose unfaded splendour one can, even today, almost hear the gay laughter and the rustling skirts of the imperial court, in the hushed and musty air of the royal libraries and in the quiet walks of the monastery. It transcends the castle-walls and dwells in the narrow street where the alchemists used to live, adding a mysterious charm to its quaintness. Why is it that their houses are so small, barely higher than a human being? Is it because the neighbourhood of kings breeds only little men? Or was it their unceasing search for gold that left them puny and small?

"It is quiet in the streets of the old town, where the houses have wrought-iron guards in front of their windows and archways that span the sidewalks, where there are flowers on every window sill, and where

(Continued on page twenty-three)

Wonderful Land

by Seiki Kinjo

Seiki Kinjo is a twenty-year old Okinawan student who has been in the United States at Wake Forest for a year and a half. He was born on Shuri, Okinawa and lived there, except for a year on the Japanese mainland during World War II, until he came to the United States. After completing two years of work at the newly established University of the Ryukyus, he was given a scholarship by the U. S. Government to enable him to study in this country. An Education major, he plans to return to work in Okinawa after graduation from Wake Forest.



Seiki on a tour of the composing rooms of the "New York Times."

Some time ago I was asked to write something for THE STUDENT as a foreign student. I guessed that I was offered this rare opportunity because I happen to be a foreign student who might be able to give the reader some exotic moods of fairy tales of the remote country of the Orient, but for this intention I am not exactly the right person. However, I was also requested to write about my impression of America, if I had any; I could not say that I did not have any impression because I knew that I was breathing. So I will try to bull a little, trusting that my reader will generously excuse my Japanese-styled English language and other mistales, as they are excusing my daily misbehaviors on the campus.

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When one intends to go abroad for schooling the first problem is that of the language. Many would say how stupid I am to have troubles in English still if I tell them that I learned it six years before I left home. But English is a hard language, especially for the Asiatic Peoples, and it is so even to some of the ladies and Bentlemen of the freshman class of Wake Forest College. I often heard an argument that we Japanese were wasting a lot of precious time learning our own language, Japanese, before we started to study the real learning such as sciences. Although I think that this is partly true, the trouble is obviously not our monopoly; there are some who have to "major" in freshman English even in American institutions of higher learning.

In Japan most students begin to learn English at their first year of junior high school or seventh grade. It remember the first lesson of my English. "This is a book" is the first English language I read. We had several sentences of this kind, and it took more than a

week to get acquainted with this most strange language. It was really confusing, puzzling, and out-of-sense for us.
"Why in the world do Americans say "This is a book' instead of "This book is' like we say in Japanese?"
"How did the Englishmen invent such an awful sound as 'th' that we have never heard of?" Both pupils and teacher had quite a rough time.

In colleges, for which we have to pass an entrance examination—some of them are just horrible—students start their second foreign language. Most of them chose German or French and continued their English lessons. In English the classics are usually used for texts, but no professor dares to ask students to read through Gulliver's Travels or Hamlet in a week or so. In fact we took about three months to read over about eighty pages of a detective story of Sherlock Holmes. My reader can easily imagine how I felt when I was told to read six books for one semester in one English course.

Almost a year and a half have passed since I saw America for the first time, but the impression of the great continent is still as vivid as if it were yesterday, After a two weeks voyage over huge Pacific our navy transport, the "General Butner" showed herself in the calm San Francisco Bay. Through the famous dense fog the scene was truly majestic and grand; the crossing of Golden Gate Bridge, seeing the impressive white buildings of the city filled my small heart with the excitement and exultation of the realization that I had arrived in America, the land I had so long awaited to see.

The people we first met were kind and friendly enough, as I had heard of before, and they knew how to treat (Continued on page twenty-one)



"... Hemric could hook with the best ... outjump the rest ..."

The Boy from Jonesville

by Yulan Washburn

February, 1953. For a few seconds there was dead silence in Wake Forest. Then pandemonium broke loose, and the campus burst wide open in a wild spree of noise and unrestrained hysteria. Yelling boys poured from Hunter Dorm and fire crackers were illegally but enthusiastically popped. A freshman named Jimmy Elam was the first person to reach the bell rope of Wait Hall, while across the way at Johnson and Bostwick Halls the girls' dorms were a bedlam of noise. All over town car horns began to sound.

Over in Durham, a little knot of students, who had stopped at a restaurant after going to hear a preacher named Chester Schwor speak, were merrily dancing around their portable radio, turning over chairs and slinging their hats. The patrons watched with grins, and the smiling proprietor strode up with cokes on the house:

At the Coliseum in Raleigh, a State College team stood

quietly by and watched with unashamed tears while Billy Lyles and Al DePorter cut down the basketball nets.

Back in Wake Forest, a crowd was beginning to gather in front of the gym; first a few people, then fifty, then a hundred, two hundred, and the crowd kept growing. There were cheers and singing, and a cowbell was ringing sporadically. Then the team rode up, and the boys climbed out of cars to be mobbed. Ray Lipstas Billy Lyles, Al DePorter, Maurice George, Jim DeVos-Frank MacRae, Jack Williams; nearly all the team arrived. Only Hemric was absent. "A speech, a speech," the crowd cried, but the big boys didn't know quite what to say. Finally little Billy Lyles stood on the bank with the big trophy in his arms and spoke tiredly but proudly. There was more noise, and the crowd dispersed, but if didn't stop there; the festivities continued on into the

night. Wake Forest had won the Southern Conference Championship for the first time in its history.

Many shouted luck about the victory at first, but in every town in the state sports writers who knew came to the fore to point out reasons for the surprising upset. Praises were lavished on the Deacons, and they were tagged as "the tireless underdogs." Everywhere people pinched themselves, but spoke of the team's spirit and its tenacious unwillingness to give up. And thus it was. The Deacons were a fighting team, a team that scrapped for every point that they made and fought stubbornly every goal scored against them. And though every man on the team was a champion, the sports writers were of one accord in laying a lot of the credit at the feet of a big fellow who had turned in one of the most sensational seasons in Southern Conference history, a big man who was a star both in personal prowess and team play. He came up for plaudits in every newspaper in the state, and his story was told a thousand times over, for the country boy made a good story: "From the mountains of North Carolina to the mountains of basketball heights." His saga, the success story that ended its second year with his being on a championship team, had begun six years earlier.

Dick Hemric had been an all-round athlete in high school. His first appearance on the prep scene came when he made the varsity football squad as a big, gawky, and tough figure in football togs. He liked the rough contact of the game and wanted to continue it, but from the moment that he went out for his first basketball practice, he knew he had found what he wanted on the hardwood floors. He continued football as an aid in overcoming his clumsiness, but basketball was his sport, and when its season rolled around, he roared into a career that was to place him on the list of the all-time great high school basketball players. He amassed over 1700 points in three years, scoring 956 of them his senior year. He was a unanimous choice for the all-star team and went to the East-west game; there he received the most valuable player award.

From his record, it would appear that the sensational high school product would have his choice of schools. It was not so, however, for of the Big Four, only Wake Forest and one other school made an offer of a scholarship. He had many offers from the North state colleges, and the choice of a school was a difficult one to make. He wanted to play ball more than anything else, and he was afraid that, coming out of a small school into the Big Four, he would sit on the bench or give the varsity boys workouts. He made one of the big decisions of his life, took a chance, and accepted the big one.

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The sports writers were writing rather unenthusiastically about Wake Forest and basketball in the preseason articles during the big fellow's freshman year. When he appeared on the court, however, they began to sit up and take notice.

It all began when an astute sports writer named Bill Hedrick wrote that the team seemed unsure that year, but " . . . look for number 24 to play a lot of ball this fall and spring." And when that number 24 in the center slot, the boy from the mountains, started playing, he proved Hedrick a worthy prognosticator, for he did just that-play a lot of ball. The record books have it all now, and the headlines of the back editions of the Old Gold and Black cover the story well. "Hemric Tops Deac Scoring," "Hemric Sets Record," "Hemric Stars In WF Win," or occasionally something like "Baptists Lose to St. Joseph Quint In Philly," with the alliterated sub head: "Hemric Held." The season ended with the Deacon team not quite able to make the tourney. But the initial year of Wake Forest's varsity . center in the Big Four had been sensational. The sports pages hailed him as the greatest frosh in Southern Conference history and had only to point to the record books for confirmation. The mythical teams clamored for his name. He was great, A sports writer, "Red" Pope, summed the situation up well when he wrote in his "Sportscope" column: "Dickie Hemric did it! It was said that the country boy from Jonesville was just an early season miracle. Well, the dopesters were wrong. This kid Hemric could hook with the best of them . . . and jump better than the rest of them. All we can say is congratulations to a deserving ballplayer, and to the sports fans of next year . . . Look out!!!"

When the next season broke, Hemric was back, im(Continued on page twenty-six)



"A mountain boy from Jonesville . . . irrepressible . . . sleepy . . ."

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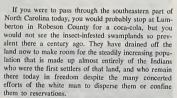
THE LAST WARRIOR

by Hunter James

(ED. NOTE: This is a fictional account of an actual person, Henry Berry Lowrie, an Indian leader in Robeson County after the Civil War who became an outlaw. James Jones, a descendant of Lowrie, aided Hunter James in finding historical material on which to base his story. In many cases, material came from descendants of Lowrie now living in Pembroke, N. C.

Jones is a junior who transferred from Mars Hill College. He is majoring in Biology and plans to go to medical school after graduation from Wake Forest, From Pembroke, N. C., he plans a career as a medical missionary.

James is a senior English major from Winston-Salem, N. C. He contributed poetry and a short story, The Parents, to last year's STUDENT.)



But eighty-five years ago when the Southland seemed to shudder with the clashing armies of the Civil War, and when the southern states were restless and uncertain about the future, most of Robeson County, and much of southeastern North Carolina was covered with dark, murky, jessamine-fringed marshes that shut off to the settled flatlands the loud night cries of the small swamp animals in trees and bushes.

The Seaboard Railway cut through the heart of the county and paralleled the Lumber River that formed the northern border for Allen Lowrie's two-hundred acre farm. The Lowrie and Gunner families owned most of the cleared land to the immediate west of Lumberton. The remainder of the settled community was made up of small outlying farms surrounding the river and the railroad. Most of these people were Indians (who were alleged descendants of the Lost Colony), and this settlement was known as Scuffletown.

In the fall of 1864 a band of these Indians led by Henry Berry Lowrie, son of Allen Lowrie, rebelled



Hunter James, at typewriter, and James Jones work on the story of the famed Indian outlaw, Henry Berry Lowrie.

against a detachment of the local home guard unit and escaped into a swamp that bordered the Lowrie and Gunner plantations on the South.

The Indians went fast and did not stop until they reached a point ten miles distant from the Lowrie home. There were five of them at that time: Henry, Tom, and Steve Lowrie; Andrew and Boss Strong.

They set up camp in October when the tops of the tall wild oaks seemed to move close to the sky's zenith, so bright it hurt their eyes to look into the sun.

The Lowries were bitter. The whole Indian nation was bitter . . . and reeling. Reeling beneath the unjust demands, the threats and impositions of the white man. Always their inherited rights were denied.

A black goatee gave Henry Berry Lowrie a sullen appearance. He was tall, with a firm, dark face scarred a little with a crescent shaped knife-wound high upon his right cheek. His face had the look of genius . . . and the look of bitterness. It revealed his powerful personality, and his men deferred to him without question the leadership of their gang as they watched that tortured touch of scorn pass across his lips everyday during the week following their escape.

Everyday he sat upon the creek bank, and the pebbleripples he made in the water were mild compared to the searing ripples that creased his mind with thoughts of revenge.

Everyday he sat and thought. To his men he appeared as a mummy, and they seldom spoke to him. There were tears in his eyes, but they weren't the kind of

(Continued on page twenty-seven)

CHRISTMAS-1883

By Patsy Pearce

The boy sitting on the weathered board fence gazed unseeingly across the field that now in early December was covered with yellowed broom sedge. Before him stretched north to south the much travelled U.S. No. 1' road. Scarcely 300 yards beyond that lay the Raleigh and Gaston railroad track that cut the winter field in two. Behind him was the Wake Forest College campus with its two new buildings and its older administration building.

Down near the track several boys were waiting patiently for the afternoon mail train. Their expressions betrayed a pretended casualness, and their sly glances in all directions revealed a fear of being detected. Normally the boy on the fence would have been with the rest of them. But today their company seemed only to aggravate him. So he had called back his "no" when they had asked if he were going down to watch the afternoon train pass. Instead he had climbed up on the corner of the board fence that enclosed the college to watch their maneuvers from the distance.

He soon lost interest in the group, however, and he shifted his gaze to the open field and to the bare woods beyond. But these held no interest for the youth either; and soon, all faded into an unconscious blur. Before him, instead, were visions of the coming Christmas vacation, of those four wonderful days of rest, of suspended classes, of holiday parties and games.

He wondered how many of the 161 students would be going home to spend Christmas with their families and to eat huge turkey dinners that would stuff them fuller than they had been all fall. Ah—if he could but be one of the lucky ones. It had been so long since he had tasted home-cooked food. Not that the food here at school was bad—not that at all. It was just that—the theorem of the lucky what's wrong with it," he said half aloud, pleased that the words he thought so well expressed the way he felt about the food he got at school.

He knew that he could not go home though, for the four-day holiday allowed him only a day and a half at home. It took so long to go and come that it was impractical to try to make the trip. He would have to hike to the depot at Forestville, for the railroad company had made a rule against trains stopping between stations. Wake Forest did not have a depot. He would catch the train there to Raleigh where more than likely he would spend several hours waiting for a train to Charlotte. Then from Charlotte on it would take at least four or five more hours. It was that last part of the trip he hated so much anyway. His dad would meet

him there with the old nag and the wagon, and he would nearly freeze before they would finally pull into the yard at home.

As he sat thus on the board fence that was to be the very next year torn down and replaced in part by the stone wall that now surrounds the campus, his thoughts turned to what the holidays at school would have in store for him.

He shifted his weight lazily and tried to recall how he had spent his last three Christmas's at Wake Forest. Last year a number of Oxford girls had spent the holidays on the campus. He wondered if they might perhaps come back and if he would get to be with Suzan again at the parties sponsored by the Phi's and the Eu's. He would love to take her to the Senior Speaking that was scheduled for the 21st of December. But if she came it would be after the 21st, so he would have to suffer through those boring dissertations on "Edgar Allan Poe" and "Heroes of Love" by himself. It was nice to think how quickly the speeches would pass if she were seated by him, though.

He wondered if the Wake Forest Amateur Troupe would give a performance again as they had Christmas before last. He would love for Susan to see them—they had been so funny—he knew she would enjoy them. But all this was just fancy. She probably would not even come back.

Remembering his freshman year in 1880, the senior who sat in retrospect was suddenly filled with over-whelming appreciation for the four short Christmas holidays. Then the administration had only granted two days of suspended classes. He remembered how surprised the students had been when a petition that was presented to the faculty requesting a week's vacation had come back marked "Granted." The whole school shouted for joy until they read the next clause—"From the 23rd to the 26th." Still they were happy; four days were better than two even if the week that the petition had specified had been trimmed to four days.

Again the boy's thoughts turned to home. He wished that he could buy his mother a Christmas present. The last issue of the WAKE FOREST STUDENT had advertised that the business establishments in town carried a large variety of gifts for everyone. He knew though, that his mother would understand why he did not send her something; it took all the farm profits to keep his tuition paid and his boarding fees up.

Turning back to the four days of freedom that he would have, he thought about how he would spend them.

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POEMS

SEARCHING SOULS

I have known starless nights before with imminent rainclouds in the sky, and I've seen the tree branches sweeping low as a raging wind passed by to spend its temper on the earth. I have seen rain-drenched Souls before roaming the streets at midnight and I've seen the left-alone look in their eyes as the last hope vanished from sight leaving empty the searching Souls

BOB PRATT

LIFE IS A MILLION SONGS

Life is a million songs and those who stop may hear Strange music of the worlds in the atmosphere.

The happy trills the pensive chords are to be heard to

The happy trills, the pensive chords can be heard by those who try.

And discordant notes will vanish if you stop to let them by.

Life is a million songs, each playing a major part.

Some are sad songs; others, merry, but all united in my heart.

BOB PRATT

AFTER-THOUGHTS OF A CONCERT

Never leave me.

You never will, for your dear memory will linger

Like a haunting refrain.

As the melody surges from the heart of a symphony, any symphony.

I will dream of you.

The violins hold the breathtaking instant of love at the beginning. .

They rise and fall with vivid expectancy. . But without fulfillment. .

Unfinished

What a pity!

I could pour my heart out to you for you are strong.

Like a concerto.

But as the music progresses, you become gentle. .

And so understanding.

Alas!

Why do I pursue only a dream?

A dreamer!

But life is built on such pretense.

One could not go on without faith and trust.

Just as the score is written. . . For an ending.

ANN L. CLARK

THE STARM

Out of the blackness:

The sound of ghostly limbs dancing with each other in naked glee

The angry, pursuing sound of wind seeking the last

straggler of fall

The clashing, monotonous sensation of a shutter grimly holding to its precarious post

The overhanging limbs gently scrubbing the dirty rool.

The angry noise of water fighting for a place in the gutter.

The systematic impact of God's anger not quite controlled

The flash of his eyes that are not now concealed The mind blends it all into the purpose of night, and sleep.

TONY WRENN

LELIA

by Andre Maurois

Reviewed by Kos Weaver

Andre Maurois, an author who has a rather unfortunate reputation, has recently come out with probably the best biography of George Sand that has so far been written. It is a book that is as successful in its exploration of character as it is in its evocation of several periods of French history, for Sand began her life during the prime of Romanticism and ended it under the Third Republic.

George Sand's life was a truly remarkable one. She was born to Maurice Dupin and the mistress of Dupin's commanding officer while he was stationed in Milan. Dupin, a deeply passionate man even in the light of his mother's coldness, was thrown from a horse and killed when Sand was only four years old. Sand's mother, grandmother, and her father's old tutor, Deschartres, became responsible for her rearing, and often there were violent scenes over the child's training. Her mother soon returned to her old life in Paris, and her grandmother tried to make her a lady of the past regime. It was Deschartres who taught her how to ride astride, shoot, and dress like a man.

Sand's life was a long struggle with the consequences of her upbringing. She decided that the only way to achieve Review

happiness was through a relationship with men, and her big problem became a matter of the right man with the right ideas. Indeed it was not an easy life, for Sand began at 18 with a marriage to the Baron Casimir Dudevant and had successive affairs with Prosper Merimee, de Bourges, de Musset, Pagello, Chopin, and many others, none seeminly able to fill her requirements for a perfect mate. Perhaps she found an outlet for her frustrated life in her violent hatred for her daughter, Solange, and her passionate devotion to her son, Maurice.

As the last embers of Sand's passion finally died, she found a certain quiet happiness. She said to a young admirer in 1867. "I realize that the only two genuine passions of my life have been motherhood and friendship." During these peaceful days fiction poured forth from her copious pen continually, and she enjoyed the companionship of Flaubert, Turgenev, and her grandchildren.

Lelia is gracefully and learnedly done; it throws much new light on a perennially interesting woman, and it rightfully deserves a place among the better French literary studies of personality.

ALL THE GLORY

(Continued from page four)

making his inspections too early. I bet he really caught hell when I left."

"That'll really put a dent in his ego after bucking for a major as long as he has.'

"Yeah, but if Bear knew about his nocturnal capers in Nashville he'd be damn lucky to keep his job." Kirby laughed. "He thinks he's quite a Lothario."

"I know it. The other day at wrestling practice Captain Bachellor said he plays the part pretty well with that girl that runs the Alamo. You know, the good looking blonde. I think her name is Angela." Woody smiled and said:

"Yes, that's it. I laughed the first time I heard it. That would make a good lecture for Major Harris,-'What's in a name?' " Putting his cigarette out in the sink, Woody walked over and raised the window. "How many d's do you think I'll get out of that report?"

"Depends on whether he believed you. Maybe ten, maybe fifteen. I don't know.

"If Brinkley had not been there, he would have really raked me over the coals. He never brushed off an a-wall report before in his life. It was just one of those once-in-a-lifetime breaks. The demerits will be Posted by Sunday."

"How many d's do you have for this semester?" Kirby asked.

"About a hundred and thirty."

"Damn! Seventy more and you get your walking papers."

"Yeah, I know it. But, hell,-I don't see how they can ship somebody with two hundred d's. It doesn't take long to run up that many, especially if somebody has it in for you." Kirby sat up on the edge of the bed.

"If you really want to know, go down to the bus station the next time the adjutant's report comes out. They'll show you how they do it."

"I've seen more of them than you have," Woody said. "I know one thing,-if I ever got shipped, I sure as hell wouldn't go home."

"No, I wouldn't either," Kirby agreed. Woody undressed and hung his clothes on the back of his chair. Lying down on the bottom bunk, he looked over at Kirby who was washing his face.

"Wake me up when ten blows for C.Q." He rolled over and was soon sound asleep.

When he had finished supper that night, Woody filed out of the mess hall and started in the direction of the

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golf course. He had eaten very little supper and was still hungry.

The summer days were getting longer and the sunsets more beautiful.

At the far end of the golf course Woody lay down under a small elm and leaned his head back. For an hour he lay there looking up, watching the colors of the trees disappear and the stars become brighter and brighter until they lighted up the whole world. Seventeen years is a long time to live without seeing the stars, but that is how long it had taken. This was one thing he was grateful to Kirby for,—for pointing them out to him.

"Wood, you don't know how damn insignificant we are till you look at the stars some night when there's no one around," he had said. "If you ever do, just turn the thing around and put yourself up there on one of those little points of light and ask yourself: 'Was I made for them or were they made for me?' Then reach out and touch one of them!'

After rooming with him for a year, Woody knew Kirby pretty well. He was not surprised when Kirby answered, "Hell no, I wouldn't tell him! If you correct that report, you'll get twenty-five or thirty d's. It would be a noble gesture, but whoever graduated summa cum noble gestures? Leave it as it is and you'll get off with fifteen d's, and later you can get th' love o' Jesus down in your heart and repent. That's the way we do things

Greetings to All the

WAKE FOREST FAMILY

We Await Your Arrival in '55

MATT HOWELL MOTORS

Your Dependable Dodge and Plymouth Dealer

210 North Marshall Street WINSTON-SALEM now days. Wood, how long will it take you to learn the rules of this game?"

Woody knew that Kirby was smarter than he was, but some of the things he said just didn't make sense. He admired him because he always had a good answer to everything, although Kirby never volunteered advice to anyone. Major Harris wondered about him too, "It is, indeed, a dismal world when a boy that young turns to cynicism and does not bother to broadcast it."

From the chapel on the other side of the campus, Woody heard the glee club singing.

"My God and I walk through the fields together. .." He listened until the last note died away and everything was quiet again. The stars twinkled and were no nearer than before.

Honor. Integrity. Moral courage. The words flashed on and off intermittently. But what were they other than words? Everyone talked about them and preached them, but nobody knew what they were. Thingamadigits. Whatchamacallits. That's what they were! The big ideals. Magnificent abstractions to be arranged and rearranged for chapel services and baccalaureate sermons. Could they be more than that?

For the first time since he had left home to come to school Woody wanted to cry. Why did anyone have to make a decision like that and then never be sure if it was right or wrong the day he died? It didn't matter. If Kirby was right, it didn't matter. If what the Colonel said was right it still didn't matter. He would not get shipped for an idea which nobody could prove! To hell with it!

The stars glittered their concurrence and began to move about the black velveteen sky. Woody could see Colonel Ingram sitting behind one of the stars, tapping the little red pencil up and down. "Cadet Wood, I see no point in telling you that you are a coward. You have been here about as long as I have." He twisted his white mustache and disappeared. Then he saw the man who had spoken in chapel that morning. Woody did not remember his name, but he was using the Words over and over again,—honor, honesty, morality. . . . "Cadet Wood, there is no place in this scheme of things for moral compromise. You have failed onco—and a hundred times. Once these ethical habits become firmly established, there is no rising above them! Will you fail again? And again and again in?

He closed with a poem.

"I have three tame ducks in my backyard . . How did the rest of it go?

"And when the wild ducks fly overhead,

They look up in the sky . . ."

Could they be cowards too?

The picture faded out and he could not remember any more. Suddenly Woody realized that he was scared,

-scared to death. He opened his eyes and blinked. The stars were coming nearer and nearer.

Kirby was wrong.

The same door. The same bulletin board to the left. And the same little man with the white mustache behind the desk in the office.

No doubt there would be demerits,—twenty-five, maybe fifty,—but it would be worth it. Correcting an "official statement" was not easy. At least, not to Colell Ingram. It was not exactly a confession. It was more like correcting a mistake that anyone could make.

With a hundred and thirty d's on the books, plus fifty, and two hundred to get shipped, it would mean that he would have to walk the straight and narrow till graduation. Oh, that diploma! With the seals and the signatures, and no demerits, and then college. College would be different. There he would not have to watch for the O.C. when he smoked in his room. And he could have a car if he wanted. There would be no more formations to attend, no more marching, no one to shout, "Step it up, Wood!" "Stand at attention, Wood!" "Fix your tie, Mr. Wood! Mr. Wood, this! Mr. Wood, that! Mr. Wood! Mr. Wood!

Maybe it would be better to go back to his room and forget it. It wouldn't make any difference ten years from now. But, still, he wanted the diploma to mean something. He had worked hard enough for it. If there was meaning in anything, it would be in the diploma. Kirby had said he would get twenty-five demerits for telling the truth, but he would get fifty. That was the Colonel's way. Even fifty demerits was a pretty cheap price to pay.

"Come in," the Colonel said. He held the same little red pencil tightly between his bony fingers as he looked over his glasses at Woody.

"Cadet Wood reports his presence, sir," he said saluting, "Sir, I would like to correct a report I made last Friday." Colonel Ingram's beady eyes narrowed into slits. Those little eyes that went right through you.

"Yes?" The one word was full of meaning.

"The report—the A.W.O.L. report— was correct, sir." The hot woolen uniform was smothering, and the tight collar of his shirt seemed to choke his neck. He had to force the words out one at a time.

"Yes,—I see." The commandant placed the tips of his fingers together forming an arch. "You were A.W.O.L.," he repeated for emphasis.

"Yes, sir," Woody answered,

"Where were you the night you were reported, Cadet Wood"

"In Nashville, sir." Colonel Ingram reached into a drawer of his desk very casually, thumbed through a set of old files, and took out three sheets stapled together. He ran his eyes up and down the column of names on the third page and made a notation in the margin with the red pencil. He looked up.

"Why did you go to Nashville?"

"Sir, I went to see my girl at Ward-Belmont. I didn't

get back till six o'clock Wednesday morning. When I uh—got on the bus to come back, I went to sleep and rode to Crossville before I woke up. I was broke then and had to hitchhike back to school. It's about a good way from here to Crossville."

"Yes, I know." The Colonel sat and listened intently till Woody finished, interrupting now and then to ask a question. "Were you drinking that night, Cadet Wood?"

"No, sir." That's a crazy damn question for him to ask, Woody thought to himself. It seemed funny that he always suspected anyone with an A.W.O.L. report of being drunk; however, the story that it dated back to the Colonel's days at V.M.I. didn't seem to fit.

"Of course, you realize the seriousness of this offense," the Colonel drawled.

"Yes sir."

"Well,— I guess that will be all, Cadet Wood." Anticipating Woody's salute, he raised his left hand, and then wrote some more in the margin of the report sheet. Woody saluted and left the office. And with the diploma, he thought, there wouldn't be any calling everybody with any rank sir. Daminit, sir. Thank you, sir.

As Woody stood before the door under the sign, Commandant, his face was sober and entirely devoid of expression. He held his cap loosely in his left hand. The uniform he was wearing was of light grey cotton, with the black stripes down the sides of the pants legs. "Come in," the Colonel said. Woody walked in, and they went through the ritual that was familiar to them both.

"Cadet Wood, you undoubtedly know the reason I called you in." His voice was slow and articulate. "Unfortunately, it is my duty as commandant to deal with matters of this nature. It is a part of my job that I certainly do not relish, particularly in this instance." He paused a moment and leaned back in his chair, "Please sit down, Cadet Wood." Woody hesitated, and then took a seat next to the wall. He held his hands under his chin. Colonel Ingram continued:

"As you saw on the report sheet posted on the bulletin board, you were assigned seventy-five demerits for
-for the A.W.O.L. report. This perhaps merits an
explanation. The standard assessment for an A.W.O.L.
is fifty demerits. However, there is the—the 'incorrect
official statement' that must be taken into consideration."
He paused a minute and lighted a cigarette. "Cadet
Wood, I am at a loss for words to express my—deep respect and sincere appreciation for your correcting the report. I believe it is significant of your honor and integrity
that a few of the cadets have such a measure of; and
it is, indeed, a joy to my heart to see such wisdom in
a young man of your age.

"Nethertheless, in all fairness to justice and precedent, we cannot sacrifice honor for what is expedient. In the long run, perhaps many years later, I am sure you will come to realize that there is only one course we could

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member scared, have taken in this matter and still reserve the honor that has been displayed in it on your part.

"As for myself, I was in favor of suspending the obvious recourse that comes as a result of your having more than two hundred demerits for the semester in view of the fact that you willingly and without reservation corrected the A.W.O.L. report. However, there were certain members of the disciplinary board who pointed out the partiality and the subsequent injustice that would be shown in such an action. They, too, I might add were in sincere accord with my enthusiastic impression of your moral honesty.

"So your dismissal is, I believe, as much a tribute as it is a punishment, and, I believe, in the years to come you will see it as such." Woody's face was still expressionless. He had not taken his eyes off Colonel Ingram. They stared without blinking with a glint of the accuser in them.

"I suppose that is all. Is there anything you would like to say?" the commandant asked.

"No. sir," Woody said.

"If you wish, I will write your parents a personal letter along with the special order. Perhaps it might. . . ."

"Thank you. No, sir." Woody got up from his chair and walked out without waiting to hear anything else. When he stepped out the door, Major Brinkley passed him going in. The bright gold clusters on his shoulders were new. Woody did not speak, but walked slowly



out the door of the Administration Building and across the campus to his room. Although the sun was out, the cotton summer uniforms were not as hot and sticky as the woolens had been.

I'M THE JUDGE

(Continued from page five)

him up and hit him again and again and again, until my awful fury had spent itself. Then I turned to the inspector.

"Who did it?" I demanded.

"I don't know yet," he said, "but we'll find the murderer, and when we do he'll be punished—according to law!"

I looked straight at him for a moment without saying anything; then I turned to leave.

"Hammer," he caught my arm. "Listen to me, Hammer. The killer has to be tried in a court room. It's rotten that the guilty get the same protection as the innocent, but it has to be that way. The judge has to pass the sentence."

His appeal did not abate my anger.

"I'm the judge," I stated emphatically; then, seeing that Sikes had regained consciousness, I went over and slapped him again and left.

Outside the city was asleep. The cold December wind whipped a discarded newspaper down the street, and I felt empty inside. As I walked between the rows of lonely buildings my hatred mounted.

I caught a cab and went to 308 East Blair Street where Sledge McCallister lived. McCallister was tied up with the city's numbers syndicate. The police knew it and said they were going to get him just like they said they were going to get Jason's murderer—but they hadn't been able to prove anything yet. I knew McCallister was mixed up in Jason's death because murder is a crime, and that was the only reason McCallister needed.

I knocked the door down and went in. It was a big house, luxuriously furnished by crooked money. McCallister's study was upstairs. I started up and met the butler half-way. I didn't like his looks, and I told him so. Then I hit him. I hit him again and again and again. Nobody was going to stand in my way. I ran to McCallister's study. The door was locked, so I knocked it off its hinges and went in. McCallister was sitting at his desk. I walked over and slapped him.

"Talk," I said, "Who killed Jason?"

My voice was decisive, and my tone was as frightening as my brutish strength. He shrank down in his

"I don't know, Hammer! I don't know!" he cried, "Don't hit me again. Don't hit me again and again and again."

I did, however; then I left.

Outside the wind had died. It reminded me of Jason because he had died too—and the air was cold just like Jason. I began walking. It was early morning and

the city was beginning to wake up. Already I could hear the buzz that would soon be the deafening roar of the afternoon.

Caroline Witherton had been Jason's veterinarian. She was tall, slim and seductive—and she was smart.

I figured she might be able to help.

It was eight o'clock when I knocked down the door of her office-home and went in. Her maid, who was short, fat, and repulsive, met me in the hall.

"Where's Dr. Witherton?" I demanded.

"I give up," she said. She was trying to give me a hard time.

"It's all right, Katherine." Caroline Witherton's voice called from the next room, "I've been expecting you, Hammer. Come in."

I knocked down the maid and went in.

"I guess you know why I'm here," I said.

"Jason's murder?"

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"That's right. I thought you might be able to help."
"I would like to, Hammer," she whispered as she took my lapels in her hands and pulled herself closer.

"I want to-very much."
"You've been treating McCallister's cocker spaniel,

haven't you?"
"Yes," her voice was soft, sweet, and wistful.

"McCallister's mixed up in this some way, and I think this might be a lead."

"I hope I can help you, Hammer," she sighed as she slid her arms around my neck, "I really hope I can."

Then I kissed her. I kissed her again and again and

When I started to leave I found that the maid had put the door back up, so I slapped the maid, knocked the door down and went out.

I caught a cab and went to the pet shop where Jason got his food. The door was open, so I closed it, knocked it down, and went in. There was a girl behind the counter. She was tall, slim, and seductive. I liked her looks, and I told her so. She smiled and said she liked me. I had expected that because women can't resist my maply handsomeness and daring recklessness.

resist my manly handsomeness and daring recklessness.

"You're Hammer Smith, aren't you?" she said with a trace of bewitchment.

"That's right."

"Tve heard a lot about you." Her face showed the boiling emotions of her heart—she was crazy about me. She leaned over the counter until our lips were almost louching.

"How often did Jason come here?" I said without

"He came in every week during the past six months," Her voice was soft, sweet, and wistful. There were little wrinkles of tantalized anticipation at the corners of her mouth, and her eyes were half-closed.

"Did you notice anything different about him recently?" I asked softly.

"Yes," she breathed, "Yes, I did."

She hesitated a little as if she were barely aware of what we were saying.

"He changed brands of dog food about three weeks ago."

I didn't ask her anything else because she had told me everything I wanted to know. I wanted to kiss her, but I didn't have time to revive her, so I left without any more words.

All the way back to Caroline's office I was all mixed up inside. I saw it all now, and I didn't like it. When I got to her place I went around back and put on my gloves, so I wouldn't make any noise when I knocked the door down and went in. The house was dark, and nobody was there. I took my gun out and sat down. My mind was a merry-go-round with love and hate chasing each other in an endless circle. Finally Caroline came in.

"Hammer!"

"Hello," I said—and I said it with all the bitterness in my heart. "You played it smart, didn't you? McCallister found out that there was more money in dope than in the lottery so he started peddling doped dog biscuits. It went all right until his cocker spaniel developed distemper and thought he needed a veterinarian. Then you found out about the racket and decided your practice wasn't profitable enough, so you were going to force your way into McCallister's spot as boss. But Jason



found out about it, and you knew he'd yap to the police if you didn't kill him."

"Hammer!" she cried and threw her coat on the floor. "Oh! Hammer! Listen to me. We can have the world—just you and I."

She threw her arms around my neck.

"You killed him," I said.

She didn't know I felt her reach for the .45 in the flowers beside us when she sighed, "Oh, Hammer, think about it. Think about us."

She pressed her lips on mine. I shot her. I shot her again and again and again. Then I reloaded my pistol and shot her some more—just like she shot Jason.

She gasped and slid to the floor.

"How----how could you do it?"

"It was easy," I said. "The judge passed the sentence—and I'M THE JUDGE."

A LETTER TO JESSE

(Continued from page eight) gather the needed information. You start to returnwhen-as you cross an open field a machine gun "burps" and shatters the tense silence! You feel a sting-you fall-you want to lie there-you struggle-you twist -and finally find the shelter of a hole. When you have recovered and are back in the United States you are called to the office of the Commanding Officer. He hands you a medal with a citation which ends with, "for heroic action above and beyond the call of duty." You are credited with finding one of the enemy emplacements which had hampered the advance of the Allied Forces, by exposing yourself. You have done a service-not so much for yourself as for your sons and their sons. Remember those freedoms, son. And remember that the medal you will handle is a token of my tiny part in retaining those freedoms for you.

As you close the box realize that I write this, not to

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brag, for the Bronze Star is the least in the long line of medals, and the Purple Heart is given to those who are wounded—and there have been millions—but I write this solely because I want you to remember. Lately there has been a tendency to forget that there are some who never returned—some who, not as fortunate as I, cannot have sons to write to. There has been a tendency to hold these things up to ridicule and play mock hero. There has been a tendency to bury the dead and then bury our heads, forgetting to bury the dead and trying to forget the rest of the world.

You will probably ask, "Good advice, but why didn't you remember the first great war?" I'll try to answer that question, son, this way.

World War I was a romantic, idealistic war. It was named "The War to End Wars" and "The War to Make the World Safe for Democracy"; fancy names for mud, stench, death and horror. After it was over the world was relieved; it gave a great big sigh of relief. The lucky boys came home, as they did later in World War II, to a big celebration. They marched up Main Street amid bands playing, confetti flying, singing, shouting people, factory whistles blowing, church bells clanging, and decorated automobiles. I saw a picture of your grandmother celebrating the armistice. She was standing in front of a gaudily decorated Ford with a flag wrapped around her hat. She was laughing, full of gladness-the Great War was over. She and most of the others soon forgot, son, and turned their backs on the rest of the world. The Crusade-it was called that too-was buried along with the last dead of the conflict. Mr. Wilson, a great president, tried to make the people see the folly of forgetting. He tried to make America a part of the world, but no, the people felt they had done enough. They wanted to completely forget the world. Such men as William Borah and Henry Cabot Lodge led the opposition to world leadership. The government set up high tariffs to fool itself into a false sense of security and isolationism.

When I was born in 1923 the great boom of the '20's was just getting started. Money was easy to get and easy to spend. America completely forgot the horrible war and contented itself at having a good time. The great war became romanticized - it was America that saved the world. (It saved the world only to leave it and let it, leaderless, return to confusion.) While Hitler was rising to power I was playing war, not "cops and robbers" or "Cowboys and Indians." We used to play "Americans and Germans"! Oh what fun we had chasing all of the little "Germans" around our backvards, over fences and under porches. It was all glory to take my gun-a stick-and stealthily ap proach a bush, "Bang! You're dead, you Hun!" It was romantic fun. Why? Because your grandmother and grandfather forgot the realism - the death, the hell and fire of real war. They didn't tell me, as I'm telling you, to remember what their generation had been through.

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When World War II broke out, I was just finishing high school. The war in Europe seemed so remote and so romantic. I read the daily accounts of Poland, Belgium, Holland, France, Amsterdam, London and Dunkirk with expectant interest. I thought of how wonderful it would be to be "over there" fighting. Then came the draft, and all of a sudden your grandmother began talking about real war. How terrible it would be for American boys to die again on foreign soil! How terrible it would be to ruin the "cream of another generation! I was startled. War hortible! War real! This was a new line to me. The tragedy is, son, that she and her generation waited twenty years too long to remember; to late to do me and my generation any justice.

During your lifetime, son, you will be awed by the bright-colored uniforms of the Armed Forces. You will admire the bright-colored ribbons on the chests of men. You will feel a stir way down inside you when you see a parade, hear the beat of martial music, see cheering crowds become silent at the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and the raising of the flag. It's a good feeling to be loyal and to love your native land. It's a good feeling to know that you will defend the freedom you have here, but remember my generation's war too, son. America is now the free world's leader. To forget and turn our backs again will only bring tragedy in your generation. Remember to be alert, interested and informed in world affairs; remember to be patient with the people of the world, and above all remember the two little boxes because of the war their contents stand for.

Your loving father.

WONDERFUL LAND

(Continued from page seven)

foreigners who seeing many signboards advertising
"hot doze" thought that Americans had a special ap-

The dogs who seeing many signorary signorary who seeing many hot dogs who petite for four-legged dogs. We were very careful to attend to our "Ps" and "Qs" those first days and were "hable to "let our hair down" in our new environment.

Army busses took us to our one-month lodging house, and can the reader imagine where it was? It was a girl's dormitory at Mills College, but fortunately or unfortunately, no coeds were seen in the well-furnished buildings, as it was during summer vacation. Nevertheless the excitement of Oriental bachelors was doubled.

One month of orientation followed our arrival and was very interesting and beneficial. All programs were scheduled to introduce the American Twentieth Century to the "Rip Van Winkle" from the Far East. Lectures on history, geography, government, religion, customs, and many other aspects of American life were given in special clear, easy English, which, to tell the truth, I could not understand very well. I more enjoyed the extensive field trips and watching TV, all of which was completely new to me. The former gave me chances

to see the great accomplishments of American people in industry and in other fields, and the latter provided much enjoyment in an armchair and a first hand experience with the world-famous American cowboy.

The trans-continental trip was another new adventure awaiting me. On the boat I was with seventy native fellows, and there was no worry about how to transfer, but this time I was all alone, and I had to change trains five times in order to get to my destination—Wake Forest. My suitcase was pretty heavy, although my pockets were light, and above all the serious trouble was that many people could not understand my questions about how to get to such and such a train. Often when an imaginative person could understand my question, his explanation was too fluent for me to comprehend. Some of my friends were really worrying about me lest I should lose my way and find myself somewhere in Mexico or even up in Minnesota. Soon

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I began to see that their worry was not just groundless apprehension. But American people are good people, and they managed somehow or other to get me to the right trains.

We have a proverb in Japan: "In traveling you need a companion, in life, sympathy." I was lucky enough to meet a very sympathetic companion, thus being doubly blessed. She was a very attractive blond . . . nine years old. She was very eager to instruct me on how to read her school books and American funny papers. Nevertheless a coach trip of five days and four nights was rather tiresome. I can enjoy sleeping in a class, but it was difficult for me to sleep in a narrow seat on a moving train. When I finally arrived at Wake Forest, the campus with the high steeple and the green magnolias, it seemed like paradise to me, and two boys who kindly helped me carry my bags were like my oldest friends. Mrs. Green, who drove me to Mr. Patterson's and Dr. Rogers' houses in her car, was like an angel for a weary stranger.

Wake Forest College did not exist for me until I heard her name when I received my final permission to come to America in the summer of 1952, but I have learned since that Wake Forest is more than a name—she is a great family. I'll tell you why I say so, Once last April I wrote a letter to a friend of mine who was in school at Chapel Hill. I told him to "Come and see me at one of the best colleges in the U. S." He replied that I should come and see him at the "best university in the United States." I felt that the greatness of the "glorious name" of my Wake Forest was unjustly injured, so I wrote him back: "Have the honor to see the best college in the world!"

Although "the axis of the earth protrudes through the center of each and every town" and many colleges have the "finest campus in the country" Wake Forest College has something great and unique. A foreigner has no trouble in recognizing it in a short time. He finds it in the "hi" and "hey" under the oak trees and entrances of ivy-covered brick buildings; he finds it by seeing the impression that thousands of students have made in the hollowed stone steps of the library and by hearing the rhythmical "Beat 'em, beat 'em' at the games under the autumn sky. This spirit of Wake Forest easily

and warmly makes a stranger a part of this great family. My daily life on the campus is not much different from that of the other inhabitants of Hunter Dormitory. Every day is enjoyable and busy. Perhaps I am a little busier than the average student, for my reading speed and apprehension is comparatively slow, and it is necessary that I spend a great deal of time "digging the books." I have tried to find a short cut in this assignment business, but so far I regret that I cannot present one. However, it would be false to leave the impression that I am a bookworm. After all, I could read books back home without any apprehension as to what kind of questions that "cruel" professor might ask. I find it practical to shoot bull with my buddies on topics ranging from the problems of the world situation to the intellectual appeal of the celebrated Marilyn Monroe.

It is too bold to make any conclusive statements about another country after living there only a year or so, but nothing prevents me from saying that it has been extremely worthwhile and pleasant to live on an American college campus, and that the student exchange of the countries is one of the best ways to make different peoples understand each other, and thus to stimulate the common ideas and feelings of all the people on earth as a whole.

Young students are not double-tongued politicians whose prejudiced speculation cannot reach beyond their limited provincial borderlines. The minds of young men are "Tabula rasa." They find no difficulties in understanding the problems of other countries and in sympathizing with them. They are also quick to recognize accomplishments of other peoples.

Sometimes I think that it would be wonderful if the young people of the "two worlds" could visit each other freely without worrying about artificial curtains of iron, bamboo, and paper and talk freely and independently about their ideas. I think that we still may trust the good sense and reason of the people of different lands despite their different ideologies, if we would give them a chance to understand each other as people.

Even though it is commonly said that the world has become extremely small, yet the opportunty to go and live on a campus of a foreign country is not also abun-

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dant as we can get cokes from the coke machine downstairs at any time. It is very much so to those who live in the lands of a war-beaten, rather backward country across the largest ocean in the world. I am given their opportunity to come to America, and I am onw enjoying myself at Wake Forest College, so whenever I have chances I cannot help but express my greatest appreciation and gratitude to the generosity of the Wake Forest College, Rotary Club, Exchange Club, and the government of the United States of America that made my coming and staying here at Wake Forest Possible.

Living in America is wonderful.

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THE GOLDEN MOTHER

(Continued from page six)
the ancient roof-tops, leaning on each other, lead their sunny and tumbling existence. And one may feel the same charmed quietness when one stands on one of the hundred bridges that span the river, bracing one-self against the figure of one of the saints who look stonily down from the parapet into the gray waters of the Vltava and following their course as they wind through the city and past the eastle into ever paler nothingness.

"On the other side of the river there lies the 'new town,' which is new only because it is second-born. This is the home of the art-galleries, the museums, the theatres, and, overlooking the river, its blazing lights mirrored in the dark waters, the National Opera House. There the last seat is sold out weeks before every performance of the 'Bartered Bride', the opera which has held Czech audiences spell-bound since the day it was written. The very basic elements of the Czech way of life seem to be embodied in this story of the young girl who was to marry the man she did not love, in the gay costumes, the colourful dances, and Smetana's immortal music; in a sense the opera has become a monument to a happy people.

"And the Czechs are a happy people, with an inborn love for all that is beautiful. They build their palaces and their churches with an almost eastern extravagance, with stained glass windows through which the sun throws a rainbow of colours on the cool gray floors, and altars by whose splendour the eye is dazzled so that the worshipper bows involuntarily before the glory of God. Pauns play among the trees in their parks, and statues cast trembling reflections in the clear waters of their Ponds.

"Prague is indeed a golden city. She is the most beautiful in the world, and one of the happiest. She has her banks and shops and offices and airports like every large city, but she looks after her business in a slower and more contented fashion. She is the city of sidewalk cafes, where the businessmen meet to sip a drink and to discuss the financial matters of the day and where, indeed, more business deals are concluded than in many an office conference. She is the city of the river-side

terraces where the strings of the gypsy-orchestras cry in the darkness and the sensitive fingers of the dark haired violinist pluck at the very heart strings of his listeners. She is the city of the wine-cellars, where in an atmosphere of wrought-iron doors and candlelight one may fill one's glass with the dryest of moselles or the sweetest malaga, while the pianist with the nervous hands and the slim violinist, who could long ago have become soloists in the realm of the concert-hall if they would have so fancied, play whatever their audience may wish to hear.

"At night, Prague is a sea of lights, their exuberant colours contrasting strangely with the darkness of her old houses. Yet there appears to be a harmony in this fusion of the old and the new, for Prague has grown old gracefully, losing none of her charm and beauty. No, it has rather mellowed and taken on a deeper hue, a rich brown colour that comes when the afternoon



fades into twilight and the warmth of the early evening envelops the earth. And vet it is strange that we should remember her thus. She is so gloriously beautiful in spring when the flowering trees form a wreath of loveliness on the surrounding hills and when the last rivulets of dirty ice-water vanish from her cobble-stones. She is beautiful in summer, when, saturated with sunlight, the dust settles heavily on her drowsy streets. She is beautiful in autumn, when the fallen leaves dance along her sidewalks until they are swept into the gutters. And above all she is beautiful in winter, when the snow spreads its warm coat over every house and church and well, on every tree and fence, on the bowed heads of the stony saints and on the dragon's head that juts out from the roof opposite. There one may remember the true meaning of Christmas, when the bells of her churches and her cathedrals blend in majestic harmony to praise the child that was born.

"Prague is as sophisticated as Paris and as glamorous as Monte Carlo. She is as international as London and as busy as New York. Yet her people have called her 'our golden mother,' and she is a mother, in whose arms there is warmth and tranquillity, and whose pulse

is the heart-throb of all Europe."

The room was very still when my friend had finished speaking. I noticed how the shadows had deepened and how far the fire had burned down, and I think that he, too, must have felt the chill, for he turned away from the window with a little involuntary shudder. But then he smiled, and the melancholy in his eyes had softened and the quiet gladness of a happy memory was in his smile. "Prague is the city of poets. . . and of dreamers," he said. "Now she is a dream—perhaps I may yet live to see her become reality."

And then he went back to his drawing.

CHRISTMAS 1883

(Continued from page thirteen)

If the girls came back, it would be no problem to find something to do. If they did not, he guessed that he could join the rest of the boys in the different outdoor games they would be playing.

Most of them had quit playing baseball before No-

vember. Many would be playing football; it was becoming popular. He remembered some of the boys talking about its being prohibited back a few years earlier when Dr. Wingate had been president of the college. In fact, it was only last year, in 1882, that it had actually been legalized on the campus. The boys had been playing it though, ever since he had been coming to Wake Forest.

Unconsciously his foot hit a board in the fence beneath him. His thoughts trailed on unbroken by the thud. He wondered if there had really been any truth in the rumor that had been going around earlier in the fall about the faculty's plans for providing for a gymnasium. It had been suggested that the Old Chapel, now lying idle, might be converted into the proposed project. Maybe at last the faculty was "wising up" to the fact that boys liked to play. He hoped so anyway.

If he could get some of the boys to go with him, he would love to go hunting in the nearby woods. Some of them had reported that they had killed nine rabbits in one afternoon in the woods over behind the track. He glanced at the woods, but nothing stirred to verify the report that there actually were rabbits living in them. He knew that others had killed partridges frequently.

As he sat thinking, the idea of studying during the four days of suspended classes occurred to him. It would be a wonderful opportunity to prepare for the examinations that came close on the heels of the Christmas holidays. More than likely he would fling aside his books at the first signs of festivity.

He looked forward to the "bull sessions" that would begin the minute the last class bell rang. He could count on hearing the tale of David Ramseur retold. That tale never ceased to be interesting for it was the true story of a young Wake Forest College boy who twelve years earlier had been arrested and taken to his home in South Carolina for trial. As the story went, Ramseur, then 18 years old, was engaged in a debate in the Euzelian Society Hall. A rap was heard at the door and when it was opened, there stood a United States marshal and a band of six men. The society managed to adjourn in order, but afterwards the boys quickly



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flocked around young Ramseur and offered to rescue him from the officers and help him escape. He begged them to desixt, however, and went with the officers at the points of six bayonets. He was sentenced in Columbia, South Carolina, to jail on the charges of being a member of the Ku Klux Klan. After he was pardoned in 1873, he returned to college and went on to study medicine. By 1883 Ramseur was a practicing physician somewhere in South Carolina.

Other topics that would persist in the "bull sessions" would be the secret fraternities that had been reported as existing on the campus. They would thrash out the pro's and con's or the taculty's stand on the matter and would discuss their effect on the two literary societies.

No doubt someone would mention the boy who had been awarded ten demerits the last of November because he had spit tobacco juice out of the window of the Phi Society Hall.

The more scientific minded would still be talking about the comet of 1882 and still debating whether it was Crul or Gould who discovered it. Others would be interested in following the future of the light bulb, some would vow vehementy that it had no future at all because the light that it shed was too harsh and left illerfects on the eyes.

The ministerial students would probably discuss the revival that had been held for two weeks right after Thanksgiving and would be talking about its wonderful effects on the campus. Possibly they would denounce those students who might be complaining about compulsory religious services.

Suddenly the boy was jerked from his reverie by the shrill whistle of the approaching afternoon train. He watched one of the boys hurriedly adjust a penny on the track and then run back to join the rest who waited at a distance. The train bore down on the waiting object, flattening it into an oblonged disc and erasing the images from its surfaces. The boys waved hilariously at the engineer. Some methodically pointed at the passing cars counting them quickly as they hurried by. One made an attempt to jump onto the caboose with the intention of riding to the depot in Forestville.

The student on the fence, hearing hurried footsteps approaching from behind, whistled shrilly; and the boys at the track scattered quickly. A black-clad elderly gentleman reached the fence and craned his neck to recognize the fleeing figures. He turned to the boy to inquire about the identity of the "young gentleman" who had attempted to hitch a ride on the train. Truthfully the youth mumbled that he had not been paying attention to the activities of the boys and so he could not say.

The next day in chapel it was announced that boys caught attempting to steal rides on passing trains would be awarded 15 demerits instead of the usual ten. Something, said the speaker, had to be done about those who persisted in breaking the rules of the college.

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THE BOY FROM JONESVILLE

(Continued from page eleven)

proved, and teamed ably with Jack Williams. The Deacs got off to a good start, and there was a whirlwind season that culminated when a hoarse and unbelieving sportscaster yelled over the din of a throbbing coliseum; "The Deacs have done it—they're Southern Conference champions!"

Once again the sports writers couldn't say enough for the big fellow. He was a star, yes, but he had proved that he was a team man also, a good team man. The plaudits rolled over him.

Has his success gone to his head? No, for he is still Dick Hemric, the irrespressible, uninhibited man who came to Wake Forest two years ago.

Dickie Hemric came to the campus in 1950 as a big, gawky freshman with an ever present smile, a loud voice, and a straightforward friendliness. He was born in Jonesville, a town of about two thousand, located on the banks of the Yadkin River in western North Carolina. His was a big family, both in number and body. He was the ninth of ten children, five girls and five boys. His father was a big man, 6'4", weighing 260 pounds, and all his sons were patterned after him, running in height from 6'2" on up to Dickie, who stood two inches above his dad. Dickie grew up taking care of himself, working for his money from the fifth grade on up. He was the only member of his family to attend college.

Dickie, in his own words, received a "country raising," and when he first arrived on the campus and set himself up in the Colonial Club, that fact was easily discernible. "A big mountain boy," is the way people who knew him described him, and it was obvious that he was acquainted with livestock, chickens, hard work, and all the other aspects of farm life. Big-bodied, he talked the same way, as if he wasn't too sure people could hear him. He was friendly, however, and his constant, somewhat abashed, smile seemed to win the students. His manner of greeting and speaking with people as if he had known them in his home town somewhat non-plused people, but his big easy-going ways soon changed that perplexity to amusement and liking. He was completely uninhibited and bluff.

Hemric entered into social life here as he did a basketball game, with his eyes open, and in many ways there was a faster than usual change from the freshman attitude. His style of dress underwent a change, many of his habits and quirks of nature were altered, but he couldn't, and didn't need to, rid himself of his forthrightness. Studying, working, playing, he grew up as freshmen do.

On campus, he's not much different from any other student. He's a member of Sigma Chi fraternity and an active member of the monogram club. An all-round sportsman, he swims well, knows his way around the links to the tune of about 39 or so, and plays a fair game of tennis. He plays cards with varying fortune,

occasionally works on some committee or other, and in no general leads a normal student life.

It's impossible to use enough adjectives to describe his general composure and conduct, but all Roget's synonyms for "carefree" bunched together would pretty well describe it. He is impulsive and is the kind of person who never meets a stranger. He is always at home in any crowd or situation, and usually manages to put himself at ease. He likes to be in on everything and to meet new people, though ostensibly he never seems conscious of the fact that anybody is "new." Dickie treats nearly everybody, friends and acquaintances alike, with the same attitude. "Natural" is the way one of the professors describes him. Hemric is the kind of person that, if you're eating a popcycle, will ask you for part of it; if he is eating something, he is just as likely to congenially thrust it at you. When he visited his girl this summer, her parents, who had expected a campus hero, were surprised to find that he was, as they say, "just folks." He completely won them. And that's the way it usually is. The big fellow is so much himself that once you get to know him, you've known him all your life.

His appetite is enormous, ever present and unbelievable. Big of body, he naturally requires more food than most people, but even that doesn't explain how he can with such facility put away the massive amounts of food he consumes. He never refuses anything to eat, except at intervals when his appetite takes capricious turns, and these intervals are few and far between. Steaks, barbecue, and chicken head the list of foods he most enjoys, and whether breakfast, lunch, or dinner, he eats with equal gusto.

His musical taste is startling. He astonished his fraternity brothers this summer when he sat by the hour and listened to his roommate's records, not hillbilly, not popular, but semi-classical. His favorite is the William Tell Overture, and he often sits with a big grin on his face while he listens to the fourth movement. On the dance floor, he moves surprisingly well for his size. He dislikes bop and Jive, but likes round dancing. He showed up for square dance lessons at the gym last year, and though somewhat unorthodox due to his height, when the caller yelled for "Swing your partner," he did exceptionally well. His rhythm and co-ordination are perfect-

Because of his unusual size, he has to have everything he wears made, from his size fifteen shoes ("... or sometimes 14 and one-half," as he seriously points out), to his suits and trousers. His taste tends to flannels and argyles, especially gray or blue. Style conscious, he buys all his clothes with care, and as his fraternity brothers put it, "... they're the best." Even in cold weather, he seems to like to wear light clothing, to the extent that Dr. Smiley of the Social Sciences Department caustically asserts that he goes around naked. He likes cashmere sweaters, but has only a few; he just can't find sweaters large enough.

Though Hemric's carefree attitude is perhaps the most

and in noticeable thing about him, he does have his serious moments and he utilizes them well. The big basketball player studies hard generally and makes average or above average grades. A business major, he is expecially concerned over his grades because, although he is proud of his basketball prowess and loves the game, he is afraid that people will think that basketball is the only thing he can do. That fear, whether justified or not, plagues him and he is continually striving to overcome it. He admits that of all the honors he has received, the one he appreciated most (here again he emphasizes that he respects and takes pride in the basketball honors he has attained) was his selection for Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities. That indicated to him that he could do something besides run up impressive figures on the basketball court.

> Hemric's carefree congeniality, his many antics, his little quirks of nature, are well-known on campus, and they typify perfectly the strange happy nature that makes up the personality of "Big Dickie Hemric," the paragon of basketball prowess, the campus character, the country boy from a little town in the mountains of Western North Carolina. Those stories portray his personality better than pages of descriptions. For instance, there's the story about his presenting Esther, the cook at the infirmary, with a teddy bear he had won at the State Fair, and Bowles, the attendant at the gym, likes to tell of Hemric's stealing his hat and, hardly stretching, dropping it into the basket. Hemric gives his old tailormade shoes to Uncle Fred, the cook at the Colonial Club, and the only man around who has feet even approaching in size to those of the big country boy. Up at the Sigma Chi house, Hemric's antics are considered classics. He is the brunt of many practical jokes, especially about his bed, where the boys swear he spends half his time. He has had everything from berries and enormous bugs (sometimes dead, sometimes not) to peanuts, general junk, and short sheets put into his bed. He can sleep anywhere and once he gets to sleep he is very hard to awaken; he has never heard an alarm clock and says it is because he is accustomed to being awakened by a rooster. His senior roommate, who doesn't have classes until 11 o'clock, and yet has to climb out of bed every morning to arouse Hemric, seriously offers a twenty-five dollar award for a rooster of the eight o'clock variety.

As for what the future holds for the big, bluff fellow, only time will tell. But from the evidence of his personality, it looks as if his good-natured bigness, both of heart and body, will carry him far. And though this Writer has neither the gift of foretelling nor the desire to climb out on a limb as far as predicting Hemric's future in sports is concerned, he can just point to the record books and fall on what a more able seer, "Red" Pope once said: ". . . All we can say is congratulations to a deserving ball player, and to the sports fans of the next years . . . Look out!!!"

THE LAST WARRIOR

(Continued from page twelve)

tears you pity. They were tears that came from mental tension.

Everyday he sat and thought . . . and remembered. . . He remembered that day long ago in July with his young wife, mother, and father watching him from the doorway of their small cabin as he left toward Lumberton, going to volunteer as a spy in the Confederate Army. He was sixteen but he looked twenty and that was more than a year ago, and he remembered the sudden dead rush of blood to his forehead . . . and the chagrin when the commanding officer said: "No, we can't use you. We can't use an Indian nigger in the war at all," "Nigger." That was the word that hurt him as he stood at the desk and watched the officer's bald head spin around to the card table, and he wanted to smash that simpering leer from the straw-officer's face.

He had felt a sympathy with the white cause because he knew his grandfather, William Lowrie, had fought in the revolution, and had received a wound that made his left hand shrink up like a baby's, but now they couldn't fight anymore because the white man had changed his attitude toward them.

Later, he rturned to Scuffletown, and he remembered that detested unit of the home guard coming around, recruiting some of the Indians and taking them down into Wilmington to work with the Negro slaves. Rolly Sampson didn't want to go, but they dragged him off anyway, and he said: "Help me, Tom. For God's sake, help me." He stole the Captain's musket later and shot himself. Henry always hid in the swamp to escape the army pressure. His temper winced against these insults, for the white blood was strong in his own veins, and his family had once owned Negro slaves.

But the army kept pressing the Indians into service, arresting the ones who wouldn't go. Henry kept hiding in the swamp as they came around to arrest him for desertion, and that went on for a year.

And he remembered the next summer when Allen Lowrie was sitting on the porch, whittling, and he saw Gunner, their tall Scotch-Irish neighbor, approaching, riding on a horse that buckled beneath his weight. He

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find mest said, "Evening," as he lowered from the horse. He had a red heard creased a little with tobacco juice.

Allen Lowrie rose and went into the yard where Allen answered: "But I can't sell the land, why I wouldn't even think about it." And he turned to Henry Berry and said with a suggestion of irony in his voice: "We couldn't sell this land at all, could we, boy?"

And then the Irishman had a tight look to his mouth and he looked at the two men, glancing from one to the other and saying: "Pay you a damn good price."

But they couldn't sell the land, and Gunner rode off, back across the yellow-striped, honeysuckle-gnarled landscape until they couldn't see him anymore.

It was now well into the afternoon and, as Henry Berry Lowrie lay upon the creek bank thinking, he could hear his men returning through the timber. They had known he wished to be alone and had gone away so as not to disturb him. They had been hunting, and he would be hunting too. He would hunt all of the home guard, and most of all he would hunt the red-headed Irishman who he knew now to be the cause of his father's death.

He remembered the day before his escape when the soldiers came onto his land again. They were hunting the brothers who had slipped to the edge of the swamp to watch them as they went across the yard. They didn't go into the house though. He remembered the search they had hardly started before one of the soldiers ran up on some clothing and silverware where it was hidden in a honeysuckle patch, and he knew instantly these articles were part of the plan to frame Lowrie. He knew Gunner had placed them there, and he knew Gunner had informed that group of soldiers about it, hoping to gain Lowrie's farm as compensation for the pretended theit. . . .

Henry Berry watched the officer order a trial. He watched from the edge of the swamp. The trial was a farce, and it was a very bad farce. Allen Lowrie and his oldest son, William, were found guilty of robbery within a half hour. The sadistic officer told alleged criminals to get shovels. When they had got the shovels they were held at gun point while digging a large hole which was to be their grave. When they finished the soldiers shot them over into it, and heaped a little dirt over their bodies.

And that was last week . . .

But tomorrow had not come. Henry Berry Lowrie rose and joined the others at the table.

Lowrie was a young man when he commenced his reign as king of outlaw terror in Scuffletown.

He and his men stopped Gunner along the road one night and shot him. The first shot did not kill him; so, Henry Berry climbed up on his wagon, and took him by the throat. While he was choking the man, Steve Lowrie shot him again. The shot hit him in the head, and left him jawless. Then the outlaws left him dead.

Before the war ended in 1865 the outlaws had shot down half of the home guard in a similar way. Lowrie killed only for revenge. He stole to stay alive, and he went to see his wife, Rhoda, by nights, always using the swamp as cover.

Then the war ended.

After the war the men came back to Robeson County. They were tired from the war, and they were anxious about the uncertain future. They knew nothing of this life they were going into. Every day of every week they were restless and tense, and every week the tension increased. The men did not speak very much to their families about the war. Nor did they speak of the meanings and forebodings they saw behind the war. But this intense reticence expressed their fear of a broken and restless South.

The women spoke of the Lowrie gang until they saw the change in the disposition of their husbands; then they knew the men did not hear them. The women saw the fear of their men, and the children felt it. The children curled their bare feet against the floor at the awesome silence of the homes. And the women understood.

The southern states were insecure. The land was retching from a shoddy and irresponsible reconstruction government, and the Ku Klux Klan was organized to add its terror. Everywhere there was restlessness and insecurity, and all this was something larger than the outlaw band of Scuffletown.

But it did not continue that way. Lowrie struck again adain, killing the rest of those who had conjoined to kill his family, and killing anyone else who stood in the way of his purpose. It is likely that Lowrie was becoming afraid of the monster he had created. He saw new men taking up arms against him, because they wanted the reward that had been offered for him. He was forced to kill several prominent citizens in his effort for survival. His plan of vengeance became widef in scope when he saw his people being exploited by a selfish and inefficient government, and he could not

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stop until he helped the Indians regain that which was rightfully theirs.

So it came about that the memories of the war receded further into the consciousness of those who had been to it, and growing fear of the outlaws replaced it.

But Lowrie was not the only outlaw. He saw mushroom gangs spring up to take advantage of what he had started, plundering, robbing, and killing under his name. And this type of thing continued for years with Lowrie's own band becoming unmanageable at times and twisting the original plans of the leader for their own benefit. So it quite naturally happened that he was charged with a great deal more than he had been guilty of.

But there was still no concerted action against the outlaw as late as 1870, although the panic persisted. It came to everyone, and it came from all directions. The government was on its heels, and some believed it would never regain its equilibrium. All it accomplished was to shout out to the federal government for help.

Though Lowrie did considerably less damage than the gangs that prostituted his name, everything was imputed to him when federal aid was requested by the state. Finally the federal militia came one day in the summer

of 1870.

They set up camp below the Lumber River, and for the next month they did nothing but make a few fruitless stabs at the edge of the swamp. The army was unfamiliar with the countryside, so that the outlaw activities were not seriously impaired, although it was about this time that Lowrie was relenting of his own accord.

One day in the largest tent of the camp grounds a big man sat and laughed. He had a small white beard, and two bars upon each of his large shoulders showed he was the captain. He looked through the tent flap and cursed the sunlight.

The camp sat on a wide grass-matted tract of land from which the outlaw swamp could be seen on a cloudy day. You couldn't see it on a clear day, because the sun shone so bright it stopped the eyes before they reached it.

It was a hot day in August, and there was no activity on the grounds. A few men loitered, lounging against the stakes of tents trying to look occupied, but the tents seemed to have assimilated the soldiers. It was a quiet afternoon, and the slow summer winds did not break the stillness.

It was two o'clock when the Indian came and asked for the captain. He went to his desk, and stood there scratching his short, black, sweat-glittering beard. He

Was chewing tobacco, and he wore a hat.

"You come to get Lowrie?" he asked the captain.

The captain laughed: "Yes, we have orders to get

an Indian. You're an Indian. Do you know Lowrie?"
Henry Lowrie stood in front of the desk and worked
on his beard with a knife. He said: "How bad do you
want him?" He was fooling the captain.

"Oh, I don't want him at all. What's an Indian

outlaw more or less," the captain said, laughing.' "We been ordered to hunt him out. Ought to take another week maybe. More familiar with the lay of the land now." The captain's little goat beard shook with his gentle laughter.

"Going into the swamp after him?"

"Already been in the swamp several times."
"Can't do no good in there, captain. Not without

a guide you can't."

"So, that's what you are, boy. Now answer me my question. Do you know Lowrie?"

"Sure. He's a good man."

"I hear he's a bad man."

"That's because you don't understand."

"What the hell, boy. He's an outlaw, isn't he? I got to understand?"

Lowrie tapped with his fingers on the table. He wanted to tell the captain about the unfair amount of blame that had been transferred to his name; he wanted to tell of the persecution of his people; he wanted to tell how he felt justified in everything he had done, and how they wouldn't let him quit his outlawing now; he wanted to tell him something else he couldn't get into words. Wanting to tell him all these things at once and knowing he couldn't tell any of them made him feel sick inside.

Then the unidentified Lowrie somehow persuaded the captain to go into the swamp that night to talk with the outlaw, suggesting that Lowrie was willing to give himself up provided he would get a fair hearing. The officer agreed to that, evidently figuring that was a quick way to wind up his stay in what he called "a desolated, mean world."

It was dark when the men met close to the southern limit of the camp. Lowrie, still unknown to the officer, led the way as they walked quickly to the edge of the swamp. They pushed their way through the overgrowth, and found a small boat at the head of the creek. Lowrie lifted the oars up, and the captain got in. They started downstream.

It was cold in the swamp after dark and, when they reached the outlaw camp, the captain was in a con-



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tinuous shiver. They climbed a bank and made their way to a table. A fire was burning, and Lowrie put something on it. The captain couldn't see what it was. There would be a late moon that night, and it wasn't up yet.

So Lowrie revealed himself to the captain in that dimly-lighted swamp cove with the flickering fire glimers reaching up and sneaking around their faces. Then he told the captain a story. It was his story. While he was talking, the captain thought Lowrie's teeth were the whitest he'd ever seen.

He told the captain the story of his persecution. He told how the soldiers had killed his father, how the government had contrived many insidious means for the exploitation of his people, and how his people had been risulted, threatened, and frightened. He spoke of the revenge he had sought, not so much for himself as for all those who had suffered in a similar way. But now he was tired and was willing to learn new ways and new methods if it would benefit the Indian race, but they (the whites) would not let him. He was hunted now, in vain, perhaps, but hunted nevertheless, and he at least wanted everyone to know what the truth was. "Will you convince them of the truth, aptain?" he asked.

Lowrie's voice seemed distant to the captain who looked straight at the table. It was silent in the swamp, and the fire had long since turned to ashes when Lowrie finished his story. He was a gallant man.

The moon was up . . . and bright. The captain looked at the outlaw, and he could see him holding on to himself inside. The captain could not distrust him; in fact, he thought he liked Henry Berry Lowrie better than anyone he'd ever known. Liking him that way made him feel strange inside. He wanted to help him, but he apparently remembered the wisdom of morning perspective on the doings of the night. So he said: "Wait until tomorrow."

Things are different in the morning.

So they waited till tomorrow.

The captain did not laugh so much the next day, though morning had failed to change his feelings toward Lowrie any. He went into the swamp again that day,

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and when he returned in the evening he was more swaved than ever.

Everyday thereafter the captain went into the swamp to talk with the outlaw, except those days when the outlaw came to him.

So a close friendship ensued between the two men. The soldiers did not find out about it, since they did little but lie in their tents. Actually the militia was biding its time until orders came from Washington to move out. They were idle for several months. The bandit raids had already decreased appreciably when the militia had first come to Scuffletown, and they were now practically nil; so, the military detachment spent little time trying to capture the almost idle outlaws.

When they did go into the swamp, though, Henry Berry Lowrie was with them in the guise of an Indian guide. This way he knew in advance every move to be made, and he warned his brothers accordingly, although he had long since abdicated his throne as outlaw king of Scuffletown. The gang was scattered now, and there was very little organization.

Lowrie always stayed one step ahead of those who wanted the astronomical reward that had now reached the unbelievable sum of \$60,000. The greatest threat to his security and safety were the white citizens who had grown bolder with the decline of bandit activities.

But the time had come to talk of escape, because the captain's intervention in behalf of Lowrie availed nothing. He went to the state officials and explained most of the outlaw's case, mentioning the extenuating circumstances inherent in the one man war against the county. But they sneered at him, asking how he knew so much about it when he hadn't even seen the outlaw and hadn't been present when the plundering and the thefts were at their worst. And the capain answered: "I have talked much with his people, and the sentiment is the same everywhere."

"Of course it is sentiment. That's exactly what it is," one of the officials answered, leaning over the desk-Everytime the Captain spoke they mocked him.

Lowrie was sitting in the captain's tent when he returned and, when they talked over the impossibility of vindication, it was decided that the outlaw would leave with the militia. Taking it all around Lowrie believed that to be the best move for him, and he reconciled himself with the belief that the passage of time would enable him to come back to Scuffletown and take up the privileges of citizenship that he believed were rightfully his.

So he decided to leave with the militia, but the orders hadn't come to move out, and Henry Lowrie began to grow nervous, waiting, and now that he was about to leave he was afraid. He was like the football fan whose team is about to pull an upset with the opposing team close to a winning touchdown in the closing minutes of the game. So Lowrie spent a lot of

time in his cabin, looking out the windows from behind the curtains.

He was like this for a month or so when the orders finally came. He joined the captain dressed like a soldier one night in December, and he thought the northern trek would never begin. He wondered where his brothers were. And he evidently figured he would return sometime to see his wife easin.

But that never happened. Years later when Lowrie had been safe in New York for a long time, he found someone to tell him there was still an immense reward for him dead or alive. Legend says he spent the remainder of his life in New York.

The kindness of time showed, though, that he had accomplished a great deal for his people. They continued the fight he had started (in somewhat milder ways, of course) against those who beset them with

attempts at land annexation.

And there was no compromise either. It was a sheer victory for the Indians who remain in Robeson County today with all the privileges and opportunities of the white man.

PLAYMAKER

(Continued from page nine)

at last his artistic feet carried him to the campus of Baylor University.

While at Baylor, Professor McElroy participated in practically all of the major productions offered by the dramatic club, appearing as actor, director and stage manager. Included in the list of productions in which he took park are: Liliom, in which he both directed and played the title role, Our Town and the role of Howie, My Heart's In The Highlands, assistant director, Roadside and Abe Lincoln In Illinois. He states that his biggest thrill in drama came while working in Roadside. This play was directed by its author, Lynn Riggs, who later became famous for his play, Green Grow The Lilacs, upon which the famous musical, Oklahoma is based. He culminated his four year stay at Baylor with a three month tour of the Southwest with the Baylor Touring Company. Along with his duties as stage manager and assistant director of the company, he found time to act in each of the three plays. In fact, in Macbeth he played about five minor roles. Roadside was another of the shows taken on this tour and was presented at Army camps. The third offering of this troupe was a series of one act religious dramas which were presented to church groups. It might be mentioned that on this tour the group played seventy-five performances and were viewed by twenty-five thousand people. During the summer months of these years at Baylor, 'fessor "Mac", as he has come to be known by his students, was associated with the Southwest Summer Theatre, a stock company in Waco, Texas. While with this group he directed The Male Animal, acted in Androcles and The Lion, and was stage manager for Arsenic and Old Lace. Other plays with which he was

associated during this period are: Gas Light, Joan of Lorraine, Night Must Fall, Green Grow The Lilacs, and many others. He served as either director or actor, and many times both. In 1942 he was graduated from Baylor with a B.A. degree in Speech and Drama.

When asked it he had any particularly interesting anecdote to relate concerning his four years at Baylor, he replied: "No unless it was about the time I put a frog in Mademoiselle Jacque's flower pot." Upon further questioning, he revealed that there had been a French teacher at Baylor who had a most peculiar quirk. It seems that she had a great thirst, which she slaked, not as was customary by going to the corridor and there making use of the water cooler put there for that purpose, but by grabbing hold of her flower pot, which was always conveniently resting on her desk, removing the flowers, and gulping. One day, in anticipation of this ritual, the good professor removed the flowers, inserted a frog in the water, replaced the flowers and the pot and waited. He was not to be . denied . . . Mlle. Jacques parley'd a bit, tien-tiened a bit, and then got thirsty. In the resulting confusion Mlle. Jacques lost her wig, the class broke up and the 'fessor was the hero of the day. Of course as he stated after his narration, this is all in the past, part of those gay carefree undergraduate days, or for the benefit of Mlle. Jacques, "Ou sont les neiges d'antan?"

The summer of 1942 Professor McElrov spent in Texas, working in another summer stock company. In the fall of that year, there were, as the song goes, some changes made. The 'fessor was drafted. Soon he was marching off to the wars, pack on his back, song in his heart, tear in his eye and a genuine Texas rabbit's foot in his pocket. The rabbit's foot must have worked, for the Special Service outfit to which he was attached found its' way to Paris for the purpose of entertaining the GIs stationed in Europe. While in Paris, the 'fessor became attached to French food, French women, and the Soldier Shows Company, a group of professional entertainers headed by Paul Baker. Some of the notables with whom he worked while attached to this company were Joshua Logan, Mickey Rooney and Red Buttons. The group was quartered in an ancient chateau located near Paris, complete with a fish pond and medieval atmosphere. Of course the fish pond had no fish, and the atmosphere was rather rancid, but as the 'fessor states, "It was a good life, and the fish pond served as an admirable bath tub or swimming pool, depending on whether or not we had any soap." Along with many varied duties, the professor acted in a production of Brother Rat and served as assistant director to Joseph Pevney's production of The Hasty Heart.

This Bohemian life of leisure ended with the war. After being discharged, he was forced to return to the task of attempting to make a living. New York beckoned. He answered, and the result of this interchange was his working with a group of young actors who called

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themselves, Theatre Adventure, Inc. This was a touring company composed mostly of young veterans who planned to tour the East, playing to high schools and small town audiences. Three plays were to be offered to the various audiences, The Emperor's New Clothes, Volpone, and Of Mice and Men. The venture however. did not prove to be successful and, after a short time, the group broke up. A job on the directing staff of another veteran's group was next on the agenda for the professor. The entire summer of 1946 was spent at Duxbury, Massachusetts with the Veterans, another summer stock company. This venture proved more successful than the last, and that summer saw the 'fessor contributing to the success of such outstanding plays as Blithe Spirit, Night Must Fall, Accent on Youth, Candlelight, and Personal Appearance. After this wonderful summer, he decided to return to study and enrolled at the American Theatre Wing, one of the most outstanding schools of Drama in the country. Upon completion of a course of study at this school, he left the East and travelled to California. In Hollywood he became associated with the Call Board Theatre. He did a role in a play called, Apple of His Eye while in Hollywood and also found time to wait on tables, wash dishes, make shower doors, and can orange juice. It might be noted at this point that the Theatre is not only the lucrative "racket" so many people would have it termed but also a place where heartaches and disappointments are as much in evidence as in any other occupation or phase of life. When the winter of 1948 rolled around, the professor, hearing of an opening in the Erie Playhouse in Erie, Penn., left Hollywood and returned East. Here fate was a bit more kindly toward the 'fessor, and he shared in the honors gleaned by the group with their productions of The Little Foxes and My Sister Eileen. After a brief stay in Erie, he returned to the West Coast and the Las Plamas Theatre

in Hollywood. Here he appeared successfully in a production of MacBeth and January Thaw.

Old age must have caught up with Professor Mc-Elroy at this time, for, after these last Hollywood ventures, he decided to return to his Alma Mater and begin work on a Master's Degree in Drama. He served as, graduate assistant in the Department of Speech and Drama at Baylor for the year 49-50 and in the summer of 1950 was awarded his master's degree. While at Baylor this time he assisted in the production of several shows and as his Master's thesis, produced and directed Arthur Miller's great play, All My Sons. In the fall of 1950 he accepted a position as director of the Houston, Texas, Little Theatre and served in that capacity until his arrival at Wake Forest in the spring of 1952. While at Houston he produced and directed, among other shows. The Heiress, My Sister Eileen and an original musical comedy called Up a Tree.

Professor McElroy brought something more to Wake Forest than just a technical background and knowledge of the theatre. It is something that one finds hard to define, yet it was something very much needed by those interested in the theatre. It might be termed spirit, for his is an untiring one, yet it is something more than that. It might be his intense desire to bring the best of drama to the students and faculty here at Wake Forest, Perhaps it is the manner in which he shrugs off obvious impediments and comes up with an immediate solution to the problem, no matter what it may be. Or it may be his ability to pull the cast of a particular show together, make them laugh, and go on to the success as evidenced in the recent production of Born Yesterday. Any of these, or all, may be the factors which draw all of his associates to him, but whatever they may be, thank goodness he has them, and Wake Forest him.

Model of the Month



Betty Carpenter, class of 1953, in mauve nylon net accented by a fuchsia bouffant sash. From the Rendezvous Room collection.

MONTALDOS

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WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

EARLY SPRING, 1954

VOL. 69, NO. 3

Corpse in the Classroom
The Comet and the Bicycle



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WAKE FOREST COLLEGE EARLY SPRING, 1954 VOL. 69, NO. 3

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Cover by DENNY SPEAR

The Comet and the Bicycle

It may seem strange that a thirty second meeting with a person could have so strong an influence upon one's life. But that happened to me. The occasion was one of Clare Boothe Luce's visits to the hospitals in Italy in 1945. I was a patient at the 24th General Hospital in Florence recuperating from a wound when she breezed into my life like a comet. Just like a dazzling, sensation-producing comet, followed by a long tail of Generals, Colonels, Majors and lesser V.I.P.'s, she rushed into the courtyard and approached my wheelchair. Somehow she learned I had worked in Hartford. Connecticut, and she made a point of seeing all of the boys from "her" state. She leaned over me, shook my hand, smiled and said, "Son, you've lost a leg, but you still have your head, and that's more than some people have that I know." As she said that, she pointed at the string of dignitaries that trailed her. Then she was gone. I was embarrassed, but the attitude she carried with her did much for me in forming a philosophy to live by.

The meeting happened eight years ago. Since then I have grown used to living with a wooden leg and resigned to the fact that I can't ride a bicycle. That—riding a bicycle—is the only thing I have tried that just seems a failure, but I haven't quite given up on that yet. If Santa Claus had brought my little girl a 36-inch bicycle instead of a 28-inch one, so that my knees wouldn't hit the handle bars when I try to ride, maybe I could do that too.

After eight years of scientific experiment and observation I find that the mental attitude one takes toward his handicap is the basic factor as to whether or not he will become a burden or aid to society. Through these years the meeting with Mrs. Luce haunted me constantly; " . . . you still have you head. . . ." kept popping up in my mind. I grew, very gradually, to realize that now I must use my head. My physical incapacity was not as serious as I first thought, but the rehabilitation was a tedious business. It took hours of experimenting with life. I tried walking uphill, downhill, running, driving an old model car, chopping wood, raising a garden, pushing a lawnmower. I tried meeting people, withdrawing from people, working for wages, loafing, tinkering with tools, woodworking, reading, going to school; but through all of this Mrs. Luce kept following me. I tried using Hensley's lines:

> Out of the night that covers me Black as a pit from pole to pole I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable soul.

as a consolation, but I was still restless. I wasn't using

by Frank H. Andrews

my head and I seemed to be searching for something, something more, something beyond me, something worth living for. What it was I didn't know. Not until I read Keats' Ode to a Grecian Urn did I realize what it was I was seeking. I was sitting on the side of a bed when I first read the lines:

"'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

I read them over and over again until I finally realized - this is what I'm searching for - this is what I want! I created a desire to help mankind, to dedicate my life and mind to help mankind to lift itself. I created a desire to work as quietly as possible with and for people. To help my fellows appreciate truth, beauty, and God became my goal. I won't say Keats converted me to this ideal, but what he said opened my eyes. By using my head, as Mrs. Luce advised me, I can study life and overcome any physical disability which may hinder my body. In arriving at this philosophy I have not discounted the attitude of society in general. The great mass of people I have come in contact with exert a subtle pressure-consciously or unconsciously-on me to feel sorry for myself. There are those who feel "so sorry" for the handicapped, little realizing that we receive compensations which are far more valuable than material things. For instance, most of us are more concerned with our mental amplification than with our physical capabilities. Most of us don't want sympathy, but being human, we enjoy the little considerations offered. Such a thing as a friend's taking one step at a time on a flight of stairs to keep pace, is a sign of personality rather than sym-

If we handicapped were to listen to the greater number of people we would be either bedridden or so egotistical we couldn't stand ourselves. A little encour agement is a good thing for anybody, but to "pour i on" continuously only makes a false sense of security. A person trying to overcome a handicap is just like schild growing up. New experiences make new challenges, and in order to face life realistically a child must learn the good and bad of each situation. Most of we will keep to the standard of the standard with the one-armed boy I knew in the hospital. He and I were at the England General Hospital in At lantic City together. All of the patients there were "re"

(Continued on page twenty-one)

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Helga Schnitze: Angelo Capparella

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MAN

BY YULAN WASHBURN

Like all good things, bands begin small and inauspiciously. First, each section tries one note when the baton points it out. Next, two notes are tried . . . then three . . . then four. This continues with a maddening patience until perfect blending is achieved. The group of musicians going through their first adventure in concert playing is thus polished into one of the bands that have caused people in the Raleigh-Durham vicinity to label Angelo Capparella as the man with the "green thumb" in concert and marching band organization.

Angelo Capparella, young director of the college and ROTC bands, has made a name for himself in the organization of high school, college, and municipal bands. Although only 23 years old and only one year out of Wake Forest College, he has been instrumental in the organization of more bands than many band directors organize in a lifetime.

Capparella began organizing bands five years ago when he went to Louisburg College on a scholarship for forming and directing the college band. While molding this band, Capparella began trying to interest several businessmen in Louisburg in forming a municipal band. He also was approached by the high school group, and within a short time, the energetic young bandmaster had three successful bands on his hands. With these three bands under his belt, a growing reputation, and no desire to rest on his laurels, Capparella found new work steadily coming his way. He organized the Cary High School band, and then the Apex and Fuquay Springs high school bands. He began and directed the band at Tarboro, and the Spring Hope, Wendell, and Millbrook high school bands. He directed the white and colored concert bands and the white dance band at Central Prison. He was assistant band director of the Raleigh high schools one summer. Just this year, he began the organization of the Wake Forest High School band.

Capparella, an indefatigable worker, has achieved all this in six years. He has striven, obviously with success, to eliminate all the unimportant details and red tape of organization and to utilize every moment of available time. He can turn out a band ready for a concert in only a few weeks. While working with the Spring Hope band, he had the musicians polished and doing football formations in sixteen rehearsals. He began work with the Wake Forest High School group in January and is planning a concert before the publication of this article.

He has few discipline problems, despite the fact that he works with young groups, because the students take an immediate liking to their sincere young taskmaster, and also, some of his students hint, he is not averse to a good laugh now and then. He lets his students know exactly what he expects from themand he usually gets it. They like his congeniality and respect his ability. His sincerity especially impresses

(Continued on page twenty-two)



bу Bill Williams

CORPSE

This event concerns an incident which supposedly occurred at Wake Forest during the late 1920's. Its central character, one Sam, is not living today. In fact its central character was not living at the time when the incident occurred.

Those who have heard of the incident involving Sam are positive that it actually took place, but their disagreement on numerous details has the ring of capricious memories. As nearly as can be determined, however, complications arose shortly after Sam had entered the Wake Forest School of Medicine.

Sam was not a student in the medical school, nor was he an instructor. If he must be classified, then it might be said that he was somewhat of a lab assistant, or, at least, that his purpose in being there was to assist in the lab work. He was a cadaver, as big as he was black, as black as he was dead-and extremely dead.

Sam had worked around town as a handy man before his untimely death, and had become acquainted on a particularly friendly basis with three pre-med students who roomed at one of the homes at which he was employed a great deal.

These three students had come to be rather fond of the good-natured Negro and had constantly shared

IN THE CLASSROOM

with him vast portions of the prodigious wisdom which he pre-med students seem to invariably accumulate during th their first three years of undergraduate work. Sam, of on course, could not understand all the knowledge that the Wi three placed at his disposal; nevertheless, he always received what he could not understand with awe-struck the respect that would have turned the head of any thirdyear pre-med student. "Lawsy me," he would say as er, his eyes widened, "it sho' mus' be nice to be so ed bo incated."

It so happened that on a certain occasion one of the three was vividly enlightening Sam on how the of medical school was operated and casually mentioned that the school purchased bodies for dissection. The to idea of selling himself appealed to Sam, and he im mediately contacted the proper authorities. After due ha consultation a transaction ensued.

Bodies weren't bringing much on the open market qu that year, but Sam, showing such magnificent potent tial, received thirty-five dollars, a fantastically sizable sum in his eyes. In exchange for the money, Sam had only to bequeath his corpse to the medical school-

To celebrate the lucrative transaction, Sam used 1 h; (Continued on page twenty-three)

A SIMPLE CASE OF JUSTICE

By John Durham

Public Law 506 The Act of 5 May 1950

Article 104. Aiding the enemy.

Any person who-

- (1) aids, or attempts to aid, the enemy with arms, ammuition, supplies, money, or other thing; or
- (2) without proper authority, knowingly harbors or protects or gives intelligence to, or communicates or corresponds with or holds any intercourse with the enemy, either directly or indirectly;

shall suffer death or such other punishment as a court-martial or military commission may direct.

March had come in with great gusts of cold wind. I walked to work leaning forward against the relentless pressure as the wind blew down Main and whipped an old newspaper to shreds.

Mr. Larson was not there when I got to work. I knew something was wrong when I saw his wife. It was seven o'clock and the little restaurant was still half full of the noisy supper crowd, and there were four or five tables of the mill shift, just off work, sitting at the back drinking great swallows of cold, frothy beer. I checked in and started clearing the tables of the last supper dishes. The beer drinkers' warm laughter made me feel good, and the pleasant smell of the hops filled the place.

Mrs. Larson looked tired, with dark circles under n which her eyes. She had a brittle air, as though the smallest during thing might snap her. She was getting the keys jammed Sam, of on the old cash register; then she would slam them that the with a quick downward push as she made change. always I noticed her hands were shaking a little as she handed e-struck the money to the customers.

y third The place cleared finally except for the beer drinksay as ers, and all the waiters left except me and the other so ed boy who worked at night.

"Where's Larson?" I asked the other waiter. "How should I know?" he said. "Off on another how the of his sprees, I suppose."

Mrs. Larson looked up. The boy blushed and began on. The to wipe a table very briskly.

he in The night was not busy, only sporadic orders for fter du hamburgers and sandwiches came in. I worked the grill, and the other waiter managed to handle the people market quite easily. Mrs. Larson did not help us. She stood at poten at the front of the restaurant and looked out the glassy sizable windowed doors.

Sam had sixty people. The Larsons had had a lease on it only hool. The restaurant was not a big one, holding only about hool. a people. The Larsons had had a soluused had had eight such places in the past two years.

Mrs. Larson was a rather dingy little woman with a face that must have been pretty once. She had brown hair cut short and turning gray, and a mouth which turned down at the corners. She was a chain-smoker, and the cigarette drooped out of place there in her half-young, half-old face, a strange remnant of her youth. She was not over five feet tall, and to me she looked very much alone standing there looking out into the night.

Mr. Larson, her husband, was a tall, rangy man with sandy hair and blue eyes. I knew nothing about him except, of course, that the eight restaurants in two years seemed to indicate that he couldn't be satisfied in one place for long. He was good to his help, always quiet, never becoming angry. He had a melancholy air that I had noticed when I first saw him. He never talked about himself.

The night passed slowly.

After the first movie, a crowd of high school kids came in, faces red from the cold. They piled into the booths, jostling each other, the boys vieing for positions beside the girls, shouting gibes at each other.

The juke box immediately was blaring, and all of them drank chocolate sodas, bobby-soxed ankles moving to the cadence of Frankie Carle, talking staccato about the movie, school, and a hundred things at once.

Mrs. Larson watched them with an odd look on her face.

The happy crowd finished their drinks, trooped out noisily and things were quiet again after the last record, which they had not waited to hear, stopped

About ten o'clock, Mrs. Larson came over to us and said: "I want you to clean up a little early tonight, because I want to get home soon."

They lived in an apartment about a block down from the restaurant over a grocery store.

"All right," I said.

The other fellow and I were glad at the prospects

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entioned

of being off early; so we cleaned up hurriedly and were about ready to leave when six men came in from the late shift of the mill. They were laughing as they came in the door.

Mrs. Larson said to them: "I'm sorry, we're closing."

There was a murmur of disappointment; then one of them, a big fellow who had been drinking, said: "What the hell you mean closing? Your sign says open till eleven. We want beer."

They pushed in and sat down. We served them.

We locked the doors then, and the other waiter asked if he could go, and I told him o.k., that I'd clean up.

Mrs. Larson was sitting on the cashier's stool up close to the window. I went up to her to talk for a few minutes until the men finished. She was crying, the tears rolling down her rough little face.

I said, "Oh, it's not that bad. They'll be gone in a minute."

"It's not that."

Then the big guy shouted: "Hey you up there with the broad! Bring us another round. And make it cold. I've made water colder than this stuff you brought us."

They guffawed.

There was an iron bar we used to lock the refrigerator with. I picked it up and laid it on the counter, a little bit off the edge. Then I got the beer out of the refrigerator. I went over to the table with it. The drunk's face was round and heavy-jowled, flushed with the effects of the drink, and he had little, arrogant pig eyes.

He said roughly: "The skirt-where's she . . .'

That was as far as he got.

"You son of a bitch," I said. "You got five minutes."

I turned before he could say anything. My hero, I thought, Galahad on the white steed. They'll wait for you in the alley and kick your white teeth out.

The drunk started to say something, but one of the others raised his voice to cover up what the drunk was saying. I caught the word "mother." I had my hand on the refrigerator bar.

After the five minutes, the six of them got up, and they went out without anyone speaking as they paid Mrs. Larson. The drunk did not look at her.

Mrs. Larson had heard, and she said to me: "You didn't need to do that."

I was embarrassed. "It wasn't anything. But why does your husband leave you in a place like this alone at night? What kind of a man is he?"

"He cannot rest," she said. "He thinks so much that he cannot rest at night."

"And he is asleep now?"

"No, now he is in a bar somewhere. He is asleep because he has stopped thinking. Or he is dead. I do not know. That is it, the not knowing." She began to cry again.

"Why? What is it?" I said. "There is help for such things."

She looked at me. "No," she said, "there is no help. That is the thing one can't accept. There is no help. After the war, when he first came back, I tried. Everything. I had enough money to buy us a place. After we lost that I persuaded him to go for help. It was worthless because he could not tell them."

"What?" I said. "He cannot tell them what?"

"You don't understand do you? None of them do. In every town where we've lived since the day he came back, I'm that 'poor Mrs. Larson.' What they don't know—he was the kindest gentlest person I've ever known before he went over there. I can't tell how it was—for me he was like a miracle. He was a captain in reconnaisance in the first part of the Euroean invasion. Somehow his jeep driver made a mistake and got too close to the enemy lines. The Germans captured him. They knew he had the plans for the advance because of his rank." She stopped.

"They fixed an arrangement of a spotlight and a krieg horn and for almost two days. . . ."

"I see. Don't talk anymore. I see."

"No, you don't see," she said. "He told the attack plan. They got his whole outfit."

There wasn't anything more. She had stopped cry'ing. I did not know what to say.

I said: "Can I wait to take you home?"

"No," she said. "I can manage. I have the car."

I got my coat and went out. I looked in as I wend by the door. She looked very small in the restaurand alone. I waved. She did not see me. It was still windy and going home, the clouds had blown so that the hid the stars.

Lone fire

In a night wood

Seen only by eyes turned from the road

As cars whiz by

People—hurrying, hurrying down the pavement Of uncertainty,

While the quiet fire Burns up to God.

rns up to God.

SARA MCINTYRE

INSIDE JOHNSON DORM

Ьу

Mary Louise Brock

Coeds talk, play bridge, and talk about every conceivable subject except studying.

Most people depend upon movies and television for their amusement, but anyone who has ever lived in a girls' dormitory can tell you that it's the best source of entertainment. It's like a three-ring circus any hour of the day or night. Some of you, for obvious reasons, will never be able to enter this habitat, and You're missing a lot in life. Here's what my mother learned in just a few hours.

Nancy Davis, Alliene Hinkle, and Martheline Williams drag recently-pinned Hilda Mauden to the Customary shower.

When she came to visit me, I wanted to get her a room in a guest home, but she insisted that she stay in the dorm with me. She said it would be a lot less trouble, and, besides, she thought it would be fun.

I begged the girls before Mother came to behave and to try to make a good impression on her. I was afraid that, if the usual things happened, Mother would make me leave school. Every one promised to act civilized for a change, so I anticipated a nice, uneventful visit.

Mother arrived during the afternoon, and after I had taken her for a tour of the campus, we went to my room so she could rest and tell me all the news. The hall was very quiet, and Mother was just commenting on how pleasant it was, when six girls burst into the room wanting me to play bridge, go to a movie, and pick up the stitches in some argyles. Simultaneously, a blaring record player resounded through the dorm, majorette practice was held outside my door, and someone was yelling gossip from home from one end of the hall to a friend at the other end.

Mother looked bewildered, but I assured her that order would be restored that night when everyone had to study. After we had eaten supper and had gone to a movie, we returned and found a worse state of confusion than when we left. As we pushed our way through the rabble, we learned that one of the girls had been pinned. This invariably calls for the ritual of throwing her in the shower with the cold water running full force. I saw Mother watch horrified as flash bulbs blinked and the drenched girl squealed and kicked. Before poor Mother could tell them they should be ashamed of themselves, the giggling mob had dispersed.

Fortunately, it was now time for the quiet, relaxing activity known as "taps." The two of us joined the others in one of the rooms for a devotional and a few

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songs. Mother was very impressed with this, and I think she almost forgot the preceding chaos.

The atmosphere was calm for a while, but soon all radios were turned on to hear record dedications on "Deaconlite Serenade." This program naturally excited boisterous comments from most of the rooms.

After my disgusted parent had waited in line for the shower for almost an hour, only to find that the water was cold, it was getting pretty late, but we found that the "fun" had just begun. One of the girls was having a surprise birthday party for her roommate, and everyone was invited. There is at least one of these fetes every week, but it seems that no one ever tires of them. The honoree, as usual, acted very astonished, but I wondered if she really didn't expect it. Everyone was very cordial to Mother, and I thirk she really enjoyed herself.

The climax of the hilarity occurred after the party adjourned. The bedlam was caused by a biology major who had deposited a skinned cat in someone's bed. I wasn't surprised, though, because similar calamities had been caused with dead frogs and imitation spiders.

We took advantage of the first lull in the constant excitement and climbed wearily into bed. Suddenly the whole building seemed to shake. Mother jumped from bed, shouting, "It must be an carthquake!"

I was inclined to agree with her at first, but then I realized that the people in the room above us were causing the commotion.

Mother was still puzzled. "They must be bouncing a cannon ball," she suggested. "Or they just might have a Pogo stick up there."

Fearing that the plaster was going to fall in my face, I leapt from the bed and ran upstairs. I wasn't particularly surprised to find that a clothes line was being used for a game of jump rope.

After restoring peace, but losing a few friends temporarily by my threats, I went back to bed. Both of us were almost asleep when we heard loud voices and laughter in the next room.

"Oh, no," I thought. "Not a midnight bull session again tonight!" The noise rapidly increased, and I lay there wondering how I could diplomatically express my disapproval. I wanted to do it bluntly, but how could I? After all, the night before, a similar soirce had been held in my room, and I had been a turbulent participant.

Something had to be done, though, so I stalked de-

Review

by Wilfred Winstead

Pearl S. Buck, God's Men; New York: Pocket Books, Inc., 1953, 452 pp.; \$.35.

Two leading characters, two civilizations, two quests for life's meaning—these contrasts form the basic fabric of God's Men, a story of faith vs. power, of riches vs. humanity.

William Lane and Clem Miller, sons of missionaries to China—the former, of a well-paid and aristocratic Episcopalian family; the latter, of the mendicant Faith Mission family—met as children in a Peking street, where William stopped Clem from fighting a Chinese box

Their lives, little known or desired at the time of the Peking street incident, were to twine and intertwine later in life. Both were destined to become wealthy—William, through the approved channels of attendance at Harvard and business for himself in the tabloid newspaper field; Clem, through the rough road of the underprivileged, beginning as clerk in a country grocery store and working up to become the manager and owner of a national grocery store chain.

Both were obsessed with desires beyond their control. William wanted power, culture and refinement; Clem sought to find a way to feed the starving millions of the world, having known the pangs of hunger himself.

Between these two men, Pearl Buck has created a conflict which sustains her story. It is a conflict not so much in ends as in means. Both thought they were doing mankind good. William felt he was filling a "spiritual desire, deep in the heart of mankind," by telling people (who don't care to read what they already think or what any people think) what they ought to think. Clem thought that feeding the world was the key to-solution of all the world's problems. William holds Clem in contempt, while Clem sadly regards William a wasting his vast potentialities.

As the two men pursue their similar goals through different vistas, the reader is carried to England, to China, to the United States. Theirs are the typical success stories, progress up the ladder of success. William marries twice, into high society; Clem marries Herrietta, William's slightly younger and vastly different sister, and the conflict intensifies as the two men are brought together.

Scenes of misery, violence and luxury, charged with human problems, fill the pages of God's Men. The book embodies the spiritual hunger that both separates and unites the people of the world. Pearl Buck has expounded a gospel—two gospels—that hungry med are never at peace and that man is not fed by bread alone.

A

CHAMPION RETURNS



Arnold Palmer

He's not too large a guy . . . about five-ten, average build, with shoulders perhaps a little broader than average. He speaks softly and deliberately with just a trace of a Northern brogue. He is from Latrobe, Pennsylvania, a veteran of the Coast Guard who has comeback to Wake Forest to round out the studying he began a few years ago, and to play a little golf. His name? Arnold Palmer, one of the top amateur golfers in the country and the man who marred the record of British Amateur winner Harvey Ward by defeating him three times.

Palmer has returned to Wake Forest after a threeyear stint in the Coast Guard to take over his old place as the leader of the Deacon golf team. He is the basis of Wake Forest hopes for another conference championship. Palmer first came to Wake Forest in 1947 on the advice of Bud Worsham, a top Wake Forest golfer, whom he met in the National Junior Championship at Los Angeles. He immediately took the leading spot in the Southern Conference competition, coming out as the winner of the Conference individual championship in 1948 and 1949. He went still further to capture the Southern Intercollegiate crown in 1950.

During his three years at Wake Forest, Palmer met Harvey Ward six times when the destined British Amateur winner was playing for the University of North Carolina. Ward beat Palmer three times in match play, but the Deacon ace was never topped by Ward'in tournament play. He took his three tourney championships with Ward in the field of participants.

After Worsham, who was playing number-two man on the team, was killed in an automobile wreck in 1950, Palmer went into the Coast Guard. The word got around, however, and his golfing didn't grow stale there. During his hitch he found time to take honors in several tournaments, including the Ohio State Amateur, the Cleveland Plain Dealer Medal Play title, the May-field Heights Open, the Western Pennsylvania Amateur, twice, and the Buddy Worsham Memorial in Washington, D. C.

Palmer has played in the National Amateur four times and advanced to the quarter-finals last year before losing. He has been a two-time medalist in the NCAA tournament, setting a NCAA medal record with 141 at Ames, Iowa, during the 1949 tournament, and breaking that record the following year at Albuquerque, New Mexico, with 136.

Palmer, with a game matured to a point even above his former championship days here, has returned almost in the capacity of player-coach. His tremendous amount of experience and golfing know-how is reflected in his (Continued on page typeny-file)

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A Student's Sojourn

A most unusual journey in the similitude of a dream, wherein the narrator meets some highly usual people.

One evening a fortnight ago, pondering late over things of profound nature and consequence, I became so weary that I was driven to rest my head on my chest for a moment of quiet repose. Before I knew it, I had slipped into a state of sleep, and I found myself transposed from my quiet study to the outskirts of what appeared to be a small village. Over the tops of the highest trees I perceived what seemed to me to be a church of chapel spire, and passing me on the street were numerous groups of young men and women carrying books, I think. As I cautiously neared the center of activity, I saw the same sort of people, only more, o and I noticed an assortment of rather odd-shaped buildings of debatable origin. The people seemed n to be engaged in some sort of ac- sa tivity which caused them to pass in re and out of the buildings. As I stood for a moment a bell sounded, and a c great number of these people at once burst forth from the portals of the buildings, scurried across a network of brick walks and gaping mud holes and disappeared into different buildings.

Indeed, I thought, what an un usual place! Perhaps it is some game on a large scale. I concluded that if might be an endeavor in which thest people were trying to pass from one building to another without stepping in a mud hole, or possibly it was massive game of "Fruit Baskel Turnover," a game I remember from childhood. After considerate tion, however, I decided that if were a game, the participants would be a good deal happier, for after all that is the point of games, or so used to think. So I was still left will no further enlightenment. My spirit rose, however, for as I neared a gal I noticed a man seated at a table He looked rather important, by tired, and I noticed a placan around his neck which read REG ISTRAR. Feeling this fellow coul without doubt clear my befuddle ment, I approached him, asking:

"I say, old man, may I ask you question or two?"

"Name, home town, high school attended?" he asked. "What's that?"

He became ifked, looked tireder, repeated himself. "I am sorry, sir, but I don't quite understand," I said, "Could you tell me where I am, and what this

is before me?"

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He muttered something under his breath, wrote something on a paper, opened the gate, and motioned for me to enter. But I hesitated.

"What's wrong now?" he asked.

"But I . . ."

"You play football, don't you?"

Growing a little weary of this gentleman, and afraid of enraging him, I answered, "Yes." After all, I had managed a little croquet in my time.

"I thought so," REGISTRAR said with finality, "Go over to that building, secure necessary forms, and seek an adviser."

Forms? Adviser? Words cannot express my astonishment and bewilderment at this chanting, but for the seemed sake of saving argument, I decided to follow his diof acpass in rections.

I stood "Have a Camel," someone said to me, but I ded, and a at once

The building in question proved to be a member of the group heretofore mentioned, although a little apart from the rest. As instructed, I entered the structure and was amazed to behold a great mass of people running around in circles, carrying with them a great number of papers. Following loosely the perimeter of an un the building was an oval of small tables, and behind me game each one sat a rather stereotyped, tweedy person smoking a pipe, looking extremely serene and comfortable. d that i ich thest I walked from the anteroom toward this hodgepodge, from on but at the inside door I was asked to produce a slip steppinf from somebody, concerning something. I looked emptily at this fellow, thoroughly dumbfounded. He returned Baske the gaze but at length he asked, "Play football?"

Remembering how an affirmative answer before simplified my problems, I answered yes again. He imonsider³ mediately indicated a particular table to me, and as approached it I saw another of these tweedy people. This one wore a placard also, and his name was ATHLETIC SUPPORTER.

"Have a seat, young man," beamed ATHLETIC SUPPORTER.

I sat.

"Don't worry about a thing," he smiled. "Here is your class schedule. A student will show you to the Club and indicate the location of your classes. Quarterback?"

The guise had gone too far. "A quarter of whose I asked. "Look here, I haven't the faintest idea of what is going on here, and I am having the greatest difficulty getting anyone to clear my dilemma. Would you be so kind as to explain to me what this is all about?"

"You don't play football?" he asked.

"No, I do not play football," I answered.

"H'mmmm," he confided. "Another example of irresponsible youth." His expression began to changehis smile closed to a thin line, his eyes narrowed. "Have you secured the necessary forms? Have you been to station One? Have you seen the appropriate adviser? Do you know what you are going to take? Have you arranged for tuition and general fees?" Then he muttered to himself, "The material they expect us to educate."

Educate? Ah! At last something I recognized. "Then this is an institution of education?" I asked.

He had turned to some papers and declined to answer. I saw that he was going to be of no further help, and since I had learned nothing more of the nature of this establishment here except that it had something to do with education and football, I decided to leave as quickly as possible. I aimed myself in the general direction of an exit and was about to leave the building, when someone called to me.

. "Wait! You can't leave without your Salvation Reservation!"

I turned and saw someone approaching.

"Here," he said, "Center section, Row Q, Seat 3. And don't be late."

Assuring him that I would make all possible efforts not to be late, I hurriedly left the building. A man at the door, the same man, I think, offered another cigarette. But I do not smoke, so I declined again.

Outside, things looked a little more natural to me. As my courage rose I decided to risk another look at this mysterious place and its inhabitants, but my way was blocked by two young men, smiling broadly. Onc of them offered me his hand, I shook it, and he introduced himself as COLLEGIATE. In turn his friend greeted me as FREDDIE FRATERNITY.

"It's a pleasure," I said. Surely here was friendly enlightenment. "Could you tell me . . ."

"We have heard a lot about you," interrupted COL-LEGIATE, "and we know already that you are the type we want."

"We would like to tell you a little about our organization," added FREDDIE FRATERNITY. "If you have a few minutes just now, why not come up and meet our men?"

"I would be delighted, I am sure," I said, "but for the moment . . .

"We think Kappa Mu Epsilon Phi Alpha Eta Omega Sigma leads this campus in all activities," COLLEGI-ATE said in a burst of confidence, "and I think you'll find you won't go wrong in choosing us."

"Independents don't rate here, I'm afraid," began (Continued on page twenty-five)

Mr. J. C. Perkins-

India to Wake Forest

Perhaps most Americans would say that living the first nine years of one's life in the remote parts of India away from all modern schools would not be an auspicious start for anyone who would later become a teacher and minister. But when you add to the India beginning the silver-mining camp of Creede, Colorado, the wheat-farming country of North Dakota, a slice of Texas, and Princeton University, you have the varied background and ultimate insight into human nature that go to make up Professor J. C. Perkins, supplying instructor in the Department of Philosophy.

Professor Perkins was born in Kodaikanal, South India, the son of a Congregational Christian missionary. He spent the first nine years of his life on the plains among the aloof Hindus with their strict caste system, a system then unameliorated by the progressive teachings of Ghandi, and that caused trouble even among the Indian-Christian groups of that day. His father traveled from village to village in a two-wheel oxcart drawn by bullocks, preaching in the streets and forming churches.

The future teacher and pastor's life in India was a rough one, for although the people were usually friendly, the animals and elements weren't. The heat was stifling and only the continual pulling of the punkah, a primitive manual cooling device, by day and sleeping on the roof by night made conditions bearable. Cobras caused considerable worry and danger. Professor Perkin's sole schooling came from the tutoring of his mother, who had been a teacher in a mission school prior to meeting her husband. American playmates were few in number, and so he came to know the Indians well and spoke their language, Tamil, before he could speak English.

From this primitive Indian country, Perkins moved at the age of nine across the world and into a new home in New York State, and there he made the transition from a tutor in India to a large public school in America. After his secondary education he entered Princeton University. Right in the middle of an education tending in another direction, Perkins decided to major in philosophy, and in 1929, he was graduated with highest honors in philosophy. Three years later



Mr. J. C. Perkins

during the height of the depression, he received the degrees of B.D. and S.T.M. from Oberlin School of Theology in Oberlin, Ohio.

The young minister began his church leadership while still in school and thus continued to meet all types of people. After he entered Oberlin, he devoted his week ends to student preaching at Huntington, Ohio Later he went into the coal-mining district of southers Ohio following a violent strike with bombs and shoot ing; there Mr. Perkins, like his missionary father it India, came into contact with parishioners who had propensity for the more emotional type of religion He went to the wheat farmers of North Dakota whe they were suffering their most acute hardship of the depression in the early thirties and worked for some time among that industrious and intelligent people. He also preached and did Sunday school work in the for mer silver-mining camp of Creede, Colorado, a small camp that had been one of the wild spots of the Rockie during the boom days of the nineties.

After serving several pastorates, Perkins then went a church in San Antonio, Texas. He entered Duly University from there in order to complete work for a doctorate in philosophy. He is acting as supply if structor here for one of his friends, Professor Johl Chandler, who is on leave of absence at Duke. Mr Perkins plans to complete his work after this term.

Professor Perkin's wide background is reflected his teaching. He is never dogmatic, always giving bot sides of a question. One of his students commented

(Continued on page twenty-nine)



of

by Dan Poole

The young boy swung from a low-hanging limb of maple tree. He "skinned-the-cat" and dropped to the

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"I betcha I kin climb to de very tip-top of dis here tree," he said as he jumped up and caught the lowhanging limb again.

"I can, too," his companion said confidently as he, too, jumped and caught the limb.

The two boys struggled up the tree. They cautiously stepped from limb to limb until they had reached a Position near the top. There they stopped.

"I think this is as high as we should go," said the second boy, clinging to the trunk of the tree.

"I kin git higher. I wants to git up where I kin see. Yo' better stay where yo' is. It ain't safe way

up here." "Don't be silly, Mattie, I'm not scared. You think am, don't you? Look out, I'm coming up," he said,

straining as he climbed even higher. "Yo' better be careful, Johnny. Ef anythin' happen

to yo', I's liable to git de blame."

Johnny climbed as high as it was possibly safe to go. Mattie was just behind him. Clutching the tree limbs, they gazed out over the countryside.

"Ain't dat purty. Look at all dem green pastures. An' de crick, Yo' kin see de crick all de way from

"And look over there at the cows. I guess my daddy's got a thousand of them. Look at them. You can't even count them."

"All dat lan' belong to yo' daddy?"

"Every bit of it. For as far as you can see it's my daddy's."

"How is it he kin own so much? He mus' be awful

"I don't know how, but he's got a lot of morfey. I guess he's got just about everything."

The two boys swayed with the limbs as the wind gently shook the tree. They secured their hold on the tree but remained in their position.

"Does yo' git everythin' yo' wants, Johnny?" "Just about, I guess. Why?"

"I dunno. I jus' wondered what it'd be like."

The boys leaned back and then forward in order to make the tree sway even more. Their hearts were in their throats as the tree bent down and then swung back over.

"Yo' gonna have all this lan' when yo' grows up, Johnny?"

"I don't know. Maybe so."

"I wish I had me a farm."

"They cost a lot of money, Mattie." "I couldn't never save 'nough money in a million years to git me a farm. My daddy never done nothin' like dat. He done worked fo' yo' daddy all his life."

"That's all he could do, I guess," said Johnny. They soon tired of swaying the tree. Their arms

became tired from tightly clinging to the tree. "We better go back down now, Mattie."

"Okay," said Mattie as he began stepping down

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from limb to limb. Johnny was right behind him. They soon reached the low-hanging limb from which they swung to the ground.

Johnny's boxer dog greeting him by jumping up on him. Mattie watched as Johnny and the dog began wrestling. Johnny was growling to imitate the dog as they rolled over and over. The dog was coyly cuffing Johnny with his front paw in typical boxer fashion. Soon, however, the dog began to get too rough for Johnny, and he sent it away.

"Race you to the highway," said Johnny as he ran off. Mattie was soon running beside him and it seemed for a time that he might win, but a sudden, last-minute burst of speed put Johnny far ahead of Mattie. Johnny was sitting on the fence beside the road when Mattie got there.

"Yo' is mighty fast, Johnny," said Mattie in admira-

They counted the cars and trucks as they passed by. "Look! Look, Johnny, at that long, black car! Ain't it purty! I bet tha's 'bout the mos' purty car I ever seen."

"Aw, we got two cars prettier than that one. And bigger, too."

"We ain't never had a car. I don't even git to ride in one much," said Mattie pensively.

They were sitting beside each other on the fence rail. "Maybe you can ride in one of our cars sometime, Mattie."

"Does vo' think I might could someday, Johnny? Does yo' think I really might kin?"

"Sure, Daddy wouldn't care, I 'magine. He let your daddy ride with him one time when he was going into town."

"Did he, Johnny? Did he really ride with yo' daddy? He never tol' me nothin' 'bout dat. Did he jus' sit right up there with yo' daddy like anybody else?"

"Well, uh, no, he was in the back seat and daddy was driving, but he rode with him."

"Yeah, tha's nice. Yo' daddy sho' is a mighty fine man, Johnny. He sho' is."

Johnny picked up a clod of dirt and threw it across the road. It shattered as it hit the ground, making a cloud of dust.

"What vo' gonna do when yo' grows up, Johnny?" "I don't know. Daddy wants me to be a doctor,

I guess." "Yo' mean yo' is goin' to college?"

"Sure. Everybody goes to college. You have to go to college, I guess. That's what my daddy says."

Mattie was frowning. He looked down at the ground.

"I ain't goin' go college," he mumbled.

"That's different, Mattie. It doesn't matter if . . ." "I knows."

"What I mean is . . ."

"It's okay."

Mattie squashed an ant that was on the fence. He rubbed his hands on his pants. Johnny steadied himself on the fence.

"Wonner if there ever was a colored man tha" was a doctor, Johnny?"

"I don't know, Mattie. I don't guess so. Mamma says colored people aren't so smart. Somebody has to be pretty smart to be a doctor."

"Yeah. I ain't very smart. I ain't even goin' to school. Mammy says it's time fo' me to go to work. Yo' daddy's needin' mo' hands in the fields."

Johnny did not hear Mattie. He was gathering up dirt clods and stacking them on the fence post. He sat back down beside Mattie and began tossing the clods at a mail box down the road. Mattie was thinking.

"My daddy he says people say everybody's good as everybody else, and then he laugh and git mad."

"That's what the Bible says, Mattie. My Sunday school teacher said that. She said that Jesus loves everybody in the whole, wide world."

Mattie looked straight into Johnny's eyes.

"Yeah, but I ain't as good as yo' is, Johnny. An' my daddy ain't as good as yo' daddy is."

"But Jesus loves everybody as good as everybody else. And he loves the colored people, too. My mamma says so."

"I hopes yo' is right."

"Course, my mamma says everybody has to keep in his place. She says she can't stand to see people trying to act bigger than they are supposed to."

"I knows, Johnny." Johnny was leaning slightly back with his feet outstretched so that he was balancing on the fence. He thrust his arms out to steady himself.

"Johnny, what is it 'at makes me different from yo'?" Johnny did not answer.

"I is different from yo'. Yo' knows I is."

"No, Mattie, it's not that . . ." Mattie disregarded what Johnny was saying.

"It's cause I is black, ain't it, Johnny? It's cause ain't white like yo', ain't it?"

Johnny was looking down at his hands. He did not say anything. Mattie looked at him.

"It's okay, Johnny. I weren't sayin' nothin' agin yo'. Yo' is good to me, Johnny. Yo' is my friend, ain' yo', Johnny?"

"Sure, Mattie, we're friends."

Johnny hurled a clod of dirt and nearly lost his balance. The clod splattered on the mail box down the road and caused it to quiver.

A farmer in tattered overalls had been walking to ward the mail box. He stopped, startled, as the dir clod hit the box. Then he raised his clinched fist if an angry gesture.

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

Words Wani III the Student's Inkpot

After reading a report on the progress of the new campus at Winston-Salem, I was struck with one bald fact: there will have to be double-deck seats in the new Chapel. Figures being what they are, 5,500 will just not go into 2,500 evenly. Then again, even with doubledeck seats, there will be 500 eager students left out in the cold with no seats, no companionship on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings and no chance to be exposed to the best in culture on Monday mornings. These extra 500 tickets can be designated for those currently enrolled students who transfer from Wake Forest to Reynolda.

Getting back to the double-deck seats in Chapel, what fun for the monitors! The first-or lower level check-will be made the same way they do it now. The best solution to the upper level that I can figure out is the use of stilts, which will take a little practice.

Try backing up on stilts once!

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The confusion of the students in finding their respective seats can be fairly well eliminated by having the word Lower or Upper added to the current code, such as; Lower-Center O 4. Ladders will have to be issued all incoming students having upper seats; those having lower seats will be issued periscopes which will have to be turned in upon graduation.

Thus the speakers will be confronted by a forest of ladders and periscopes as well as conscientious

third period students reading lecture notes. lt's a problem of either too many students or too

few seats. Oh well,

Hours fly, Flowers die, New days, New ways,

Chapel stays. (Maybe!) Anon.

EUZKADI!

The Basques came, they were seen, and they conquered Wake Forest. Their dances were superior intricacies of foot-work and syncopation, but their language! Ah, their language! In all of Wake Forest there was not a soul who understood a word of it, except Mr. Nuckols, The only word-if it can be called thatthat he understood was the Irritizini, that whoop which called forth the animal in the spectators.



It seems that after the performance the troupe was ready, baby and all, to roll to another appointment, when they found that their bus driver had deserted them. He went in search of culture, it seems (probably to Shorty's) while the Basques entertained and became so interested in his cultural pursuits that he forgot the time. The time come to leave, however, and the Basques, having nothing in common with Wake Forest citizenry except being stranded in a town dedicated to learning, decided to get out-before they were registered.

They huddled like the Deacon football team and came forth with the ear-splitting solution. One of their number let it go-starting on middle C and going up to the weather vane on the Chapel. Mr. Nuckols, the night watchman, who was peacefully patrolling the streets heard the whoop, and the call was too great for him. He rushed to the scene all aghast, followed closely by the errant bus driver.

"Where's the murder?" he asked.

The troupe stated that they didn't understand English, climbed aboard the bus and left.

Mr. Nuckols? He doesn't know what to do with his new-found knowledge.

Found on a Freshman vocabulary quiz: O: Define annihilation.

A: To make peace.

Did you know that the library has several recordings of Dr. Poteat reading Virgil's Aeneid? Well, one (Continued on page twenty-eight).



BY WILLIAM PATE

Irvin Grigg, Glen Garrison, Wilfred Winstead, Dan Poole, Bill Pate and Charles Newman form nucleus of "Old Gold and Black" staff.

STORY OF A NEWSPAPER

Very few students know the real story which lies behind the campus newspaper, the "Old Gold and Black." In this article, Bill Pate, a member of the "Old Gold" staff, will present the inside story of the group whose publication "covers the campus like the magnolias."

Wake Forest College, Feb. 22—Three things were to happen this week on the campus of Wake Forest College. The events would probably have occurred at any ordinary college. But between these three events and the Wake Forest student lies the story of Old Gold and Black, college newspaper.

The first event happened Monday, February 22, in chapel just before the previous week's newspaper was to be distributed to students. Ten pretty coeds were elected by the student body as queen, maid of honor and attendants of the annual spring Magnolia Festival.

Who were these ten girls? Why were they elected? What was the Magnolia Festival going to be like this year? The task of answering these and other questions belonged to Old Gold and Black. Accordingly, at 2 o'clock that afternoon, Editor Wilfred B. Winstead, Jr. assigned a reporter to get the facts.

I was the reporter to whom this assignment was given. To get the story my job was to go to its source. In this instance, the source was Doris Craven, student head of Women's Government. She answered my first question by telling me who the ten coeds were.

To find out why they were selected by the students I checked into their past activities and found that all ten were active in campus affairs and popular with the students. Marjorie Crisp and Dorothy Casey, heads of the Women's Physical Education Department, supplied the answer to the question of what the Magnolia Festival would be like.

Over the campus during the first days of this week other students were inquiring into similar news items. They were searching for the answer students want each week concerning the things that happened around them By Wednesday these OG&B reporters were to have the answers in interesting, informative and readable form and nearly ready for the pages of the paper. Wednesday is the normal deadline for all "beats" or assigned stories.

There are three nights most important in turning of the campus newspaper: Wednesday, Thursday, and Firday nights. It was on Wednesday night that the Magnolia Court appeared to be the week's lead story.

Meanwhile, the OG&B reporters were bringing in their assigned news stories. Charles "Tex" Newman sports editor, and his staff were shaping together the

(Continued on page thirty)

Drinking Survey



Professors grab a quick one between classes.



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Coeds line up for nightcap.

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Editorial:

BUSINESS ANT

"Actually, the complexities of business are such that someone who understands history, literature and philosophy, who is in a position to do some disciplined thinking, has the type of mind that will ultimately succeed." These words were spoken by William G. Caples, a vice-president of the Inland Steel Company. Perhaps they sound rather strange coming from a businessman. Are the abstract courses the most important to running a practical business?

If there is any truth in the above statement, it is a contradiction of a current set of values with which we now measure education, for in our time we have watched the spectacular growth of the "practical" or vocational schools, a growth which has been so rapid that the old line liberal arts schools, Wake Forest among them, have been almost forced to include some form of vocational training in their curriculum and to substitute a new degree, the Bachelor of Business Administration, for which a minimum of work in the liberal studies is required and under which, at Wake Forest, no foreign language is necessary. This is what has happened in the beginning. We do not know what the future will hold for such degrees, or for the future of the liberal arts college.

As we stated in an earlier editorial, it is perhaps the stresses and tensions of the modern world that have made the youth of today overanxious about the future and too early concerned about providing himself with material security. Whatever the cause, the vocational schools have been created and are becoming more strongly entrenched. The danger lies not in the nature of the schools themselves, but in the fact that vocational training is being substituted for liberal arts study.

Coupled with the rise of the influence of the vocational schools has come a new philosophy. It is perhaps best represented in Dale Carnegie's How To Win Friends and Influence People. It is materialism and John Dewey restated into a McGuffey's Reader for popular consumption and is presented as infallible advice to the Average American on how to Be Successful. The crux of the whole system seems to be involved in a process called integration, or the adaptation of your personality to that of other people so as to "win" them and be able to manipulate them into personally advantageous positions without their knowing or being aware of it. In short to use them to your advantage. The idea of conforming to the group, or "getting along" is at the heart of the philosophy, and the individual is to function as a part of the group. Ideas, in short, do not come first. The social function does. But listen to Mr. Caples again.

"I don't think this group-conformist is going to run industry, and I don't think that anybody in industry thinks so. If anybody thinks that a Clarence Randall or a Ben Fairless is something that is part of a mass, I can assure you that he's very, very wrong."

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That brings us to some questions.

Is Mr. Caples' opinion an isolated one? Is he perhaps a frustrated philosophy teacher? Let's look at some other opinions on the subject.

On October 15, 16, and 17, 125 college teachers met with business representatives at the Corning Glass Center in Corning, New York, to discuss the role the liberal arts are playing, and should play, in American industry, education, and society as a whole. The following are the opinions of the leaders in businesses of a wide variety on the value of and primary importance of a liberal education to a businessman. They are quoted from the November 21, 1953 issue of the Saturday Review.

Albert J. Nickerson, vice-president and director of foreign trade of The Socony-Vacuum Oil Co., said: "We know that when we are looking for men with executive ability to promote, their technical knowledge at that stage is often relatively less important than their ability to deal with more abstract problems involving judgement and ability to reason. There is, in fact, a sort of crossing of lines in this regard. While a man's technical knowledge may be his best tool during his first five years or so with our company, in many cases this curve tends to flatten out on the value chart and is met by the ascendent curve of the man's skill in human relations and other factors. The manager of one of our largest refineries said the other day that in his job he uses almost every skill he ever acquired except a technical knowledge of refining. . . . Every highly technological industry will, of course, continue to need highly trained and skilled scientists and technicians.

"But science is concerned with the measurable, and when you have summed up all the factors of a made that can be measured you still have not described of understood him. Science's dimensions seldom, if every attain to the level of moral values, and if we receive from the schools and colleges people whose experience is truncated by a lack in these wider dimensions we may end up with businesses staffed by men whose dittinudes and concepts may be inadequate to deal such as the concepts may be inadequate to deal such as the concepts may be inadequate to deal such as the concepts may be inadequate to deal such as the concepts may be inadequate to deal such as the concepts may be inadequate to deal such as the concepts may be inadequate to deal such as the concepts may be inadequate to deal such as the concepts may be inadequate to deal such as the concepts may be inadequated to deal suc

THE LIBERAL ARTS

cessfully with the broad social and economic problems with which they are sure to be faced. . .

"Our business system, indeed our whole scheme of contemporary American life, requires the education of young men and women of moral stamina who can think and who can discriminate among values. This implies the necessity for the continued extension of a sound liberal education to every American boy and girl with the capacity to assimilate it." Added to these words were those of Courtney C. Brown, assistant to the chairman of the board, The Standard Oil Company (New Jersey).

Brown said: " . . . after several decades in what might be called a defensive posture business is again in a role of greater political and intellectual leadership in our national life. Now such a role requires a capacity for self-expression both in writing and orally. A man whose interests, education, and assignment are specialized is frequently ill-equipped to express effectively the logical and legitimate position of business. Too frequently we find that when a successful business manager tries to articulate the position of himself and his business he falls flat on his face. There is, I believe, an increasing recognition among business leaders that the best Way to equip the managers of the future with the ca-Pacity to express the business point of view clearly and intelligently is through a liberal arts education.

Coupled with the voices of Caples, Nickerson, and Brown came these words from Gilbert W. Chapman, President, Yale and Towne Manufacturing Company:

· · . The United States has become a dominant power in the world but she cannot for long exercise her power or fulfill her mission without our being a people literate, educated, and cultivated. Whether or not specialization will incapacitate her for world leadership is no longer a debatable question. Responsible educators and industrialists now agree that fragmentized education is not sufficient preparation for a full life or sound leadership. . . .

"Great crises of history are caused by economic pressures, originating in the desire of man, good or evil, to be conquered by moral force. Never before in history has mankind developed the power to destroy itself. The need for stamina and strength to control this threat can only be met by the enlightened moral and spiritual education of our youth. The specialist must

also be a humanist."

Mr. Chapman's statement shows that business is becoming increasingly aware that it must assume, along with business duties, a part of the civic and international responsibility brought on by the current position of the United States in world leadership, and that to assume such leadership businessmen must have a broad background of knowledge in order to understand international problems.

These four quotations are the opinions of men who are leaders in their respective industries, men who should be able to measure the utility of education if anyone is able to. There are those who object to the liberal . arts being thought of in terms of utility, and certainly that is not what they are or should be primarily concerned with. But those who have argued that liberal pursuits are often a waste of time have used the inutility of the liberal arts as a premise on which to base their reasoning.

Such reasoning is simply erroneous. When the top men in business recognize the primary value of the liberal arts, we can only conclude that the elimination of liberal courses for "practical" ones is a mistake and robs the student of that knowledge without the basis of which technical knowledge is relatively worth-

It all boils down to something very simple. Wordartists and idea-men will always be more important than a technician, because a technician must have his work organized for him. He cannot foresee, he cannot plan, and he cannot dream. He works only with a knowledge of the physical material he deals with. Planning and organizing are always much harder than technical work, and those who are able to plan and organize will always receive superior positions and make more money. That is the value of the liberal arts to business, measured in the worst form of pragmatic ma-

This then is an answer to the question whether the liberal arts are of importance to a businessman. Then we come to the why of their importance. What do they give to the student which will enable him to be more successful?

Out of all the seemingly unrelated topics of humanistic study, what does the individual gain that will be of value to him?

Perhaps we might begin with a look at three basic qualities that the individual can gain, and their sub-

- 1. An understanding of people, the emotions which move them and the goals to which they aspire.
 - 2. A disciplined mind, with depth of understanding.

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power of concentration, and the mental furniture to express itself.

 An inner intangible individuality which can remain unshaken in time of stress.

As we pointed out earlier, individualism is almost a forgotten word in business now, and the philosophy of integration, has seemingly taken its place. Mr. Caples, however, an Inland Steel vice-president voiced disagreement that the group-conformist was ever going to lead business anywhere. From the point of view of sheer logic, those who are members of a group cannot lead it. To lead, one must be separate from a group. He must be alone. It is those men who have been willing to go "out on a limb" and defy the pessimism of the herd who have brought about the great advances of our industries, men like Henry Ford, Goodrich, and others.

It is precisely this inner intangible individuality that a wide study of humanism will afford. Liberal studies will give to the individual person an appreciation of his own worth and the knowledge that neither material failure nor success is final, the sense of the infinite worth of himself, and of other people which will keep him from under-evaluating or misusing either. The leader will thus be endowed with a sense of proportion, an inner calm which will enable him to retain his calm in time of stress. Such a quality is invaluable to the leader.

This, then, is the practical value of a liberal edu-

Yet something remains to be said because in these words there is a sense of hollowness. Perhaps the question which remains to be answered is this: Where are we going? It is a question we too frequently fail to ask. All too often with our education we assume that once we equip ourselves with the tools for

making a living, we have solved the problems of life, when actually we have only acquired the means to life, not life itself. At the end of all material achievement stands the quiet fact of death, and an intelligent look at the philosophy of gain, for the sake of gain alone, can only lead anyone with the slightest sort of intellectual ability to see futility in that materialism which leads only to the quiet, ageless earth.

It is with the problem of giving a meaning to daily life and insight into the ultimate reality of things that education, if it is to be *true* education, must grapple.

Such topics, however, are the subject for another essay. In this, we have attempted to point out the value of the liberal arts measured from the premise that all who have tried to de-emphasize their values have used, utility. Supported by the opinions of top businessmen, we have reached the conclusion that the liberal arts are of more truly practical value than the so-called "practical" courses.

Where does this bring us in terms of the new Wake Forest?

We have noted in recent days that in the planning of the new campus, a Business Administration building has been included among the basic buildings of the new College at a cost of approximately \$500,000. This is being done in spite of the fact that no complete buildings are being built for any of the humanities.

We assume that adequate space for English, philosophy, history, and the other humanistic studies will be provided for somewhere in the Chapel, the Library, the University Center or the Business Administration building, but we can only wonder if the primary interest placed on the vocational building is handwriting on the wall concerning the future college. Perhaps it is time all concerned with Wake Forest College asked themselves: where are we going?

STAR NEED

O, God, I need a star to guide me Some high calling toward which to reach And when doubts beat down upon me As the waves upon the beach O, God, I need a star to guide me!

I need some understanding, God, Of how you work and how you speak. It is the truth I search for A sure foundation which I seek, O, God, give me a star to guide me.

BOB PRATT

THE COMET AND THE BICYCLE

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(Continued from page two)

habs" of various sorts: blind, armless, paraplegic, legless, or with cranial and nerve and spinal injuries. We all ate together in the enormous dining room. One morning we had cantaloupe halves for breakfast. My friend struggled with his until he looked kind of desperate. He'd stab the melon with his spoon and the round bottom caused it to slide to the opposite side of the plate. He'd move it back again, stab again, and have to retrieve it again. His struggle seemed so frustrating and fruitless that I reached across the table and offered to hold it for him. He glowered at me, and if he had said anything-it wasn't necessary-he couldn't have communicated his disgust any more effectively. I felt completely foolish and concentrated on my eggs. I noticed that he conquered the cantaloupe, however, by placing a paper napkin underneath it and propping it up with his fork. He deserved some praise for his ingenuity, but to have told him so might have led to overconfidence and thus to frustration.

Pity is the pitfall of the handicapped. Here at Wake Forest the situation is ideal for the physically abnormal, but in communities where the mental processes are secondary and manual labor primary, pity is forever tripping us up. The ordinary people place us in a pigeonhole, shake their heads and rush to assist us in whatever we are doing. Instead of letting us experiment for Ourselves, as my friend did, they defeat the self-confidence we have built up. In their zeal to be kind, they are being cruel. Most handicapped people have sense enough to seek help when they need it, and know their limitations. If the physically normal want us to be a burden on them, then pity is the way to accomplish that end. An acquaintance of mine has fallen into that category. When I saw him last, he was on his way to the penitentiary. His family had lavished too much pity and sympathy on him and he grew to expect it. When they stopped and he had to fend for himself he turned to robbery. He didn't mature enough to face society properly; thus he turned to an "easy living." If the public realized that most of us receive many benefits such as automobiles, pensions, braces, legs, and hospital care that they pay for, they might take another, brighter, 3-D view of the situation. Mrs. Luce offered no pity. For me she turned a handicap into an aid for a better life.

Completely ignoring the situation is the best reward a handicap can receive. All of us know how good it feels to be complimented for doing a job well. Recall how good it makes you feel when one of your equals pats you on the back and recognizes your ability. Even though it seems a paradox, we handicapped like to be complimented-not by special favors or praisesbut by being treated as peers, equals in all respects, if, of course, our mental attitudes and abilities warrant such treatment. When businessmen realize that the slogan, "Hire the handicapped. It's good business" is true, we will have jumped the thirteenth hurdle. True, modern business is realizing more that handicapped people have some capabilities-according to their mental ability and limitation-but the situation needs improving. Why should we have a "Hire the Handicapped" week each fall? Are we to be stereotyped according to missing legs, missing arms, blind or deaf? We haven't lost our heads in either sense of the phrase. We want no maudlin sympathy, platform rockers, doles from Uncle Sam, or homes for the disabled. We want a chance to express our individual capabilities. I read recently of an armless electric-lines foreman, who is saving his employer money by making his fellow workers safety conscious-among other things. Steinmetz, Helen Keller, Franklin Roosevelt, Beethoven, Milton, and as tradition has it, Homer-to name some of the few exceptional persons-by sheer determination overcame the "we pity you" category society would like to push us in.

I wish inquisitive people would ask intelligent questions about disability. Some intelligently inquisitive persons approach the subject by asking direct questions such as, "Twe often wondered how artificial limbs operate, can you explain it to me?" When a person seems interested like that, I tell him all I know about limbs, and I try to make him see how fortunate I am that there are men who take the time to improve pros-

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thetic appliances, that the government appropriated two million dollars for research and improvement of artificial legs and arms, and that I can do anything I've tried except ride that infernal bicycle. But let someone ask me, "Frank, weren't you afraid your children would be born with just one leg?"—that was actually asked me once—and I feel like kicking him. After all, something as absurd as that deserves a kick.

My meeting Mrs. Luce helped me and I wish all of the handicapped were as fortunate as I was—and am. But another help came from my home community. Whenever anything happens there to cause anyone mental distress the people have a unique way of handing the situation. They approach with a smile, shake hands and say, "Well, that's the way it goes." Then they talk about anything in the world except it. I don't know what it is but I have a sneaky suspicion. It has two wheels, pedals, a chain, a seat, and a set of handle bars that are too low.

MUSIC MAN

(Continued from page three)

the people he works with; as one student put it, "When he tells you you're doing good-you are!"

Although his practice sessions are busy and no time is wasted, there is an "at ease" air that makes for better performance. Capparella continually astounds his proteges by his ability to stand on the podium and sail the music for the day out to the proper places with an incredible and disconcering accuracy. Occasionally he has to abashedly pick up some of the front band stands knocked over in one of his particularly energetic moments.

The Wake Forest band director's experience, and consequent success, can be traced back to his early childhood. A native of Tuckahoe, New York, he is one of eleven children, all of whom play some instrument. Capparella began in the grammar school rhythm band and stayed in some kind of band or orchestra from then on. By the time he was a junior in high school he knew that he wanted to direct bands—and he started doing odd jobs in the band room in return for extra lessons.

The young New Yorker began his first college years at Louisburg with less than five dollars, Despite his initiative, he would not have made it except for the help of Dr. Millard P. Burt, the director of the Education Department at Atlantic Christian College. After Louisburg he came to Wake Forest to complete his college education, arriving late and once again very broke. With a little aid and his own energy he remained. All during his college career, he was constantly working with at least two or three bands, and in his senior year here, he worked with the Louisburg, Mill-prook, and Spring Hope bands. Being graduated from

For the Finest in Smart Clothes

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Durham

Wake Forest last year, he took over in the fall of 1953 as head of the college band and orchestra.

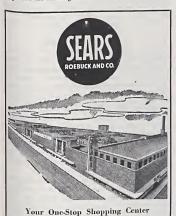
Angelo Capparella, who says he has been called everything from Saparilla to Caterpillar, and who models himself after the March King, John Phillip Sousa, smiles frequently when telling about his wide past experience that contrasts so much with his age. He regards his many successes as something worked for and looks to the future. "My greatest thrill comes from beginning bands . . how they develop and improve . . . and sensing the feeling of my students . . . that's why I teach . . . so that I'm a part of their developing an outlet."

CORPSE IN THE CLASSROOM

(Continued from page four)

Portion of the profit to purchase a gallon of moonshine. The moonshine he purchased was bad as moonshine goes—and moonshine rarely goes good. So it was that the cruel irony of fate intervened and within a week Sam had prematurely fulfilled his part of the bargain.

The three pre-med students, who had been so paternally close to Sam, were, of course, shaken to hear of his death. They received the report of his passing just as they were about to enter their American History class the morning after.



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"A terrible tragedy," remarked the first.

"Yeah," agreed the second.

"Yeah," emphasized the third, "terrible."

"I know, though," consoled the first, "that's he's gone to a better home up yonder."

"Yeah," said the second.

"Yeah," concluded the third with a sad smile, "gone up yonder."

"In fact," the first disclosed, "I hear he got so high on that moonshine he was probably half way there before he left."

"Yeah," the other two exclaimed and grinned, "high."

During the history lecture that morning, while their classmates dozed to the metronomic monotone of the professor's voice, the three companions could think only of Sam, and after class they went over to the basement of the Alumni building where the cadavers were kept, to pay their last respects.

The three companions entered the basement and made their way over to where Sam lay. He looked peaceful under the white sheet, which contrasted so sharply with his complexion.

"Just like he was asleep," observed the first.

"Yeah," agreed the second.

"Yeah," added the third, "asleep."



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"Such a good man, too," the first recollected.

"Yeah," agreed the second.

"Yeah," contributed the third, "good."

"Gentlemen and colleagues," the first eulogized, "Sam was our friend and many were the occasions when he good naturedly bore the brunt of our jests without complaining."

"Yeah," the second interrupted.

"We owe this man something," the first continued. "Ah! too often do we wait until too late to realize our ingratitude."

"Yeah," concurred the third, "we do that too much."

"Do you remember," inquired the first, "the countless occasions on which Sam so remorsefully recognized how enormously broader our education was than his own?"

"Fondly," the second reminisced.

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PHONE 276-1 WAKE FOREST "Fellow lovers of wisdom," the first stated with decisive firmness, "we owe it to this man to provide him with the education he so greatly coveted." lo

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"Yeah!" the other two exclaimed, "Yeah!"

The next night Sam was removed from the basement of the Alumni building and was tenderly escorted across campus to the social science building, where he was placed on the front row of desks in the room in which his three friends attended their American History class. Here he was found the next morning, attired only in a red necktie which was donated by one of the three.

The professor showed no apparent signs that he was aware of his new pupil, whose white teeth smiled gleaningly up at him. The lecture that day was on emancipation of the Negro in the South, and Sam sat motionless as if entranced by the power of fact combined with human reason which droned monotonously from the professor's single vocal cord.

As he concluded his lecture that memorable morning, the history professor bestowed the crowning laurels upon Sam's head.

"And I grant," he directed to his class, "that this gentleman in the red tie has absorbed more history in this one period than the lot of you are capable of absorbing in an entire semester."

Perhaps it was merely an illusion, but they say that Sam's grin seemed to widen as if he were about to say, "Lawsy, it sho' is nice to be edjucated."

INSIDE JOHNSON DORM

(Continued from page eight)

terminedly next door. Mother was afraid to be left alone "in that madhouse," so she followed me. Where I knocked, we heard a frantic scramble of feet, and we saw the 'overhead light go off. We entered the room and heard groans of relief and disgust when the girls saw that it was only us, and not the housemother. The' resumed their talk before we had a chance to control to the bed with the state of the control to the plain. We looked around us, and in spite of our irritation, we were amused. Ten pajama-clad figures were scattered over the bed, chairs, and the floor. Each one's hair was rolled in pin curls, most of them were smoking, and the faces of several were smeared with cold cream and calamine lotion. I could detect at least three different topics of conversation.

Mother is a big talker, and she was fascinated by all this wee-hour activity, so we sat down with them. One group was discussing religion, another was talking about one of the professors, and the other was debating the advantages of going to a co-ed school Before we knew it, we were really enjoying ourselve and Mother was practically monopolizing the conversation. I also learned that most of the girls don't be lieve in absolute predestination, that one of the best of the professional states and the professional states are the professional states.

looking professors on the campus is a bachelor, and that girls' schools are "for the birds."

When someone announced that it was after two o'clock, I dragged Mother away and we went to my room once more. I sank into bed wondering how I'd ever get up in time to go to my eight o'clock class.

I smiled as I reviewed the day's activities, and I knew that, even if I was becoming a nervous wreck, I wouldn't trade my life in a girls' dorm for anything.

Mother said, "Tve actually had a good time. At first I was worried about your living in all this bedlam, but I won't anymore. I don't see how you ever get any studying done, but there's really no harm done. It's all in fun. And, you know, I disagree with the cynics who say it's hopeless to try to attain world peace. If two hundred girls with such varied personalities and temperaments can live harmoniously under the same roof, then anything is possible."

A CHAMPION RETURNS

(Continued from page nine)

calm acceptance of the situations that confront him on the course. His teammates assert that he has the perfect golfer's temperament—cool and confident, but not cocky. With it he carries an air of familiarity with fournament play that has bolstered the morale of the stiffer team.

The Pennsylvania ace's career began when his dad, a pro at Latrobe and reputedly one of the most prosensive and painstaking greens-keepers in Pennsylvania, outfitted his six-year-old son with a special set of clubs. With that start, Palmer's golfing skill grew and he began to eat, sleep, and think golf. He came into the national limelight in high school and has remained there by his superior showing in the various fournaments.

Palmer's appearance gives little indication of his being the paragon of the golf course his record has proved him to be. He dresses stylishly but not osten-laciously. Never effusive, he has taken his place on the team with a characteristic unobtrusiveness. He is described by the golfers as sincere and thoughtful, "the kind of guy who will go out of his way to make lifends," About his wide past experience he is neither loquacious nor reticent—just normal. But there's no need for him to talk once he has played.

According to Western Pennsylvanians, when Arnold Palmer enters a tournament up there, the experts start arguing over who will place second. At any rate, the presence of the experienced and capable Arnold Palmer on the team presages a good year in golfing for Wake Forest.

A STUDENT'S SOJOURN

(Continued from page eleven)

FREDDIE FRATERNITY. "In order to attain a position of importance in our hallowed halls, a position I am sure you desire, one must have the support and influence of a group such as ours. We at the KME-PAEOS House can offer you this aid, as well as untold amounts of goodly fellowship and guidance."

"I am sure, I am sure," I knifed in, "and I appreciate your interest in me, but would you tell me where I am, and what is going on here?" A quick frown passed between my new friends.

"You have a car?" asked COLLEGIATE.

"No."

"Unlimited bank account?" asked FREDDIE FRA-TERNITY.

"No, no, no!" I began to weary. "Look, if you don't mind . . ."

"See you 'round the campus," sneered COLLEGI-ATE.

"Yeah," echoed FREDDIE FRATERNITY. They left as quickly as they had come.

Being none the wiser from this encounter, I began to wander a bit more in this dream world. As I pursued my sojourn, my attention was caught by a tall, lanky person floating in my direction, his head tilted skyward, a sublime smile on his face. It appeared that he might pass without seeing me, so I chanced a greeting.

"I beg your pardon," I smiled, "could I have a word with you?"

"Yes?"

"I am afraid I am a bit lost. I wandered in here



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"In the Lord's Kingdom, my son," he answered.

"In the Sanctity of Salvation, the Promised Land, the Home of Heavenly Tranquility and Bliss," he said.

"Oh," I said, "I see. And who are you, if I might

"My name is HOLY, and I am the Keeper of the Keys to the Kingdom, the Guardian of the Gate, the Chosen One, and the Lord's Disciple. What is it that thou desirest to know?"

Ah, good! "I would like to know what is going on here, and what all these people are doing," I said.

"We are carrying on the Lord's Work, we are dedicated to Saintly Endeavors, we are saving the Souls of our Brothers. These people are going to Eternal Hell and Damnation, and so art thou, my son. Art thou aware of the Depths of Sin, the Perils of Listlessness, the Dangers of Vice?"

"You miss the point, I . . ."

"No, my son, thou misseth the point. Comest with me whilst I condemn a few sinners, and I will reveal to thee the Golden Path, the Ermine Way, the Road to Righteousness."

"Oh, really?" I asked, and hurried off.

"Would you care for a Camel?" my shadow asked again.

After these failures with individuals, I proposed to learn something of my whereabouts by observing closely some of the architectural structures. As I entered the one nearest to me, I observed a sign over the door, which read as follows:

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As I entered this place, through sable-padded doors,

Quality Men's Wear



"Ben Wants To See You"

I managed to catch the end of a conversation between a young girl and a dark man with a grey vest behind the counter. "It's only thirty-five dollars," the man was saying, "and if you don't write in the margins, soil the pages, or bend the backing. I'll be glad to buy it back for ninety-eight cents."

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The girl smiled meekly, hurried past me. Not particularly wanting to become involved in any local ritual or shenanigans, I paid the five dollars to have the door opened and left.

A most unusual and noisy commotion captured my attention as I ambled further, and I was able to discern that the medley arose from a building on my left. I walked to the entrance and was amused to see that someone had written "Library" over the door. This could not possibly be a library, of course. My curiosity building, I entered and perceived a great number of people sitting around in huddles and talking, a group in one corner engaging in a game of chance with dice, two couples of young lovers chirping to each other in fond embraces, a group of moppets wildly playing a game of tag, a kindly, plump old lady softly stirring a big stewing pot over a hot fire, and three khaki-clad individuals comparing bullet penetrations in a copy of Webster's International 2nd Edition. Obviously all this gave rise to a great amount of confusion and frustration, so without attempting to learn anything further, I withdrew, first refusing a cigarette from my friend at the door.

Now, since I had arrived at this institution a good while ago, I had not eaten a morsel, and my stomach began to mention same to me. I resolved to ask someone where I might procure some food, and with this in mind, I approached two young men with deeply furrowed brows, seemingly deep in the conversation of kindred spirits. These two wore placards too, and on was named EXORBITANT COGITATION; the other was ROHEMIAN INTELLIGENCIA.

"And what do you speculate as the quinquevalence of unguiculate collecticism?" EXORBITANT COGITATION was saying.

"I am of the school of caltroped pelargonium, I mustadmit, and only through rigid sectarianism to jequirity, as such, do I feel any vallecula of imbroglio caste plumbiferous," answered BOHEMIAN INTELLEGENCIA.

"Excuse me, but could you direct me to a restaurant?"

I asked at this point.

EXORBITANT COGITATION condescended to estimate over thick horn-rimmed glasses, and as he glance knowingly at his companion, he said, "Is it my comprehension that you desire to know the whereabouts of some victual establishment where you might gornar dize to the dictates of your gastronomical region?"

"Yes, that is exactly my desire," I smiled.

"What should we tell this clever fellow?" EXOR BITANT COGITATION turned and asked his friend "Since such undertakings seem mandatory for the perpetuality of material individuals, and since we do not wish to have a veritable carnivore at our throats, I should think perhaps we might stoop for a moment to indicate the locale of his heart's desire," answered BOHEMIAN INTELLIGENCIA.

"Yes, but first let us put to trial his philosophical subtlety," said EXORBITANT COGITATION. "Young man, what do you think of the theory of extramundane interlocution?"

Surprised that I was going to be permitted to think at all, I said, "I think that I am entering into think Paradox of being still hungry but extremely full," and with that I decided to look for a place to eat on my own. I thought of asking the gentleman with the Camels, who was on my heels, but I was afraid to risk it.

After walking a bit I discovered a building that might be such a place as I was looking for, for it had every outward indication of being a "victual establishment." There seemed to be an influx of people at one door, and I could hear the faint tinkle of silverware and rockery from the inside. Throwing caution to the winds (a practice I hereafter shall never condone), I entered and placed myself in line with the others. As my position neared the center of activity, I perceived that my Buess had been right, for I saw a long series of trays, no doubt containing food of different sorts. Behind each tray were people scooping up what lay before and handing it periodically to those in line. Satisfied with what I saw, I sighed and waited my turn.

Finally it was time for me to order, and I began to do so with relish. First I asked for what looked like a dish of potato salad, but on closer examination I decided it was composed of both potato salad and tuna fish—no, these two and another, perhaps spinach, with a dash of tomato catsup and Angostura. I indeed expected a new eating treat, for I had never had occasion to taste a dish like this. I passed down the line, asked for a cup of coffee, which I found not to be coffee at all, but a black liquid in a cup these People drank at the lowest possible temperatures.

Excited about trying my new food discovery, I cleared myself a place at one of the tables, and proceeded to taste the dish. At the first mouthful I was actually embarrassed, for I hated the thought of the other people in the building seeing me eating something evidently not fit for human consumption. What a naive and complete dolt they no doubt thought I was, for at Once it was clear to me that instead of being a restaurant, this establishment was merely the ration house for a nearby pig sty, and these people had come over to pick up food for their swine. With this in mind, studied others seated at tables like mine, and Observed that they were not eating at all, but rather they would sit down, closely scrutinize the matter picked up from the line (obviously they wanted to be sure that the matter held no adverse peculiarities for swine before leaving), frown, and rise with their trays and depart with them toward the rear of the building.

Quickly and as quietly as possible, I rose, turned my collar up, pulled my hat over my eyes, and hurried out. To this day I cannot help but shudder at the thought of the hearty laughs of those people when they related to others the tale about the fellow who was dunce enough to try to eat the stuff that even the pigs had trouble digesting.

As I emerged from the building I was struck with the shadows of a failing day, and in front of me began to shine light from the surrounding buildings. Before going any further, I stopped to discuss with myself the nature of my day's experiences. From the curt responses and self-evident sneers I was left to conclude only that these people did not welcome strangers to their grounds, but rather were content to plot out their

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own existences in their own little towers of ivory. In all fairness I cannot say that such a conclusion could be definite, for had I stayed longer perhaps I would have been able to see matters in a different light. Nevertheless, this was my first impression.

Now that activity had slowed to practically a stop, and the chances seemed slim for any further knowledge being gained by me, I decided to leave this place, by the way I had come. I made my way toward the gate, and as I neared I saw REGISTRAR gathering his papers and getting ready to leave. I hurried to get there before the gate was locked, and I decided to ask REGISTRAR one more question before I left. He did not seem to recognize me from our morning meeting, but as I passed through the gate I asked him, "Could you tell me who the distinguished gentleman with glasses is who is so generous with his tobacco?"

"Really, young man, a student here, and you don't know the Presid . . ." REGISTRAR's face became hazy; I felt myself whirl through space, and before an instant had passed, I was opening my eyes to behold my study again, and my journey had ended.

I have given no little thought to the significance

of my journey in the land of dreams and enchantment, but as yet I have been able to reach only one lasting conclusion-I am delighted no end that it was only a dream.

OUILL WORDS

(Continued on page fifteen)

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enterprising young student, while taking Latin 32, decided to listen to them for a term paper she was writing. She requested permission from Mrs. Barbee to draw them out, whereupon she was told they were for library use only. She agreed to listen to them in the library, only to be told that there was no record player. After much begging, promising and signing of forms, she was given permission to take the discs to the dormitory. She was duly warned to handle them with care.

The student took them to room 317 of Johnson, gingerly placed them on a record player, and prepared to listen. She turned up the volume; the voice of Dr. Hubert boomed forth-in Latin. She got a D on the course.

Test on "Moby Dick" (Eng. 4):

Ques: For what did Queequeg use his Tomahawk?

Ans: To skin whales with.



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(Continued from page twelve)

"If the term were not in high disrepute, and consequently unsafe to apply in print to a professor, he could be called liberal." His courses are complete and thorough, and his lectures are delivered in a rapid and deliberate manner. Several students mentioned being impressed when he thanked pupils who did good jobs in his courses. Rather reserved, perhaps because of his early background, but warm and friendly, the Professor was described time and again by his students as having a "reserved dignity."

Professor Perkins, with a background extending from Southern India to San Antonio, Texas, and from his well-read father's study to Princeton and Duke, plans to continue work in the teaching profession after completing work at Duke.

BECAUSE OF THESE

(Continued from page fourteen)

"Stop that! You damn little nigger hell-raiser!"

Mattie jumped down and crouched behind a fence post, hiding.

"You come 'ere and I'll tan that black hide of yours for you!" the farmer yelled as he gathered his mail from the box.

Mattie did not move from his hiding place. Johnny remained silent, seated on the fence rail.

"Damn little nigger upstart," the man muttered as he walked off in the opposite direction with his mail. Johnny looked down at Mattie.

"It's okay, Mattie. He's gone."

Mattie peered uneasily from behind the post.

"Is yo' sure?"

"Yeah, he's going back the other way now, Mattie."
The boy cautiously crawled back up on the fence.
"Tha' was a close one, Johnny. He sho' was mad.

I's glad yo' didn't say nothin' to him."

Mattie was swinging his dangling feet. He began

WAKE FOREST LAUNDRY AND CLEANERS

PHONE 375-2

11 White Street

"To Serve You Is Our Business"

humming a Negro spiritual under his breath. Neither boy said anything.

A dusty, late-model sedan sped down the road toward them. As the car neared the boys, it slowed down and pulled to a stop. A well-dressed woman reached over and rolled down a window next to the boys.

"Come on, Johnny, it's time for you to go home," she said.

"Okay, mama."

He jumped down off the fence and went over to the car. The door opened for him.

"Bye, Mattie. I'll see you later," Johnny said as he got into the car.

As he sat down, his mother leaned over toward him. The expression on her face denoted seriousness.

"Johnny, how many times have I told you that you musn't play with little colored boys all the time."

"But, mama," he said, wonderingly, "he's my friend."

"Never you mind. Do as I say. Mother knows best."

The door closed and the car sped off. Johnny looked back. Mattie, still sitting on the fence, waved to Johnny and smiled. Johnny waved back, but there was no smile on his face.

Greetings to All the
WAKE FOREST FAMILY
We Await Your Arrival in '55

MATT HOWELL MOTORS

Your Dependable Dodge and Plymouth Dealer

210 North Marshall Street WINSTON-SALEM

STORY OF A NEWSPAPER

(Continued from page slaten) sports events of the week. Accounts of fraternity meetings, college departmental activities, letters to the editor, announcements and advertisements began to fill the wire copy baskets in the office.

Glen Garrison, business manager, juggled advertising and expense accounts to keep the paper financially healthy. Many of the members of his staff had urned in their ads. For the rest of the night, the occupants of the pub row office where lights burn longest worked to meet the 5 a.m. bus which was to carry newspaper pages to the Nashville Graphic in Nashville where the whole paper would take form.

Steve Mahaley, Old Gold reporter whose beat was the ROTC department, turned in a story on Thursday night of the second event that was to play an important part in the make-up of this particular issue. Mahaley had found from Lt. Col. J. S. Terrell that the Military Science department would convert from a chemical corps unit to a General Military Science unit next year. This was an important change.

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By Popular Demand
We are now operating as a
Super Market
Giving our Customers

- * Wide Selections
- * Everyday Low Prices
- * A Clean Store
- * Personalized Service

HOLLOWELL'S FOOD STORE

A Wake Forest Institution

Mahaley's story seemed to be important enough to replace the Magnolia Court story as the lead. Here was a fact that would perhaps affect more students, a change in the college that would become permanent. The Magnolia Festival elections was moved to another position on the front page.

Again, on Thursday, the night-long pace began. Other features of the paper presented themselves. More news stories came in. As had been done the night before, the job of correcting news copy, laying out pages to go to the printer, or writing new stories was performed by the Old Gold and Black men. Dan Poole, managing editor, assisted Winstead in page layouts, in the make-up of the paper and in co-ordinating the work of the editorial staff.

It seemed, after the second night's work had been done and tired journalists were heading for their neglected beds, that the events of the week had been covered and the Friday night work might be completed earlier than usual.

Their hopes were shattered Friday night. Poole had gone out during the night to get a routine story. He had discovered from Joe Mauney, Campus Party official, that the political organization was to select it candidates for the forthcoming student elections. In importance this story exceeded the other two. This was a story which would concern every student.

The front page faced an upheaval. Most of the storichad been written, but the entrance of this latest story threw the front page make-up awry. Advertisement for the last page were shorter than usual. In fact, there were only two small ads on this page. The Old Goldmen gave up any hope of getting to bed early.

This turn of events meant that more stories had is be written and the front page had to be re-done Throughout the night the journalists stuck to their type writers to get the paper out on time. About 1 a.m. they realized that the usual 5 a.m. bus could not be met. Bob Burns, who with Hunter James had turne into the paper a new column called "The Book 6 Charles," offered the use of his car to deliver the list copy.

It was 8 a.m. the next morning when the last heafline had been sweated out and the last story fitsinto place. James, Winstead and Poole left to ear' the copy 35 miles to Nashville, At 12 noon, five might tired students met at a down-town Wake Forest restar rant to eat breakfast.

The sort of thing that happened on this particul week is indicative of the exhausting grind that \$60 on in the two offices of Old Gold and Black. During \$60 course of a week approximately 350 man-hours invested in producing one of the yearly 26 issues the newspaper. At least 25,000 words are printed in every issue.

Those who work all night at the Old Gold and Black office may occasionally fall asleep in their next day's classes; for which they will usually engender the frowns of their professors. Often they are physically exhausted by the difficult pace of a week on the paper.

But they won't give it up. Nor can anyone attempt to curtail the production of their paper without incurring the wrath of a free press. Perhaps no one in the world exercises his basic right of a free voice more completely than a newspaperman, whether he is a reporter on a small college paper or the editor of a New York daily.

It gets into the blood, this business of journalism. It rarely gets out again.

JUDGING A MAN

Some folks say they can judge a man By the gait of his walk Or the brogue in his talk, By the set of his chin Or the curve of his grin—That's the way they say that they can.

But I judge a man by his hands. Some are calloused and old Or sunburned brownish gold; Lily white streaked with blue— All hands give a clue To the character that he commands.

Hands show the mark of time and toil. Fingers slender and long That make both verse and song, Hands of brawn, and hands cold, Smooth hands made from a mold, Grimy hands—the till of the soil.

Chiseled hands, tender hands, hands scarred, Delicate, sensitive, Sensual, and massive— Flabby hands, wet hands, and hands marred.

HERBERT E. HUGGINS

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WHO IN SOME DARK GARDEN

Who in some dark garden
Has felt Him near
And fallen upon his knees
In trembling awe and fear?

Who has felt His love
With its cleansing power,
Lifting him upward
In a dark and troubled hour?

Who has known sorrow
Over the misery of sin
And then with humbleness of spirit
Let the Savior in?

He who has fought the battle
Will now victorious stand
In the safety of His presence
And the shadow of His hand.

BOB PRATT

THE WAY OF LOVE

To those who search so hard for love and never find it, I say, "Stop searching. Wait and never mind it.

"Love is not obscured by shades of night; It permeates the dark, glows with light.

"So wait your turn with love for it is sure, As is the dawn. Wait and keep the heart pure."

BOB PRATT

Model of the Month



Eleanor Geer, class of 1954, in an iridescent sequin splattered over a shaded green leaf silk taljeta party dress, from our Second Floor Collections.



Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRATI

HOW THE STARS GOT STARTED ...



MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION met as schoolkids at dancing school. Their paths criss-crossed for years as each sought a career. Finally, Gower, back from Service, "teamed up" with Marge. After months of rehearsal, they were a sensation in TV, movies and stage, They are now

CAMEL

Mr. and Mrs.



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for MILDNESS and FLAVOR AMELS AGREE WITH MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

student

SPRING, 1954

VOL. 69, NO. 4

The Breaker of Idols Force of Habit

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WAKE FOREST COLLEGE **APRIL 1954** VOL. 69, NO. 4

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Looking east across placid Lake Reynolda.

REYNOLDA:

A PICTURE STORY

RY HUNTER JAMES

Beyond the new Wake Forest campus, looking in the direction of Winston-Salem, there are stretches of timber, thinned out on the lower slopes, which shut off the appealing perspective of Reynolda, if you stand near the patio in front of Wait Chapel.

In the late summer and early winter, rivulets of washed-out gulleys, with edges of baked or frozen mud, appear on the sides of the hills.

Grass, thin and brownish, grows between the gulleys, although, in the spring the grass takes on new color; it spreads out and covers the dried mud of the ditches.

Spring rain brightens the slopes; beneath the persistent gray claw of April rain the mud streaks the grass, leaving it plush and fine.

But summer softly dries away the replenished landscape, and the dried and isinglassed edges of the gulleys again appear, fading out more and more as the dead season approaches.

But the brick walls of Wake Forest, dust-colored and smooth, now stand unfinished and ragged on the campus area, although each week requires proportionally less imagination to visualize the finished product as it will stand when the final touches are applied.

The trucks grind across the unlevel and rutted roads, and the men working beside the roads, some with slender planks laid upon their shoulders, are splashed with mud.

But this is not the true Reynolda, the delicate shimmer and violet darkness of

which is enclosed and practically unknown to us who are to be a part of it in the near future.

Reynolda begins at the city limits of Winston-Salem. It extends northward in every direction, and covers an area of approximately one thousand acres, which includes the Old Town Club and golf course and the three hundred acres that now constitute the campus of Wake Forest College.

Reynolda serves as an interesting stopping-off place for travelers of Highway 421 which, at this point, is lined with maples that are thick and colorful in autumn. On the right in Reynolda Park, one of the lovelies residential sections in the city. The Graylyn chateau, originally erected by the Gray family, is to the left on a lawn, green and rolling, which is neatly spaced with trees and boxwood. This gothic-like structure is now used as a psychiatric research and rehabilitation center.

Off to the right of Reynolda Road a tar-paved drive leads through open

The Graylyn Estate, formerly the Bowman Gray Estate, was given to the Bowman Gray School of Medicine in 1946 by Mrs. Benjamin Bernard be used in the medical field. At present a psychiatric hospital and climate on the estate.

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One of the formal gardens at Reynolda Estate, considered to be among the finest in the South.

iron gates, onto a spacious lawn bordered bitmber. From a curve in the drive you can see Reynolda House at a distant point across the grass. It is a large structure, sitting high above a lake, with an outside of white plaster, and is the original home of R. J. Reynolds, occupied at the present time by Charles H. Babcock.

On the same area of high level ground, which, with scattered timber, slopes to the water, you can see the appealing Cherry and Magnolia gardens between the house and highway. In the sun the blossoms are light plack in color, appearing in a delicate spray that is high above and overhanging a dull and dark winter background of spruce and cedar.

Reynolda Village lies west of these gardens, with cottages built in the English manner, other stucco houses and a small Presbyterian church, ivy-covered, which is the focal point of the community.

The tar-paved drive curves back into the estate, leaving Reynolda House, and circles the lake in the form of a horseshoe, and you can see the dense timber and the independent of slopes and swales stretched out brownish-green in winter and light velvet green in the warm season.

On the estate you leave the lake only to come back on it suddenly; a process of approaching and leaving the lake continues for a long time, and, always, as the car moves

northward the water is on your left and the golf course to the right.

Minute figures, swinging and carrying clubs, move across the golf course; they have the dimensional and distant appearance of an ancient stereoscope picture as they walk in the sun.

At one point between the college and golf course there is a bridge over which a wide stream of water is slow-running and muddy, glowing as it runs through a swale of land, twisting, until it reaches the Reynolda Lake, which you can't see at all now. The water is slow and quiet and appears as a sluggish glint where it flows down a slow-rising knoll.

As you follow the rutted horseshoes shaped road you come back in view of Reynolda House, again close to the lake, with the pines and oaks glaring in leafless image from the water, although, beyond

the rising white walls of Reynolda Village and the caretaker's quarters, the cherry blossoms still present a solid spray of pink.

It is pleasant throughout the estate, and the winds that blow over the gardens are sweet-scented and tender, and in the late afternoon, the human figure seems softly dust-like . . . a man or woman of dust in the chill of a dark-scarlet afterglow, when the white walls of Reynolda Village are no longer white or corporeal even, as they lie unseen in shadow.

Grass lane, through the formal gardens of Reynolda Estate, home of the late R. J. Reynolds.



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THE WINTER STAYS

by FRANK ANDREWS

"Mother's coming, mother's coming, mother's coming," Sam hummed as he marched in the double file line toward dormitory number nine. Number thirty-six, his partner, nudged him and asked, "Whatcha sayin', Fatty?"

Sam didn't answer, he was lost in his thoughts. He was only thinking: tonight, mother's coming. The line entered the building, marched up the long slate-floored corridor, and turned into section fifteen. Section fifteen was a big room just like all of the others on the first floor of the building. It had yellow walls, a brown linoleum floor, and was furnished with twenty square oak tables. Each table was marked with

two numbers, had two straight-backed chairs under it, and a drawer on each end, next to the chairs.

Sam sat down at the table marked 35 and 36, took a vellow, chewed pencil out of his drawer along with a piece of paper. All of the others went to their seats. There was a low, suppressed mumble in the room which gradually grew into a confused din. Sam looked up at the old Seth Thomas clock on the wall between the windows. It said 6:30. The same cold routine, day after day, he thought, but tonight it's going to be different. He smiled, put the pencil between his teeth and stared blankly at the clock. The other boys sat in their chairs, shouting back and forth at each other. Then, with deliberation, as if it were something important, he wrote:

> Mother, you are coming to me tonight; Hold me and tell me, please, mother do, The words that in darkness, shed warm light. Smile sweetly, and say, "Sam, I love you."

Mother, I have only one love in life,

Number 36 leaned over as Sam wrote. "Wha' cha doin', Fatty, writin' some more uv yer junk?"

Sam mumbled, "Go ta hell!" under his breath and

tried to hide the poem with his hand. Thirty-six grabbed the paper and as Sam struggled to



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Damn 'em all! Oh damn 'em all! Thirty' six read the lines and the group laughed.

One curly-headed boy pushed Sam in the back and gleefull her shouted, as he jumped tan up and down, "Fatty" a mamma's boy, Fatt is a mamma's boy few



Soon the whole group was taunting Sam. He slowly pushed his chair back, got up and lunge across the table at number 36. He grabbed the paper it tore and the crowd pushed and milled, teasing Sal and trying to get the paper away from him.

"What's goin' on in here? Get to your seats! Num ber 35, come here. You're always starting' troub Stand in the corner." The governess towered over Sal threateningly. "Give me that paper."

Sam gave up the paper and turned toward the co ner. The rest of the boys silently returned to the seats. Miss Horner read the verse. She shook her hes and threw it in the waste basket. Sam watched by out of the corner of his eye, and quickly turned all picked it out of the basket and crammed it into pocket. Miss Horner grabbed him by the back of collar and shook him violently. Sam cowered in corner and sobbed silently.

"Number 35, go downstairs and take a show You're to go to your brother's graduation tonight



don't know what I'm going to do with you, always causin' trouble."

Sam smiled as he stood under the shower. The water pouring down on him felt good as he rubbed the soap over his body. He liked being alone in the shower room; the steam from the hot water of the forty sprays rose from the cement floor, frosting the windows. The noise and the warmth gave him a sense of security from the cold regimentation. The smile was gradually replaced by a frown. He didn't like Ray much, even though he was his brother. Ray called him Fatty too, told him he ran flat-footed, and always criticized his school work. Sam was glad to see Ray graduate, but only because his mother was coming. He couldn't remember when she had been to see him. Sam had been there six years and he hated it. Every night he prayed that somehow he could get to go home. He didn't pray with much conviction, however, because he continually questioned the wisdom of God in allowing his father to die before he even knew him. He cursed the benefactor who had given his millions to make a home for fatherless boys. Why did I have to be chosen, he thought. Why did my father have to die so that I could be made to march in line, be called a number, and be teased by the other boys? His thought continued. In all the world I only have one friend, and she's coming tonight. She said in her last letter she'd talk to me about going home. She's made money since she opened her gift shop. She can take me home, I know she can. I know she can, and she will, I'll ask her tonight. Sam continued to rationalize; his thoughts e jumpel ran wild.

He washed off the soap, walked up to the controls, turned off the showers and dried himself quickly. A few of the showers continued to drip noisily as if they, like Sam, hated to give up the warmth. A faint smile worked itself into his chubby face.

Mother's coming, and I'm going home with her.

His teeth chattered as he walked down the cold corridor to the layatory. Sam hated the black slate floors, the cold, gleaming white rows of basins, and most of all the cold feeling of being called a number instead of Sam. But he didn't feel so bitter now that his mother was coming, and he could ask her to take him home. He was elated as he leaned over to tighten the strap of his knickers around the calf of his black cotton stockings. He carefully pulled the legs down over the ouckles in order to hide them and to make the pants bag" just right. He tucked in his shirt with extra care, making sure not to wrinkle it. As a rule he wasn't so Careful, but tonight, he wanted to be special. He combed his black hair and tied his tie with the same meticulousless. He looked at his reflection in the mirror above basin number 35, his blue eyes were pleased with what they saw, he patted a cowlick into place, and repeated half-aloud the ever recurring thought,

Mother's coming, mother's coming, mother's coming. Sam returned to the brightly lighted section room where the other boys were studying at the tables, Look at all the caged birds. There was no noise; they sat, leaned over their work in a well-disciplined attitude of silence. Miss Horner's ever watchful, all-seeing eyes were sure that all were conveniently suppressed. He walked jauntily over to his place, sat down, opened his drawer and pulled out the poetry book he had won

in the library contest.

He glanced up at Miss Horner to see if she was going to make him put it away. She was busy looking over toward number 18. He looked across at 36, who struggled with his algebra. Sam smiled inside as he pretended to be reading. Damn 'em all! I'll soon be leavin' this place, but they don't know it. I'm leavin'. Mother's goin' to take me outa this damn school. I'm goin' home.

"Number 35, come here!" Miss Horner said gruffly. Sam rose automatically and went to her desk at the end of the room. She looks like a skeleton, he thought, mean old parrot. "Yes'm," he said.

"Your mother's in Mr. Duval's office. Go there quietly."

"Yes'm," he answered as he turned toward his table. All of the other boys were looking at him now; he noticed their stares and quickly looked at the floor. I'm leaving this place. I'm leaving all of you devils. He put his book away, patted it and started out the door. I hate to leave my book, but . . .

"35, get your overcoat!"

"Yes'm." He went to the cloakroom, found number 35 and took down the overcoat. I don't want to wear an overcoat, and especially this one. He put it on, took the paper from his knickers pocket and put it in the overcoat pocket, then turned and walked through the section room. The boys snickered at him, Go ahead and laugh, damn you, go ahead and laugh, this is the last time you'll see me.

Mrs. Wilkinson stood up as Sam entered Mr. Duval's office. He ran to her, buried his face in her new grey wool coat and hugged her. Her perfume smelled good to him. Oh, at last, at last. "I love you, mother." She patted him warmly as she waited for him to release her. He looked up at her face and smiled, a little disappointed because she hadn't kissed him, Sam squeezed her again and then dropped his arms. He noticed the new coat. If she can afford to buy a new coat she can take me home. She's just like her letters, cool and stand-offish.

Mrs. Wilkinson smiled at him, took his hand and looked at Mr. Duval apologetically. Sam shuffled his feet; he was in a hurry to get outside where he could talk to his mother. "Come on, mother, I've got something to give you." Mr. Duval twirled his glasses by the ear-piece as he sat on the edge of the green metal desk and watched Sam's show of affection, "We don't

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play favorites, Mrs. Wilkinson, we merely try to replace the lost fathers for the boys. Sam's doin' fine; he'll show up well one of these days." Mr. Duval seemed to be trying to convince himself of that fact, and he knew he was lying. Sam scraped his feet self-consciously on the slate floor. She's been talking to old bow-legs Duval about me. I'll tell her a thing or two, I'll tell her how fatherly they are.

"Thank you, Mr. Duval, I'm sure he will," she answered.

Sam squeezed her hand as he pulled the glass pancled door shut behind them. It was dark and cold outside the grey limestone building, and Sam shivered from the pent-up anxiety as well as the fresh air. He took a deep breath to calm him down a little. The snow was piled up alongside the main road and in the light of the street lamps gave the appearance of being miniature Alps. Sam turned around and gave a last look at the building. He felt like a load had been lifted from his back. I won't ever enter you again, thank God.

Sam handed her the paper, she took it and put it in her pocket. He'd been giving her papers ever since he learned to write.

"Are you cold, Sam? I am. I don't like this sort of weather. I wish Ray could've graduated in June; at least the weather is pleasant then. You'll finish in January, too, Sam, let's hurry so we can get a good seat." Sam didn't answer, he didn't think she expected an answer. I wish I knew her better, maybe then I'd know how to ask her. She's always been so independent, and acted as if I was a burden. The trampled snow crunched under Sam's black brogans. He squeezed her hand again, and his heart pounded as if it was going to jump out of his chest. If I just ask her outright, she'll probably say no. I've got to think of a way. Before he knew it he was talking.

"Mother, uh . . . is there any . . . mother, do you think that I could . . .?" He stopped. He trembled a little. Mrs. Wilkinson tugged at him and looked down with a half-angered look.

"What's the matter Sam? You act like Ray used to when he wanted some money. I'll give you some before I leave, Did you spend the dollar I sent you already?" Sam choked and hung his head. He still held her hand in his, but it felt awkward, so he started walking toward the chapel again.

I wonder why I can't ever tell her what I mean. He kicked the snow as he forced himself to walk along with his mother. The light from the doorway made the new, white building look dirty. The aluminum doors with their opaque glass reflected the intricate carvings on the floor facings. The biblical Patriarchs were cast in the doors in a unique manner, so as to make the story of the Hebrew people seem like a vast panorama before the world. They mounted the marble steps and entered the vestibule of the huge structure. Mrs. Wil-

kinson had never seen the inside of the chapel before, and she was overwhelmed by its magnificence. The black floors, contrasted with the snow white marble walls, and the white mahogany doors which entered into the auditorium seemed to awe her as she looked around.

"Isn't it beautiful, Sam?"

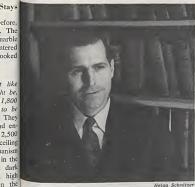
Sam didn't answer. Beautiful hell, it's just like everything else. If it was any other place it might be, but here, no! I have to come here and sit with 1.800 others and listen to some lawyer tell me how to be a success. I don't think it's pretty, not at all. They passed the usher who gave them a program, and entered the main room. It was large enough to seat 2,500 people, the benches were of solid mahogany, the ceiling which was covered with golf leaf, hid the mechanism of the huge organ. The holes for the organ were in the center of the ceiling and were covered with a dark blue velvet-like material. Along the sixty-foot high walls there were brown marble pillars between the massive stained windows. On the speaker's platform stood an intricately carved ebony altar. Mrs. Wilkinson gasped. "Sam, this is the most beautiful sight I've ever seen. Isn't it nice that you have all of these wonderful things around you?"

"Yes'm," Sam answered, not thinking about what she had said. She looked at him as if she couldn't quite understand why he wasn't enthused over it, too. They made their way slowly down one of the aise's to about half-way. Mrs. Wilkinson continued to admire the grandeur around her, but Sam was only thinking of a way to approach her. He sat on the bench as close to her as he could get. He rubbed the sleeve of her coat, and wished he could have been with her when she had bought it. Mrs. Wilkinson stopped gazing around her and opened the program. She read down

(Continued on page seventeen)



Denny Spear



Dr. Henry S. Stroupe has recently been elected full professor and chairman of the History Department.

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The members of the History 29 class watched expectantly as the professor walked into the classroom and closed the door. The professor, who had learned by this time that it was usually worth his while to look and see if there was anything of interest on the blackboard, did so, and true to the usual custom there appeared a hastily written bit of verse concerning the Professor and the day's lesson. The professor laughed heartily and the members of the class joined in. "Mr. White," he said, "how about copying that down so I san take it to my wife?"

"Professor," one of the students began, "we were wondering, since most of us are seniors, if we could have another test instead of a final." Everyone in the class, especially the one junior, nodded in accord.

"Well," the professor said thoughtfully, "we aren't going to have time for another test." The students sat there with an it-didn't hurt-to-try expression on their faces. "But," he continued, "since most of you are schiors and all of you have good averages, I don't hink we need to have an exam either. We can use part of the exam period to discuss the Civil War."

The students were silent. They were, in fact, stupified by the words of the professor. Here they were, stiting in the History of the South class, and DR. STROUPE was telling them that they would have no stam. They couldn't believe their ears. What had happened to the legend about hard-as-nails, pop-every-Monday, if-you-drop-your-pencil-you-flunk-my-course strouge? That particular legend, they decided, was just so much propaganda manufactured by those who were loo lazy to do a little studying.

"A SCHOLAR" AND A GENTLEMAN"

A few statements from Dr. Stroupe seem to verify the students' newly evolved theory. He vehemently denies that anyone has ever flunked his course because of a dropped pencil. Also he asserts that he does not give a pop every Monday, and that his walking into class with a smile on his face is not the sign of a pop.

What, then, one might ask, does Dr. Stroupe expect of his students? He says that one of his main objectives in teaching is to get the students interested in the sources of information, as well as the information itself, in order that they may find out more. On quizzes he expects general answers, but he also adds that one cannot write a general answer without a thorough knowledge of the details.

Dr. Stroupe is considered by his students to be a "hard" professor, but they also consider him to be a very excellent teacher. As one student put it, "It is next to impossible to take a course under Dr. Stroupe and not learn some history." Several students said that he is most adept at showing how the fundamental principles of history apply now as well as in the past. One coed said she enjoyed the course she took under him mainly because she just liked to sit and look at him; in fact, in some circles, he is considered the best looking professor on the faculty.

After asking Dr. Stroupe a few more questions, one finds that he was born in Alexis, North Carolina, a small town in Gaston County. However, his father, a Baptist preacher, soon took his family to the college town of Mars Hill, where Dr. Stroupe grew up and completed the first two years of high school. His most vivid recollection of his high school career concerns his activities as a declamation speaker. It seems that when Dr. Stroupe was in the ninth grade he was selected to enter a state-wide declamation contest sponsored by the 9019's, an organization at Duke University. Traveling all the way from Mars Hill to Durham, staying at the Washington Duke Hotel, and speaking in the East Campus auditorium were overwhelming, eve-opening experiences for a high school sophomore from Mars Hill. Although Dr. Stroupe doesn't remember the name of the young man who defeated him in the finals, he does recall, for obvious reasons, that he was from Altamaha-Ossipee.

After graduating from high school in Stanley, North
(Continued on page nineteen)

Hubert: Breaker of Idols

BY WILLIAM LAUGHRUN



Jayne Smithwick

A sorrowing age, they say it was, when Hubert went to college many years ago. As we look back on it, now, this tale which the people of Shakerville tell, we can smile, but to those who watched it happen, it was not funny. Not at all!

In the early autumn of 1841, a shy, sad-eyed, unkempt, and generally indifferent lad of fifteen left his home in the hills of Virginia to attend Shakerville College. In spite of Hubert's protests, his father, a wealthy planter, said sternly:

"It is indispensable for your coming of age, my boy. That settles the matter. You shall have all the advantages which I was denied." By now Hubert he learned not to antagonize his father—or anyone else for that matter—and he looked down at his father shoes in humble assent.

A week later, it was not without tears that he way good-bye as the barouche drove away from Shake ville campus. "Now, do try to stay clean and nead dressed. Deport yourself well and make the best your studies," his father had said, then the Negro coadman cracked the whip over the shiny, black me and disappeared down the winding road.

It was painful for Hubert, becoming hardened

the fact that he was alone, lost as a helpless animal. He felt pity for himself, sighed deeply, and began to survey the situation. The checkered bag which he carried, covered evenly with the dust of the road, grew heavier as he made his way up the field toward the lallest building he could see; he assumed it was the Place to go.

Approaching the top of the hill, he discovered that there were five buildings instead of three, all more or less alike in appearance; only one was flagstone—this was the oldest—covered with ivy, tall, rising far above the trees. The grass was uneven, growing in scattered tufts, and Hubert kicked at them as he shuffled up to the building bearing the sign Main Hall. The rays of the warm sunshine fell through the front door, but it looked dark inside. He hesitated, then went in.

After standing for more than an hour under the giant totunda, Hubert began to wonder where everyone was. There were eight doors around the circular first floor, all of them closed, and he could hear nothing. Occasionally, a long, discordant uproar sounded from somewhere across the campus, but there was no sign of life anywhere. He sat down on the steps and hoped that someone would come.

"Surely, there is someone here," he said, leaning his head against the balustrade. Soon he was asleep.

A sudden clamor of voices from all directions awakened Hubert, and he quickly sat upright, filled with a cold chill of the musty room. The ceiling had become obscure; the walls rose up into darkness; the voices were coming from the corners of the room, a numbling monotone of whispers.

No, it was outside. He clutched the checkered bag and listened. Someone was coming up the path.

"Guess we taught those neophytes a thing or two!" the man shouted to someone behind him. Then a loud, brassy laugh resounded through the rotunda as he came in the door. "Arrogant scoundrels . . . can't beat ole S. C.," he muttered sotto voce. Hubert saw only a stooped figure silhouetted against the door.

"Sir?" he questioned, as the man approached his

"Er . . . yes?" The man wheeled around and peered into the darkness by the stairs, straining hard to see Hubert through massive, thick-lensed spectacles.

"Sir, I am here to enroll—I guess. I didn't see any-body, but—"

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"Oh, yes, yes. Come into my office." Hubert dragged his bulging satchel through the door, took a seat, and waited to be enrolled. When a lamp was lighted, he Pushed his unruly hair back from his eyes and looked about the room. Rows of old books, leather covered, paper covered, lined the walls and a layer of soft dist covered everything. From a shelf, "Mr. Simpson s my name—headmaster" took some papers, a quill and ink, and began firing questions at Hubert. Name?

"What! Fifteen? Rather late starting, don't you think?" Father? Mother? Home? "How long have you been waiting? We were all down at the field. Preterm ball, you know. We trampled Littlebury 40-5. Amazing performance by our boys. Splendid!" said the headmaster, adjusting his spectacles.

"Well, son, now for your courses. As you undoubtedly know, we do not subscribe to orthodox principles of education here. We allow each student to choose his own curriculum and then pursue it in any manner he sees fit. What with conditions as they are here in the South, we desperately need men of leadership, and after the cataclysmic evolution of human values that has beset our society, we feel that we cannot dictate to the younger generation." Hubert sat placidly indifferent to the headmaster's eloquence, but he was captivated by the muscular gymnastics of his facecontortions of the mouth, deeply furrowed brow for gravity, and it seemed that he could point to any spot in the room without so much as moving his head a hair's breadth. The headmaster was seized with ecstasy, as was his custom whenever he spoke of ole S. C. and the traditions on which it was founded; however, noting Hubert's naive incomprehension, he snatched back his pearl and returned to the tasteless task of enrolling him.

"What courses do you prefer, son?"

"Well, actually, anything will be all right," replied Hubert.

"But, don't you know what you want to study?" asked the headmaster, becoming very disgruntled.

"No, but anything will be all right." Fumbling with the handle of his checkered satchel, Hubert rolled his big brown eyes and let out a long sigh. Then he looked up sheepishly. "Uh, can I take anything I want to?" he asked.

"Why, certainly," answered the headmaster. "That is one of our major improvements over the old, one-room schoolhouse system. Did you know that this institution . . .?" He paused. "Yes, you may study anything you wish. Here is a copy of the curriculum. Look it over and select what you think you would like." Hubert took it and ran his critical eyes down the page. The headmaster, seeing that it was upside-down, turned it upright with a gutteral "humph!" and looked over Hubert's shoulder.

"What is that?" asked Hubert, pointing to the bottom of the sheet. Mr. Simpson arched his eyebrows stiffly and glared at the boy's puzzled face.

"On! That! Uh . . . that . . . you wouldn't care for that course. We reserve it for advanced students. Very advanced! I am quite sure you would prefer something else." The boy was perplexed at the headmaster's alarm, and it took all the courage he could muster to ask:

"What is it, sir?"

"Iconoclasm," Mr. Simpson answered flatly. "Strictly

an upper-level course." The thick-lensed spectacles trembled precariously on the end of his nose, as he suppressed an urge to eject the little upstart from his cham-

'You said I could take anything I wanted to," Hubert was quick to remind him. It seemed that there was no other way out of the quandary for Mr. Simpson.-

"Very well, young man. Take it you shall!" And with that, he signed Hubert's card and eagerly led him to the door, without even asking if there were anything else he would like to study. "You will find a room in Harley Hall, directly across from this building. Classes begin day after tomorrow. Morning drill at sunrise!"

He pushed Hubert and his checkered bag into the hall and closed the door of his office. The boy did not answer; he just rolled his big brown eyes and expressed himself with a long exasperated sigh in the third person.

Now if the story had ended here, no one would have remembered Hubert, but the folks around Shakerville say that it really did not begin till two years later. Until then, no one heard or saw much of the boy. He had not cared for the ways of college life in the beginning, and, besides not having any friends and not wanting any, he did not even know what he was studying. There is nothing to indicate what happened during those two years or what led up to the change. It was not a gradual thing; it happened overnight. This is how the story goes.

Following his entrance into Shakerville, life was miserable for Hubert. Iconoclasm was only another word to him; he was determined, however, to "transmit its meaning into constancy," as he was told to do, and so he began to read. The more he read, the more bewildered he became, and his classes only confused him.

How he had hated that first day in class! The professor had stood before them and said: "Young men, you shall master the technique of existence!" And he shook a long hickory pointer in Hubert's face to emphasize the declaration. Hubert was too scared to breathe.

It was difficult for him to grasp the simplest paradox. For example, in one class the professor would say: "Young men, man is a depraved animal!" And his subsequent antics never failed to confirm his motto. Yet, in another class the professor would say: "Young men, you are the children of God, made in His image and consecrated to His Greater Glory."

It is small wonder that Hubert became obsessed with the poverty of his rational ability. But he read

and read and read.

Although he was never completely free from the fever and delirium of his pursuit, there was one class where Hubert felt at ease. Room Six Hundred, it was called. Above the door in bold letters one could read its constitution: TAKE HEED LEST A STATUE CRUSH YOU. And each time that Hubert read it, it

was honey to his soul. The class, which was restricted to students of iconoclasm and certain elect members of the faculty, met each Monday night. Then, with the black velvet curtains drawn over the windows and the doors all bolted, they would sit on the floor and contemplate the Absolute. The proceedings that went on in Room Six Hundred are a secret till this day, but the citizens of Shakerville felt its effects in the transformation of Hubert. Some said it was Hubert's fault; others said the college was to blame. Regardless of which was right, it was disastrous.

When Mr. Leeds called Hubert to his office on one occasion, the boy exhibited a vastly different attitude

toward the other students.

"You reported that the Cathoway boy stole a quill from you, did you not?" asked Mr. Leeds. It was strange, the way he stood looking down at the Academic Director, sure of himself and hungry for justice. Mr. Leeds was uneasy at first.

"Yes," replied Hubert, "I did."

"Have you talked with him since the incident?"

"No, sir, I have not." There was derision in his voice; he was sure of himself. "I did, however, retrieve my quill.'

A long silence. Mr. Leeds rubbed his face vigorously with his hands and gazed up at the ceiling as though contemplating. There had been hundreds before Hubert, but this was different; more than that, it was crucial.

"You don't particularly like the Cathoway boy, do

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"I do not," asserted Hubert. He was sure of himself-

"Why?" "He stole my quill."

"Come now, you're above that sort of thing. Tell me-why?" Mr. Leeds smiled.

Hubert stared at the floor; then suspiciously: "Very well, I detest him. He is naive, ignorant, and a charlar tan."

"Why do you think so?" asked the Director.

"He pretends to know- about certain things, religion specifically. The things he talks about-he doesn't know. I know he doesn't."

"What did he say?" Hubert hesitated.

"He tried to save me."

"Save you?" quered the Director.

"Yes, it's ridiculous-coming from him." Then quickly "I am not anti-religious. Don't misunderstand me, sifbut Cathoway is an imposter-and some others know-about different things. He is childish about 'spreading the Gospel,' as he calls it." He was sure himself, shifting from one foot to the other.

"Hubert, tolerance is a word seldom heard, around here, but there is need of it, a dire need. Cathowal will be punished for having stolen your quill, however I suggest that you not ridicule his religion, the wal

(Continued on page twenty-one)



BY STEVE MAHALEY

I walked up to the booking desk and greeted the sergeant. It was 9:00 a.m.—the sergeant liked prompteness. A police reporter theoretically has first choice on the more adventurous aspects in the city's daily life. However, I didn't expect that the events of the preceding night would put a Dillinger in the line-up of the morning.

Among the list of new arrivals I recognized the name of an old friend—that is, a friend through business pursuits. The sergeant pointed to the cell. The man in the cell looked to be about 30 years of age, although he was noticeably slower in reaching into his coat Pocket and drawing out the package of cigarettes than usual, His hand seemed to quiver a little as he held the lighter up to the cigarette.

"Luck still against you, Mac?" I asked as he strolled casually over to the bars of the door.

"It seems that way," he replied with a curt laugh.
"You wanna hear a pathetic story? The story of my
life, 'in a thousand words or less'?"

I took out a pencil and some scraps of paper. He inhaled deeply on the cigarette and began his story. . . .

"For years I lived in flophouses, wiggling out of tight spots and serving time for petty larceny. The enemies I had acquired were innumerable; the friends, you could count on one hand. I had tried every angle and trick in small-time erime—all of them. But something always went wrong. Either the burglar alarm rang, the cops showed up too soon, or someone got wise. Moreover, I began to realize, with great concern, that I was again becoming broke.

"A new angle, that was what I needed! I would have to think . . . think . . . think! I would turn big time . . . give up the small time rackets! I would set my goal and, in this last venture, try to reach it, for it would be my last chance.

"I, like all crooks, had dreams, and with these dreams came a scheme. Although I was not then a habitual smoker, cigarettes became an important factor. Yes, the round, firm, fully-packed little tubes were to have a part in my scheme!

"I went through the whole act and practiced it over and over and over before the broken mirror in the flophouse. I soon hit upon the quickest and least noticeable way of rolling a small portion of tobacco out of one end of a cigarette. I spent days tapping a small, chipped marble into the vacant end of the cigarette in my mouth and lit it in a nonchalant, but business-like manner. Each time I had completed the whole process, I would crush the partially burned cigarette in the silver-lined ashtray on my dresser and reassure myself of absolute success. In a short space of time, I planned to re-enact the same process, but with one exception: the chipped marble would be replaced by an uncut diamond!

"By some small thefts and careful shoplifting, I was able to outfit myself in a comparatively well-tailored suit of clothes. On the fateful day, before leaving my room, I re-enacted one last time the whole scheme: taking out the cigarette, rolling the tobacco from one end, tapping the cigarette lightly over the chipped mar-

(Continued on page twenty-three)

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EDITORIAL:

SOMETIME A DECISION

One thing which comes out of the many opinions which have been expressed about the policies concerning the new Wake Forest is that sooner or later those concerned with shaping the school's future are going to have to formulate a philosophy by which the college shall be guided.

This is not to say a hard and fast program with iron-bound limitations should be set up, but a basic decision must be made about the philosophy which the college will use as a guide, or the school will find itself in the position of following utility.

There seem to be two broad roads now open to Wake Forest. The first is that she shall become a semi-university until such a time when available funds make her able to become a full university. Such a course taken will mean that concentration must be placed on the "more" factor; more buildings, departments, and students. The already strained financial situation will thus remain the same for many years, as funds will necessarily be used in the acquiring of a larger faculty and increasing the physical size of the college.

The other way is that Wake Forest shall remain small, concentrating the money available to her on strengthening the faculty and establishing an undergraduate scholarship program based on achievement.

It is no secret that other schools in the state have long succeeded in attracting many top high school students through a scholarship program far superior to that of Wake Forest.

When Dr. Tribble supported and the trustees estab-

lished the freshman scholarships two years ago, they were the first and today remain the only catalogued scholarships at Wake Forest based on achievement. Pri

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Remaining small would give Wake Forest an opportunity to produce a quality graduate because such a student could:

(1) be attracted to the school by a scholarship, and his contribution to campus life would not be weakened by the necessity for outside work as it is in so many cases now.

(2) be given more individual attention and better teaching by a strengthened faculty and a decreased student-per-teacher load. Such a program would bring a higher scholastic standard with it automatically.

Wake Forest cannot take both roads, because the choice of either way involves contradicting the other. The financial situation makes it impossible to go but ways, i.e., there will not be enough money to condust a great building program and an extended scholars program at the same time.

If Wake Forest chooses to remain small, the chois will probably not be good public-relations-wise. A smootlege with a difficult liberal arts curriculum and wiffout liberal arts curriculum and wiffout all the accourtements for public entertainment that most schools have will not be popular. Those posons guiding the college will have to have the course to look at the worth of that popularity in the light what their own education indicates to them to be course which will contribute the most to humanity.

Quill Words from Student's Inkpot

With the advent of warm weather it seems appropriate to write an incident of Dr. Speas.

Several years ago some enterprising students created a snowman on the walk between Wait Hall and the well. Dr. Speas, who had just attended a faculty meeting, left Wait Hall and headed for the chapel. On his way he met—face to face—the snowman. He hesitated, looked the good fellow up and down, then not knowing a student was behind him said, "Knock h—out of it, Bill!" Impulsively he raised his umbrella and in a perfect thrust did the poor snowman in.

They say faculty meetings do such things to men.

Grammar was very difficult for me to do. Literature was the hardest part in learning something about the English Language. My largest problem in using the English Language is the different ways in which I have to use the commas, I can always tell if the verb grees with the subject if I have the right verb with the right subject. When I'm using the agreement for



Touche!

Denny Spear

the pronoun I have the same trouble. My personal bout with the English Language is putting my thoughts correctly on paper in a sense of knowing that the person reading them would know what I was talking about without having to revise them in a way that he could understand. Like a prize fighter, no fighter will win all his fights, but in order to win most of them, and improve my standards in writing and speaking I must work hard.

Taken from a Freshman English theme.

They came up South Main street in a car, with a white sign draped over the top that was painted with the letters IDGAD. It was late and very cold as several students stood on the runing board of the car, holding the banner down.

They would take the sign to the chapel, and would get the large stage ladder out of the rear to put the sign up on the white columns in front.

(Continued on page twenty-five)



"Sometimes I think the dean takes her job too seriously."

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DEACON EGYPT

by Coy Carpenter

Concerning my recent stay in Egypt, the first question that comes to mind is "What was he doing in Egypt?" That's a good question. I'm still not quite sure what the answer should be. The bare facts are that my father received a Fulbright Fellowship to lecture at the University of Cairo, and it also stipulated that he would be allowed to take as many members of his family as wished to go. I wished to go, so I went. I lived in Cairo from the middle of September until the middle of January, and during that time I was a first semester junior at the American University of Cairo. The sojourn was fabulous, exotic, unique, and, to say the least, different . . . quite different.

I imagine that one of the most interesting things I could describe is the way in which I spent a typical day while in Egypt. To begin with I usually got up around quarter till seven so as to have plenty of time to catch my eight o'clock class. (Yes, that's right-eight o'clock classes are held all over the world.) I always had breakfast at seven-thirty on the dot. This was quite a treat because it was served at exactly the same time each morning by the most competent chocolatecolored Sudanese servant (the Egyptian word is suffraggi) in the world. Then I would go downstairs where another chocolate-colored Sudanese waited to drive me to school. You will understand a little later in this article why this seeming luxury was in reality a necessity for Cairo traffic. Anyway, my school day always presented something new and different and that not necessarily from a book.

There were students from about nineteen different countries in attendance at the American University at Cairo, and of course this in itself was an interesting fact. I sat next to a girl from Zanzibar (they export cloves there) in one class and next to one from Palestine in another. Of course all the courses were taught in English, and we had mostly American professors, but each student there, other than the Americans, was studying in a language which was not his own. Therefore, whenever the professor was lecturing, everything was fine, but when he called on anyone to give an opinion, everyone else turned to his neighbor and gave his or her opinion-in nineteen different languages. You can imagine the confusion. Nevertheless, we did manage to cover quite a bit of ground.



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Cov Carpenter found that there were more than pyramids and a sphynx in Egypt.

After my classes were over for the day, a trip to the native bazaar was usually in order. If it seems that that would entail quite a number of trips to the bazaar, the following explanation of the Egyptian method of doing business might clear matters up. Of course, a trip to the bazaar section of the city required a venture out into the traffic of Cairo, which is like nothing else in this world. I shall cite two minor incidents which happened to us on two different ventures. The first time we ran over a policeman who was stupidly standing in the middle of the street. I will say, though, that this man was alert; he dived for the hood of our cal and made it. Well, after he climbed off, the usual crowd of three or four hundred bystanders quickly gathered around the car, and all we could think of was a martyr's death at the fiery stake. However, we were more for tunate, for upon learning that we were Americans, 16 quickly apologized and waved us on. We all breathed a sigh of relief and crept home.

The next incident was slightly different. We were rounding a corner quite briskly in our racy, black French limousine when I saw a man crossing in fron of the car. I had long ago learned not to say anything to our driver, since he missed so many by the skill of their teeth, and it also upset him to have his driving criticized in any way. Well, I should have known better We hit this particular Arab on the left flank and thre him about twenty feet. We obediently dug out out identification papers and prepared to make a valiant last stand, but it was not necessary. The man, our driver a policeman, and the usual kibitzers talked heatedly for several minutes while we stared back at the multitude staring into the car at us. Then the driver got bath

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under the wheel and calmly drove off with the injured man while the crowd and the policeman gaily waved "mossalama," or good-bye. The reason: the man admitted his guilt of not having been looking, so it was therefore all his fault. So much for automotive problems.

The manner of the bazaar is very unique indeed. We will assume that when you enter a shop for the first time you have in mind the buying of a brass tray of some sort. The following is the procedure. Upon entering the shop you would immediately be seated. and served with Turkish coffee, tea, or in the case of health-conscious Americans, coca-cola. Next you would engage in a delightful little conversation about the weather, how you like Egypt, how long you will stay, how bad Farouk was, how good Naguib is, how much the Egyptians love the Americans and hate the British, how wonderful you think Arab food is, how attractive Egyptian women are, and how more exciting the pyramids were than you had thought. Then you discuss such objects which the proprietor might have in his shop such as jewelry, rugs, leather bags, slippers, hassocks, inlaid boxes, handmade brocades, alabaster vases, fezs, imported evening bags from India, and other things. Finally you stand up, thank your host for the Turkish coffce, tea, or coca-cola and head for the door. Just at the precise moment, you casually look at a brass tray in the shop and say, "What on earth is that thing?" with a genuine tone of repulsion in your voice. After he calmly explains that it is a very fine piece of Egyptian metal work, you again casually say, "Well, of course, I wouldn't think of having anything like that in my house, but I do have some rather eccentric friends, so what is the very least you would have the herve to ask for it?" When he tells you the price, no matter what it is, draw yourself up to your full height and roar, "Ridiculous, such nerve, well I never," etc. and stalk out. You have just made a most successful Preliminary move for buying your tray. After two or three more such trips you should reach a suitable agreement and the purchase will be yours.

This was but one of the fascinating experiences which had while in the Land of the Nile. I thoroughly enjoyed my stay there and am now considering whether or not to edit my own geography book which will include several facts usually omitted from previous fourth gate volumes. Seriously, though, I shall always remember Egypt and would very much like to return some-

time in the near future.

THE WINTER STAYS

(Continued from page six)

the list of the graduates until she came to Raymond Connelly Wilkinson; she looked up at the altar and smiled. She smiled as if she was pleased that such a things should happen to her own son. She straightened between the straightened between the

the rings on her left hand. He knew better than to notice the scars on her right hand; he had been scolded for asking about them once and he didn't want anything to spoil the evening now. She removed the gloves slowly, and placed them in her lap. She automatically raised her hand to her blond hair and patted it back under her hat. A tender feeling welled up in Sam and he wiggled a little closer to his mother. The only friend I have in the world. The only one that I love. He placed his head on her arm and rubbed his cheek on the soft wool.

"Do you like the coat, Sam? I got it at Wanamaker's before Thanksgiving."

"I love it, mother," he whispered as he continued to rub on the sleeve. She seemed lulled by the organ music and didn't seem to mind. How I love her.

The organ blared forth with Pomp and Circumstance and they turned with the rest of the crowd to watch

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the candidates march down the aisle. They marched slowly and proudly toward the seats in the front of the auditorium. Mrs. Wilkinson drew away from Sam as she leaned toward the aisle. Sam didn't want to turn, but he did and his mind churned with jealousy. Ray'll think he's somethin'. He'll be real straight and snooty lookin', and mother'll cry. She says Ray is a good boy, he isn't like Father was. There he is! Look at 'im, so proud and straight, looks just like mother. He followed Ray with his eyes until he was opposite their row. He looked back at his mother. She was dabbing her eves with a lace handkerchief. Sam settled back, trying to look unconcerned, and rolled up his program. She likes Ray because he's always getting things on his own. The organ stopped and the graduates sat down. Mrs. Wilkinson patted him to make him sit up and take notice of what was happening. He raised his eyes slowly but she was looking for Ray again.

President Ogbourne was at the podium. "Let us pray," he said. The crowd hushed, and Sam looked around him. The chapel was almost full. He looked at all of the bowed heads, the strange flowered hats of the women, the greying and balding heads of the visiting uncles and brothers. He looked up at Dr. Ogbourne who droned on. Sam's eye caught the words behind the speakers platform, that were chiseled out of the marble and inlaid with golf leaf: THE LORD IS IN HIS TEMPLE, LET THE EARTH KEEP SILENCE.

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Sam read them over again and again as he did every time he had to sit in the chapel. The earth is in the temple, let the Lord keep silent; silence keep, the earth let the Lord in His temple, Sam looked up at his mother. She sat with her head bowed, half smiling, and rubbing her forehead. The president stopped and all of the heads automatically raised as if some gian had control over them. Sam snuggled closer to his mother and put his head on her arm again. He felt relaxed he closed his eyes. He dreamt of going home to the low ceilings, the warm bed, the smell of Sunday dinner, the green back yard, the girls, the freedom, the thrill of being called Sam.

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The movement of Mrs. Wilkinson's arm woke him up. They were calling the graduates to the platform for their diplomas. Sam rubbed his eyes and wiggled uncomfortably; his legs were asleep. The prickly feeling moved up and down them, "Raymond Connely Wilkinson," called President Ogbourne and Sam watched Ray walk up the steps, receive his certificate and walk down the other side. Look at him. Just look at him. The organ broke into the recessional and Mrs. Wilkinson watched Ray lead the class to the vestibule. Sam felt an empty feeling come up out of the pit of his stomach. He shivered. The crowd was standing now, and his mother was putting on her gloves Sam watched her; he wanted to tell her what he wanted. He wanted to say I love you. I want to come home. I hate this place . . . please take me home please . . . please. . . . Mrs. Wilkinson smiled mechani cally at him as she watched him button his overcoal "Hurry Sam, we must find Ray." He hurried, but & didn't want to. Why should I hurry to meet Ray whell all he'll do is have something smart to say? He'll call me lazy or somethin'. But he hurried to please her-

They got to the door as fast as the crowd would let them. Sam saw Ray first and he tugged at him mother to point him out to her. She pushed towarhim while he waited with a proud smile on his face She threw her arms around him and hugged him vigorously.

"I'm so proud of you, Ray, oh, I'm so happy. Not him, we can do all the things we planned."

Sam stood silently and listened. I wish she'd hug not like that.

Ray put his arm around her shoulder and patter her. He looked at her hair. "What happened to you hair? I liked it the other way, down on your shoulders

"Ray! I'm gettin' too old for that now; after all I' your mother. I'll have to let it grow out if that's by way you want it. Where's Sam? Oh, there you are, com on. I have to take you back. Ray, wait for me at binain gate, I'll be there in a minute." She grabbed Samhand and led him toward the door. Sam looked Ray and had that empty feeling in his stomach ago

Mrs. Wilkinson pulled at Sam as he tried to slow her down.

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"Come on, Sam, I don't want to keep Ray waitin'. What's the matter with you anyway? Are you crying?" Sam looked up at her in the light of the street lights and choked audibly. He shook his head slowly from side to side and swallowed hard.

"No, mother, I'm not cryin' . . . mother, I love you, please let me go home with you and Ray. . . . I'm the low so lonesome . . . please, mother, take me home with dinner. you," Mrs. Wilkinson tightened her grip on his hand. e thrill It hurt him a little, but he continued, "Please, mother, take me home with you. I can't stay here. Mother, ke him [Il help do anything. I'll do whatever you say, only please take me away from this place. . . ." The cold wiggled air stifled him, he choked and burst out crying. His mother pulled at him a bit harder; her chin stuck out Connely resolutely as she led Sam to the steps of building d Sam number 9. She dropped his hand and stopped. Sam certifi turned toward her. "Please, mother, please take me im. Just essional home "

> She put her hands on his shoulders and nervously twitched her fingers. Sam shuddered, then he grabbed her around the waist, buried his face in her coat and burst out in sobs.

> "Mother . . . please . . . don't make me stay here. . . ."

Mrs. Wilkinson looked down at him, reached behind her and loosened his grip. She held him by the shoulders again and moved her feet apart. "Sam, be reasonable; You have everything you need here, food, clothes, a warm place to stay, nice boys, and anything else You'd want. . . . I'd take you home if I could afford it. Here you can get a better education than I could at his give you." Sam fingered the front of her new coat; it felt so soft. His eyes filled up with tears and he saw the buttons swim back and forth. He heard her say, ged hin "Go up and go to bed, Sam, I'll write you when I

> He turned slowly, and as she stood and watched him, he went slowly up the steps. He looked up over the door and saw the name "Fair Havens" painted on the glass. It too swam back and forth in his tears. staggered slightly as he entered. He turned to close the door and he saw her hurrying up the street loward the gate. He leaned on the door, covered his lace with his cold hands and sobs shook his body.

> "Number 35, what are you doing there? Get upstairs and go to bed!" Sam straightened quickly; he glanced the glass panel of the door; the street was empty. He turned, walked past Miss Horner automatically, and himbled up the black slate stairs, to the cold, white, hetal bed that was just like all the others.

A SCHOLAR AND A GENTLEMAN

(Continued from page seven)

Carolina, where he played basketball and tried "unsuccessfully" to pitch, Dr. Stroupe went to Mars Hill Junior College. There, in addition to playing basketball and tennis, he met Elizabeth Denham, who in future years was to become Mrs. Stroupe. From Mars Hill he came to Wake Forest and graduated here in 1935 with a B.S. in history.

At that time the history faculty was rather small, consisting of Dr. C. C. Pearson, Professor Forrest Clonts, and the present librarian, Carlton P. West. That same year the enrollment increased to 1,000, and Dr. Stroupe was called upon to teach a class of History I repeaters. He did this the spring semester of his senior year before he was old enough to vote and considers it the hardest teaching assignment he has ever had.

From 1937 to 1941 Dr. Stroupe was engaged in the serious business of securing a Ph.D degree from Duke University. For two years he taught classes here at Wake Forest and also took work at Duke. In 1939 he received a University Fellowship from Duke, and in 1940 he became a full time instructor at Wake Forest,

The summer of 1941 marked the beginning of the busiest year in Dr. Stroupe's life. At Duke he was writing his dissertation entitled "The Religious Press in the South Atlantic States, 1802-1865"; research for the document took him to all the major libraries between Philadelphia and Atlanta. On one occasion, when he was doing some research at the University of North Carolina library, he ran into an old Mars Hill buddy, and they went to lunch together. During the meal they spotted another Mars Hill graduate, Miss Elizabeth Denham, who was taking graduate work in the school of library science at Carolina. After talking over old times, a date was arranged, and it wasn't too long before she and Dr. Stroupe were engaged.

The following fall Elizabeth Denham returned to her hometown, Bartow, Florida, while Dr. Stroupe taught full time at Wake Forest and wrote his dissertation. He was so busy that year that he didn't know about

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the bombing of Pearl Harbor until the following morning. Dr. Stroupe maintains that he was able to accomplish this large amount of work because the future Mrs. Stroupe was so far away he couldn't possibly see her.

The busiest week of this busy year came in the early summer of 1942. In the space of one week Dr. Stroupe received his Ph.D. from Duke, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Duke, and was married in Bartow. Dr. Percival Perry of the history department was an usher, and Carlton P. West was best man.

In the spring of 1943, after teaching a year at Wake Forest, Dr. Stroupe was commissioned an ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve. He spent most of the war at the Naval Preflight School in Athens, Georgia, where he taught a course entitled "The Essentials of Naval Service," the object of which was to teach the men to be officers and gentlemen. Toward the close of the war he was transferred to the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery in Washington in order to assist in writing a history of the bureau's activities during the war. His only adventure on the high seas consisted of a training cruise on the Atlantic on a new destroyer, an experience which proved highly uncomfortable.

Dr. Stroupe returned to Wake Forest the spring semester of 1946 and has been here ever since, during which time he has taken an active part in the activities of the college and of the community. He is a member of several of the permanent college committees and recently testified at the North Rocky Mount church trial concerning the history of the church and the Tar River and Roanoke Baptist Associations.

For several years he has taught the Men's Bible class of the Wake Forest Baptist church. The members of his class consider him an excellent teacher who has a thorough knowledge of the Bible. He knows how to pick out the important things and to get his point across. His popularity as a teacher is evidenced by the fact that the membership of the class has grown considerably since he took over as teacher.

Dr. Stroupe's ability and scholarship as a historian is apparent when one takes a look at the list of articles which he has had published. In addition to several book reviews for the North Carolina Historical Review and the Journal of Southern History, the North Carolina Historical Review has published two of his articles entitled "The Beginnings of Religious Journalism in North Carolina — 1823-1865" (published January of 1953) and "The North Carolina Department of Archives and History—the First Half Century" (published April of 1954). Also the Duke Press has accepted for publication a volume in the Trinity College Historical Studies entitled "Religious Journalism in the South Atlantic States—1802-1865: a bibliography with an Historical Introduction."

When he isn't in the classroom Dr. Stroupe finds time for his two favorite hobbies—gardening and golf. He For the Finest in Smart Clothes

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is known around town as a master gardener and once while in the Navy he won a twenty-five dollar prize for the best victory garden in Athens, Georgia. Dr. Wilfred B. Yearns, one of his history colleagues, reported in a voice which mixed pathos and admiration that "last spring for the first time in his natural born life, the frost got Dr. Stroupe's garden." Dr. Stroupe is also considered to be a proficient golfer by those who play with him frequently.

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The adjective "dignified" probably best sums up Dr. Stroupe's characteristics. He is never lacking in courtesy and consideration for others; in fact, the professor who called him a "scholar and a Christian gentleman" gave a pretty good description of Henry Smith Stroupe.

HUBERT: BREAKER OF IDOLS

(Continued from page ten)
he walks, or the clothes he wears. My advice may
come as a gross anachronism, but I think you will
find religion—matters of faith—to be relative. It is
bad taste, among other things, to criticize it."

Hubert flinched perceptibly, but Mr. Leeds was not finished.

"Most people who criticize religion are like a little boy who throws stones at his friend's new wagon because he has none of his own; religion is capitalistic, do you see?" Hubert did not see, but he was sure of himself.

"Thank you, sir," he said, as he started out.

"Oh, Hubert. One more thing. If this sort of thing shoth, Hubert. One more that you are being laught to play the nemesis; retribution must come from the spirit of the law—yes, the spirit of the thing. So may times we attempt to set things aright when there is nothing wrong at all. In a case of controversy, whether it is ideological or otherwise, it is always better—and easier—to adapt ourselves to others than to adapt the world to ourselves, a truism."

You have heard, then, thought Hubert.

"Of course," said Mr. Leeds, "it is perfectly all right to bind oneself to the impossible task of reshaping human will if one has the fortitude to laugh at the tesults. It is a parlor game, you see, nothing more. With finesse and some luck we become proficient enough to play the game with individuals, as with your friend Cathoway, for instance. But one should not be harsh on the people. Understanding is the key to reform."

So he did say it, thought Hubert.

"Thank you, sir," he said, and left. Outside the door, there will ever be sage advice."

It was autumn, 1843. Hubert: Breaker of Idols made his first appearance in a seminar on religious dispulation, The debate was beginning to drag, and most of the class had fallen into a lethargic stupor when the professor addressed Hubert. It seemed that he was the only one impervious to the warm sunshine of the autumn morning.

"Next," said the professor, "we shall take up the doctrine of the Trinity. With your preparation over the past week end, you should have come to some astute conclusions." The professor looked toward the back of the room. "Hubert, will you rise and give your convictions on the subject?" Hubert was up in an instant, chin held high.

"Ha! My convictions? You mean my personal sophisms, my prejudices, pedagogue!" he shouted emphatically. "I refuse to shroud myself in one of your stock ideologies. Save that refuge for yourself!".

The shock of the statement—and its source—nearly razed the room. Heads bobbed up reflecting astonishment and utter disbelief. The professor stood paralyzed. "Hubert? Impossible!" The strong-willed, wild-

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eyed belligerent who stared down at them was not Hubert. With a sweep of the arm, Hubert hurled his books to the floor and stormed out of the room while the others watched in amazement.

My method will work, he thought secretly.

Thus it began. The day that followed is the reason why Hubert is remembered grimly by the inhabitants of Shakerville, Although many of them pitied him—he was unhappy, they said—his memory is an ugly scar, wider and deeper than Bartford's Creek which bisects Shakersville.

After the class episode Hubert went on an insane rampage over the campus. Everyone was afraid. He was not human; no one could change so completely. Only a madman. Even Mr. Simpson, the backbone of the institution, was afraid to summon him, when every hour reports came to his office that Hubert was terrorizing the campus.

From room to room he went, obsessed with the monomania to destroy false foundations, evil deities. He ripped portraits off the walls, broke laboratory equipment, and in the School of Systems he hurled a bust of Plato out the second story window.

"There is enough truth in what you say, old man, to make you dangerous! Each one shall tremble and fall!" he cried, a fiendish look of contempt on his face. In the School of Neology, where the students were unaware of Hubert's assault, he burst into the room to find students calling one thing by different names, each cursing the other for his error. His eyes glared with anger when, on the opposite side of the room, he heard others who mistook the three to be one, or who mistook the one to be none at all.

"You fools!" he shouted, after his explosive entrance brought dead silence to the room. "Go and search for many and stop this incessant quibbling!" said

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he, the tincture of pragmatism still ringing in his ears. "For once, the rotting carcass of idealism has devoured the jackals!" Paradoxes were nothing to him now. While the neology students stood appalled, Hubert's eye caught sight of the windows of Room Six Hundred in the next building over. Quick as a flash he bounded down the stairs, across the yard, and up to the room where he had spent so many Monday nights. At first thought he intended to smash the furnishings, but the burning candle in the alcove behind the podium gave him another idea. He seized it and lighted the black velvet curtains. As the flames licked against the walls, then the ceiling, he watched, enraptured with satisfaction.

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"You have been the womb for the last of these pedigreed imbeciles," he said, addressing what remained of Room Six Hundred. He stepped into the hall, as the flames rose higher. From the direction of the athletic field, he heard the uproar of voices which he had heard so often before; it nauseated him. There is so little time, he thought. But what better way to consummate my reform?

It was midway in the game when Hubert reached the athletic field. None of them had heard, and the smoke from Room Six Hundred could not be seen. Disappointed that there were only a few hundred watching the game, he nevertheless walked out and took a stand directly in front of the spectators. The two teams had retired to the south end of the field, where a canvas had been raised as protection from the sun. Hubert waved his arms, demanding attention.

"Pagans!" he called out, "You are a disgrace to humanity! You are a disgrace to the earth on which you so irreverently sit. If you say otherwise, you are lying. By now the crowd recognized Hubert; students and faculty members looked at each other in wide-eyed amazement, remembering the timid, reticent, and slovenly boy who sat in Room Six Hundred and seldon had even a word to say about the Absolute.

"Who would have thought he would dare?" they exclaimed. But Hubert had not begun. Digging his heels firmly into the ground, he took a deep breath and smelled the fetid odor of discontent that blew down from the hillside. Murmurs of "Take him off! Lunatie! . . . Exhibitionist! . . " arose from the crowd-

"Silence!" cried Hubert. "If I am bizarre, it is be cause I am magnificent," in a lower tone of voice. He paused for effect, The thousands of pages he had read had made him forsake the dim view he had formerly taken of his intellectual ability.

"You people have been here all day applauding this simian buffoonery. By some absurb Procrustean process you lop off the limbs of true education in order to make your prestige relative to this vile plot of ground Hear me!" he shouted, elenching his fists and standing princingly at those seated on the hillside. "Your processor's anathematize, with a pageant of abusive adjections."

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tives, the Hebrew worshippers of Baal, the Persian Zoroastrians, the Orphic pagans—hundreds more—and there are yea-sayers in every corner to nod approval, yet you think yourselves different. I say you are not! You differ from them only in the tempo of your liturgy. As this ridiculous spectacle bears evidence, you have nourished your English heritage of ball-intoxication until it has become abominable. This playgound, of which you are so proud, has grown into a sanctuary where you come to spin your prayer-wheels to the great god Ball! Beware, good people!" And at the Breat god Ball! Beware, good people!" And at the beight of his tirade, Hubert casually clasped his hands behind his back and walked off the field. There was a long silence, meditative and tense. Then a boy came running down from the campus.

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"Fire! Fire in Shady Hall!" he screamed. The frenzied crowd hurried down the hill, across Bartford's Creek, and over to Shady Hall; only a blazing frame remained of the edifice.

That evening Hubert could not be found. Mr. Simpson, others of the faculty, and some students gathered under the rotunda of Main Hall after supper, having searched for Hubert until it grew too dark. He had left his books on the steps there, the cover turned back on one.

"He left a note," said one of the students, anxiously holding up the book. It was in Hubert's handwriting. The student read:

"Too late I found out the world, how it gives us strength, then divides our allegiance a hundred different ways. Thus, misery is the diet of our souls, until uncertainty kills us every one.

"People grow stale, I found, like Christmas trees that hever change clothes: those with zeal who adopt slogans, and those who mock and jeer at the zealots, and others who just go about doing good from day to day. They Brow stale and die. The philosophy of this age consists merely of different reasons why God must laugh at us,

"I was allowed to play with the follies of the generation for a day, but I broke the rules. For a little sin I nursed, I offer my regrets."

The student looked up from the page. All was quiet under the rotunda. Then:

"A maudlin attempt to justify his misdeeds, I say!"

Said Mr. Simpson, breaking the silence. "Morning drill

the same time." The assembly dispersed.

While the boy had read, Hubert had watched from the shadows outside. Without waiting for him to finish, he turned and started down the cold, gray hills beyond the town. The night air was chilly, and the trees, Facefully shedding their leaves, were silent; there was to wind to make their conversation. The air smelled of smoke and burnt things. It was not good to breathe. The tried of the shadow of the shad

And here the tale ends, for Hubert was never seen again. The people of Shakerville were glad when they learned he would never come back. It was best, they said, not to come back to a sorrowing age.

FORCE OF HABIT

(Continued from page eleven)

ble, putting the cigarette in my mouth, and lighting it. Crushing the cigarette in the ashtray, I walked with confidence from my room.

"As I approached my destination, the thoughts of the past weeks of effort passed through my mind, and my hands nervously felt in my coat pocket for the comforting feel of my cigarettes. My knees wavered a little as I reached for the knob of the door and opened it slowly, and my stomach tingled from both hunger and tenseness. When I reached the counter full of glittering jewels, I reminded myself of the importance of coolness and caution. The clerk greeted me with the routine statement and smile, but immediately he became interested when I called for a tray of uncut diamonds. This buy would possibly mean to him not only a large sale but also a commission! The diamonds were brought out, and I scrutinized them with forced patience. I knew that the particular stone that I desired was not among them. Therefore, I requested that two more trays containing the precious jewels be brought to me. The last one held the stone I desired. The time had come!

"Carefully, I reached into my coat pocket. Withdrawing the package of cigarettes, I removed one. With a slight twist of my finger, the suitable amount of tobacco was rolled out. I tapped the hollowed end-of the cigarette to pack the tobacco. Calmly I lit the cigarette and took a long draw. The diamond was there! I had felt its surface against my teeth, and my tongue had tipped its cool edge! Giving the clerk a previously planned excuse for leaving, I withdrew from the shop into the sunlight.

"Then it struck me! Where was the diamond? Where was the object for which I had planned for weeks?

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Where was the stone which was to bring me the desires of my dreams? Where was it . . .?

"I shall tell you: in the vacant end of a smouldering cigarette, lying prostrate in a silver-lined ashtray in the shop."

BOREGARDE SMITH

(Continued from page twelve)

(the only one to which we had a legal right), and Smith accepted the offer. This was wise, I felt, for a threefold reason; firstly, to please Dellingham; secondly, to eliminate any necessity of explaining why three Alabamans would be driving a Cadillac with North Carolina license plates; and thirdly, to avoid arrest for car theft.

At last, the stage was set and our merry group was on its way. We arrived at our destination in Dellingham's car, and without delay Smith directed our jovial company to the cocktail lounge.

Here, I became aware that reality threatened to corrupt Smith's plans, for none of us had monetary resources in excess of a dollar and a half.

I was more than a little concerned over such limited financial backing for so lavish a production. Smith on the other hand, emanated no signs other than extreme delight. He chose to utterly ignore the possibility that a material obstruction with which he could not cope could arise, and I must admit that in all my association with him one never has.

Relief to my anxiety appeared in the form of the hostess, who met us at the door to inform us that we could not be admitted without evening clothes. This tragic development, I felt, would be both an unsurpassably dramatic climax and an appropriate and opportune time for a graceful and welcomed ending.

Smith, however, deemed otherwise, and began a soliloquy on the affront to his hypothetical social position. Meanwhile, the hostess had learned that, business being slow, the management would waive the usual restrictions; so she returned and revealed to us the management's condescension.

Quality Men's Wear



"Ben Wants To See You"

Such an unusual juncture of circumstances led the unenlightened members of our company to believe that we, their escorts, had suddenly been recognized as the important personages that we professedly were.

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As we entered the lounge and were ushered to our table, I felt my old fears of our perilous financial condition return. Still, Smith, from all outward appearances, remained totally indifferent to our mounting distress.

At this point, the girls, who had motives of their own, suggested that they were suffering from what was nothing short of distracting hunger. I failed to see how their famished state could do aught but hasten certain disaster to the whole undertaking, but Smith, zestfully living the role he had assigned himself, retorted that food had to be provided immediately.

As innocently as possible, he asked the hostess if meals were served there. He was safe in his inquiry, but I failed to see in it more than a temporary remedy for the dire calamity hanging over us.

When the hostess most co-operatively replied in the negative, Smith acted on the cue by concluding that it would be logical that we order nothing here, but instead find some socially superior restaurant where we could have supper. Such reasoning released us from immediate expenditures, but, at the same time, committed us to impossible disbursements later.

With acute perception of minute details, Smith added that the third "Alabaman" should check on our room reservations before our departure. Alabama accordingly excused himself and disappeared for the length of time which he considered would be required for such a matter

During Alabama's absence, Smith entertained out guests with tactful elucidations on his uncle's wealthwealth being a most entertaining topic with girls of this type.

Upon Alabama's return we left.

The girls told us of a restaurant which would meet the demands of the most sensitive palate—with price in agreement with its aloofness. While enroute to the establishment, I mused on the similarity of our present situation to that of jumping from the proverbial frying pan directly into the proverbial fire.

Inevitably, we came to the specified establishmen and went inside.

Here fate took a strange twist. The girls recognize the necessity of "powdering their noses" and withdre to a room provided for such emergencies. Smith, the turned to our original east and proposed that the suit tain be rung down without delay. His suggestion we duly welcomed.

Deciding that the girls could walk the two block to their apartment without physical harm and sein on reason to bore them with explanations of the or ning's events, he concluded that we should take of departure as hastily as humanly possible without awaiting their return.

As we drove off I conjectured the reactions of the girls when they beheld the reward for their perfect and an accomplacent that the poetic justice of this drama had satisfied even the fastidious taste of Boregarde Smith. Surely, these poor players who strutted their hour on his stage did an equal amount of fretting afterwards.

OUALITY

(Continued from page thirteen)

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. They would inevitably lead us by a new school building, hospital or house. Dad would point out the window casings, door facings and ornamental lattices and explain how much work he had put into them. His foreman told me during the funeral that men don't know the business any more like Dad did. He read blueprints with the knowledge of an architect, and if he found an error, or something on one that didn't look exactly right, he would take it to the foreman, give him his opinion, and then work accordingly. He would visualize the completed building and then choose his lumber to suit the job. He had helpers to carry the rough lumber, but he said they didn't know how to pick out the right pieces. He had a callous on his left shoulder the size of a silver dollar from carrying planks. He chose his lumber with care, picking over the piles until he found the piece that had the fewest knots, and was the best seasoned and the straightest.

He looked at a piece of lumber as a potential thing of beauty. He worked with the care of a sculptor to bring out the most beautiful grain patterns. He would take hours to match the posts in a stair railing so that the finished product would be pleasing to see. In his own home he refused to paint any of the interior wood trim; instead he stained it himself, varnished and rubbed it until it looked like old leather. He took the same pride with his work at the shop, even though it was mostly with machines. He labored with slow, exacting determination, always striving to produce perfection. It was a pleasure to watch him bend over a set of plans, his white cap pulled down to his eyebrows, his dusty glasses perched half-way down his nose, his blue work shirt covered with sawdust and shavings, and—to respect the no smoking rules—a comfortable chew of tobacco pocketed in his right cheek; to Watch him trace his job with care, and transform meaningless lines into a piece of art. He seemed to have some of Emerson's belief that there is beauty in natural things, but that we must learn to find it to appreciate it. He took care—extra care—to make whatever he was working on exactly right. He would nurse tough lumber with his plane, saw, shapers, sandpaper and steel wool until it matured into a fluted door facing or a decorative arch.

His fellow workers admired his ability and his love of wood. All of the exacting jobs were taken for granted as "Walter's work." One young carpenter told me that he wished he had what Dad had. He hadn't figured it out, but it was something he knew was necessary to be skillful. Even the older men sought and respected his opinions of their work. His employer appreciated his extra care, too, because quality work is hard to find in this machine age. He told me at Dad's funeral that they were going to miss his influence at the shop.

The machine age hurt Dad idealistically. He looked at machine-made furniture and prefabricated building materials with skepticism. Before he would use a new piece of furniture he would examine it carefully, and more often than not add some glue or screws to the vital spots. Venecred furniture was an enigma to him. Why should anyone want to cover up one type of lumber with another? When he went shopping for furniture he ignored everything but that which was marked "Solid." Even then, he examined the grain, craftsmanship and finish. Machine-manufactured products just didn't suit him.

When he died and it was our duty to choose a casket for him, the undertaker showed us the product of the modern age; a cold, stamped, 20-gauge steel coffin with welded seams, and a spray-painted finish. He told us of all of the lasting qualities of the metal, the water-proof seams and the rust-resistant finish. My brother and I looked at the workmanship, Anyone could learn, in eight or ten hours, to run the die machine that turned out the monstrosity. We turned to the wooden caskets. Some of them were works of art. The grain was matched, the corners were mitered perfectly and the finish was soft and pleasing. It didn't take the family long to choose a solid maple box, for we knew if Dad were choosing his own, that one would be it.

QUILL WORDS

(Continued from page fifteen)

Inside, everyone was afraid in the dark, although at first there was nothing to be afraid of.

The unbelievably tall ladder sat behind innumerable

WANT THE NEATEST
HAIRCUT IN TOWN?

THEN VISIT

THE CITY BARBER SHOP

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wo block and seeight of the evilitake of ropes, pulleys and crates, and they were afraid of the noise it might make as it was taken out.

While they were working in the dark the beam of a flashlight appeared.

At first it was faint and elusive, and everyone was quiet.

Someone said: "I don't believe we saw a light."

"Maybe we just imagined it."

Someone then said: "Okay, go ahead and get the ladder."

"No. Wait a minute."

They waited a minute in the dark. The big curtains hung down on the stage. They cut off the auditorium from view.

Someone slipped through the curtains, to the stage. No light could be seen.

Again, after they had waited, unbreathing, for several minutes the tug and tumble with the ladder began again, although with more attempt at silence and deftness now.

Then the light showed on the stage, in a wide sweep. It was neither faint nor elusive this time.

It was a cop and he was shining his flashlight throughout the chapel.

"Damn!" someone said.

The ladder was now in an unfortunate and very inconvenient position somewhere between that great mass of ropes and pulleys.

The ladder made a creaking sound in all that silence. Imaginations exaggerated the sound until, finally, no

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he:

it could be heard all over the chapel. "Go on out there and speak to him," someone said

to somebody else. "Yeah. . . . I'm leaping right out there to talk to him. . . . Yeah."

"Go on."

"Shut up."

"Damn!"

Silent confusion succeeded the last sweep of the light as they all four made for doors and exits.

Outside, as they approached the front of the chapel. there was sudden realization. The sign had been left in the vestibule! The cop would be up there now, But they had to get the sign.

Aimlessly, the group went to the front of the Chapel. without time to be either cautious, or surreptitious, of bold, or afraid even.

They went on up the steps, onto the porch. The cof was standing there. He put the flashlight on them



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Someone said: "We are trying to put up a political sign."

"What are you doing in here," the cop asked, ignoring the statement.

"Putting up a sign," was the answer. "We're trying to put a sign up there." The student pointed to the columns.

"Is that what that is lying on the floor?" the copasked.

"Yeah. That's it."

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The large white sign with the IDGAD letters had been left on the floor in the vestibule.

Suddenly, the student said: "We wondered if you'd help us put it up. . . ."

It was a sudden idea that had come.

Another one of the group then said: "We could borrow your flashlight." He had taken up the idea.

"Yeah . . . that'll be all right," the cop said. Then he added, "We can turn the lights on inside."

"Could you do that . . .?"

"Yeah. We'll turn the lights on."

With each student smiling within himself, and furtively, the group went to the rear of the Chapel, where the lights were turned on and the ladder taken out and the sign put up with the policeman standing silently by, enjoying himself.

I want whomever I love
To stand and look with me
Through tall pine branches
To the sky,
To feel the beauty of green needles
Against God's blue,
And then look down
And smile.

SARA MCINTYRE



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Jean Sink, class of 1956, in a white cotton lace encircling white cotton net dress, from our Second Floor Collections.



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by little, began to get there."



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student

LATE SPRING

VOL. 69, NO. 45

The Marine Who Didn't Kill His Parents

The Road Runners



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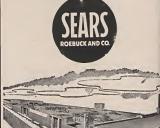
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WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAY 1954 VOL. 69, NO. 5

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EDITORIAL:

JUNE: 1954

June, 1954. A newspaper, a diploma, and a bomb whose fireball is five times hotter than the center of the sun. The year of ominous silence.

The students of this era have been called the "silent" generation. Perhaps there is a reason underlying this silence, for more than in any other time, the fate of the world in great measure depends on the thousands of men who will walk down the aisles under the mortar board caps this spring and the next few springs-what they know, and what they do with their knowledge.

There is a recurrent theme heard now from students: "I'd just like to get married and settle down in some little town . . . but with the army'

That sentence in many ways catches the whole tragedy of a generation. Students are beginning to realize, as free men of all time have, that freedom requires a terrible price; the fight to protect it. And with the coming home of what that price may mean to them, they are

Perhaps another reason for silence is that graduates are tired of too much noise-too many pot-bellied politicians with platitudes instead of wisdom, too much foreign policy bungling-paid for with the lives of the boys across the street, and now this at last, too many people fumbling, trapped in the glare of a justice gone mad, their personal dignity shorn from them by the grating voice of the great Wisconsin patriot.

Students are wondering what is going to be required of them, and perhaps understandably anxious about the future.

In the last few years the world has learned how to destroy itself. Today it seems to be engaged toward that end. Tension is steadily mounting in Asia, and another war seems imminent unless we devise some way to stop it.

There is only one way to stop war, and that i by enlightened leadership. A time has come when i is imperative that a new type of citizen arise if man is not to be annihilated.

This new citizen must take a responsibility for the whole world-the solving of the problem of the starving millions, of chained thought, and of racial hatred. There are no pat solutions to any of these things.

The only way out is to find a group of men willing to dedicate themselves to attempting to solve the prob lems, slowly, humanly, with care.

America is one of the few places where man's mind is still free, and the only land where that freedom is strengthened by the essential asset of economic pros perity. So, ultimately, the solution of the world's dilemma rests with the young men of the United States

It will not be an easy thing, this task of trying to rebuild a world now on the brink of mental hysteria and physical disaster. The generation of young people may have good reason to be afraid as well as silent

There are always two kinds of men who are afraid one that runs from his fear, and the other that fights the source of fear. After what they have seen-the maimed flesh of the people of Hiroshima, the Koreal amputees, the hydrogen fireball-the graduates may have just cause to fear, but this, this they can for member. Man has brought himself to this brink of hell and by the same logic he can lead himself away-

Peace will not come easily. A lot of men will probably have to die first, but if enough try to achieve it, it can be done.

J. E. D., 1954.





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Helga Schnitz Rip and Barbara Meletis in their apartment on the Raleigh highway.

by Hunter James

All this was a long time ago, I remember, And I would do it again, but set down This set down

This: were we led all that way for Birth or Death? . . .

We returned to our places, these kingdoms, But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,

With an alien people clutching their gods. T. S. ELIOT, Journey of the Magi

The Marine Who Didn't Kill His Parents

Dead men were on the sides of mountains; men also slumped dead behind trees and in the cold ditches of a battle area: these were scenes frequent in Korea not so long ago, and they were scenes which made ironical the title, "Pearl of the Orient," as Korea was once called. With the winter winds that perennially blow show onto the mountains of this peninsula were also blown the odors made by the corpses of the dead men.

The corpses were mostly Chinese, "doped-up Chinese" when they were still alive, Rip Meletis, Korean marine veteran and Wake Forest Junior, explains, adding that they were an enemy who nevertheless had a great deal of "respect for us, because they believed that to be a marine you had to first kill your father and mother."

This powerfully-built veteran speaks with authority relevant, now, to the processes of incipient war in Indochina and to the manner of people who would fight that war if it should come. He bears encysted shrapel shreds buried deep in the muscle of his back, the result of thirteen month's service on the front lines, where he

was a member of the First Marine Division in the Tenth Corp of the Eighth Army.

Meletis has received a bit of campus notoriety as coach of the tumbling team here, which, with its frequently astonishing performances has entertained the students in chapel and in gym night sessions. He has been active in athletics all his life, once holding the weight-curling championship of Washington, D. C.; too, he is widely known for his barbell achievements, although restricted now to those exercises that entail no swift jerking movements. He has done much boxing, and had it not been for the shrapnel injury he may have developed into a very good football back.

He was injured three times in the Korean conflict. After the last time the army surgeons refused to let him return to the front. They found his back in

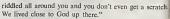
near-critical condition, made so by the shrapnel acquired in this way:

Meletis was one of five marines, all Virginians, who were situated in a machine gun nest on a hill below a mountain on which the enemy lines were fixed. It was in the early fall, and this hill had been annexed by the American troops on the day before with bayonets.

When the Chinese commenced fire on an American supply train that was coming up the hill below and deep to the left, the marines countered with more fire. The enemy, then, unfortunately recognized their position.

Then the mortars dropped. The first one dropped down behind them and the next ones were "walked" back in a straight line and close, although not so close as to cause fatality. Rip then shouted, "They can't kill us guys from Virginia," and, simultaneously with the shout, a mortar hit close to the right of them. "One boy dived in for protection; I followed him but didn't make it and was blown unconscious down the hill. I found out later that a guy just across from us was blinded by the same mortar."

This is the painful part of war. "You see people



After the injury, Meletis took a job as supply sergeant back at regimental headquarters. Upon his service release he returned to the states, having been away from home for more than five years, and enrolled at Wake

Forest. He is married now to Barbara Pappas of Winston-Salem; they live in a comfortable apartment on the Raleigh highway. kil

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Combat in Indochina, he comments, is undoubtedly carried on in much the same manner as it was in Korea. Both countries are similar in terrain and temperature.

Now there are certain technical patterns in the matter of war over there. For example a full moon in Korea ordinarily meant a large scale attack by the Chinese Army, which, at night, began its shrill bugle blowing about nine-thirty, after which the first wave of soldiers came up, charging the hill in a chaotic fashiodscreaming and throwing grenades.

The minimum period of an attack like this was about a half-hour. The retreat would

blowing. They would then remain silent for another half-hour; then there would be a repetition of the same procedure. When the fighting was sustained all night in this manner it was called an all-out banzai attack and "You know you've had it." It is also important to remember that the Chinese would seldom stem an altack in Korea during the daytime, although they were occasionally forced to toward the last of the war.

Wherever the war may be, this same type of thing goes on all night or for certain parts of the night and for many nights out of the month, during which time you remain sleepless, cold and ill-fed. The food is sea rations, eaten cold. It is dangerous at the front to make a fire.

The American forces in Korea were of course much more organized than the enemy. They had to be, since: "we were outnumbered ten to one."

In explanation of our bayonet attack, frequent over there, Meletis points out that an unexplainable psychological effect exists in this type of combat. Strated first by U. N. aircraft, the Chinese would do one of two things when the marines charged up on a hill with bayonets fixed. "He would run or stay there and



Rip and a buddy relaxing, briefly, in Korea.

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killed." Their efforts to repel were practically nil, owing apparently to their lack of military discipline and to their erratic organization as a fighting unit, although "some of them threw down grenades, and there was scattered machine gun fire." And he adds:

"We charged on instinct and they retreated on instinct,"

This was an instinct dormant and unknown to them in the beginning. Especially was it unknown when they first arrived in the Orient.

"It was cold as hell in Itami (Japan)," Rip remarks, "that is, in comparison to the warmth of Guam." When the First Marine Division arrived in Korea from Japan, "We looked down from the plane and got our first glimpse of Korea and saw the snow and the rugged mountain terrain. It was like a nightmare come true. You didn't think it would happen this way to you."

When they landed a big sergeant stepped inside the door and said, "All right, this is Korea. Let's get the hell out and get with it."

They slept cold on the ground by the airstrip that first night, and if it had been cold in Japan it was mothing to this, since this amounted to approximately twenty-seven degrees below zero. The next morning "the trucks were waiting to take us to the front when we got un."

And from that night on they lacked an airstrip, even, to sleep on. They slept in the mountains. For a while

skirmishes were fought against guerilla bands, until they geached the front, where, if they weren't fighting, battles could be seen out on other mountains. They watched them from a great distance, knowing they themselves might sustain the next attack, perhaps without a chance given for survival. All of it, the fighting, was acknowledged to be brutal, cruel, but it was, in spite of that, beautiful to watch and hear.

There would be that neverording and taut monotone of
the clatter of machine gun fire,
and, against a violet background of darkness, the tracer
bullets would appear, in red
and looping streaks, and going
very fast as they preceded the
flare of a shell bursting. Then
the bugles could be heard, and
silence following. They could
be the war both objectively
and close from where they lay

The Marine Who Didn't Kill His Parents

every night on the cold stone of the hillside and the ice and frozen snow.

One night, during a fighting lull, in the still cold and misty darkness of early March, they were waiting on a hill for orders to either move on or dig in. While they were waiting they dropped their packs. One boy dropped his down to the bottom of the hill, and, when the orders arrived, he went part of the way down and shouted for someone to bring his pack back up, The Chinese answered him:

"Hey, Joe. Do you have a cigarette?"

"Chinks!" the marine said, running.

Then the "chinks" slipped up closer under cover of mist, saying, "Tonight you die. We are coming up to kill you."

Rip happened to have a box of grenades that night, and he threw them out at the voices, but between the times of the grenades exploding the Chinese kept talking to them.

"We are coming up to kill you tonight."

They would blame the war on the American capitalists.

"Why don't you give up and come over to us?"

With serious though friendly expression Meletis recalls the oversights, the miscalculations and the mistakes that led to unnecessary death in Korea. Everything has unity as it is looked back on now.

One of the very painful oversights was made by a staff sergeant who was to leave for home one morning

at five o'clock. His platoon dug foxholes for the night stand, but he, thinking it need-less to build himself one, fay in a sleeping bag in the bushes at the rear of the platoon, without, however, telling the men about it. He had new replacements in his outfit and they, hearing recurrent rattles in the bushes that night, remembered stories heard about the Chinese slipping up in small surprise attacks in the night,

The sergeant was thought to be the enemy, and one of his own men shot him dead.

Meletis, seeing a man stretched out under a poncho as he was returning from a combat patrol the next day, asked, "Who is that?"

"It's our sergeant," someone answered.

Meletis heaved away a can of beans he had been eating. (Continued on page thirty)



... in the Korean sunshine.

Seeds of Abraham

When his mother switched into Yiddish, as she so often did when she was excited, he saw that sullen, slightly contemptuous grimace disfigure his wife's face. But for the first time he did not give her a quick apologetic glance which was his usual rule whenever this happened, but quickly looked away, resentment welling up within him.

Sitting there, looking across the table at them, he was more conscious than ever of that feeling of guilt that had been there from his first self-deception, when he had told himself that he disliked his family speaking Yiddish in front of Iris, because there was always the possibility that she might think that they were talking about her. Later, he realized that he had been governed by something entirely different-the dread of seeing that grimace whenever a member of the family betrayed some characteristic that would seem particularly Jewish to her Gentile mind.

Mrs. Bernstein, who had concerning his brother and one of his many girl friends,

concerning his proper and one of his many get intense, fell back in her chair with a final sulghted shriek. "Dovidl, you are a end boy," she and, wiping the tears from her eyes. "You I suppose here are certain things you have to learn the usua "way."

David, a light flush speeding over his handsome

brown face, smirked self-consciously.

"Phil!" Iris said suddenly. The laughing stopped.

"I think we should go home how. I am worried about the child."

"Of course." He hesitated. "Mamma was just telling us a rather amusing story about Dave, he added apologetically, almost in some of himself.
"Your Rosie will be all right." Mrs. Bernstein turned

to Iris, all mirth suddenly gone out of her "Is it that you want to spoil the child standing over it half the night? Wait until you have another to look atter. Then you should start worrying."

"Rosie is quite enough to keep me occupied." Iris said. She knew as well as he did what would come next. "A girl . . . yes, that is all right. But a son, that

what you must have."

"And if it should be another girl?" Iris asked grimly. "Then you must try again." Philip winced. "Please mother! Can you not under-

stand that Iris does not think the same . . . ?" Mrs. Bernstein turned to him aggressively. "Do you not feed her and clothe her and give her all the good things in life? Is it then that she should give nothing in return?"

Mr. Bernstein reached across the table for a nut. "Sometimes you go too far, mamma."

Mrs. Bernstein's shoulders sagged. She looked at Philip and then glanced at the table-cloth. "I am just an ignorant woman, a peasant at heart. I say things I should not say and therefore you must forgive," she said humbly.

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Because she was humble he was ashamed again-Mamma aggressive, domineering, her little person imperious, quelling all opposition, was something that brought pride in one's heart, But Mamma humble was something different. Growing old before him, the tiny bird-like face, which bore the mark of her race in the beak-like nose and the ugly dark scar that a Polish butt had left on her forehead, with its sombre, tired eyes peering out from the yellow and dried out skin was the face that haunted all the ghettos of Europe the face of his people in defeat.

Iris inclined her blonde head imperceptibly, acceptor the ipology. He wanted to hit her

When shall we see you again?" Mr Bernstein asked as they got u

"Soon. Next week if you like? Even as he said it there was at the back of his mind the thing that had not yet been sand

"You forget easily Philip." Mr. Bernstein said, with a faint smile. "Next work so om Kippur."

Philip flushed. "Or course. Forgive me. Perhaps the week after that." As he turned toward the door he met the eyes of his wife. For one moment his own wavered uncertainly, then he armed back. The moment he had been dreading all evening and come.

"There is something I almost forgot to tell you," he said, trying to sound casual.

"I'll wait for you in the car." Iris was smiling a little too brightly, Philip thought. Before they had time to say anything, she had closed the door behind her-

Mr. Bernstein looked after her and then said gently "Perhaps you had better leave it until some other time." "No Philip said quietly. "It's important."

David got up and went out to Iris. Philip sat there his hervous hands clasped tightly, listening to the fair hom of conversation as David helped Iris with hel coat. David, his younger brother. David, handsome temperamental, universally liked, triumphantly Jewish David, who was about to fall in love with a Jewish

Philip smiled ruefully. He had not been like that He had been ambitious, resenting his parentage, easily aroused by the jibes of the others. He had been unable to defend himself by developing a superiority comples about his Jewishness, as so many others had done. He had thought that there was strength in his desire to be an equal among the others, those that had laughed at him. And he had married Iris.

They heard the front-door slam.

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"It is all my fault," Mrs. Bernstein said. Her hands restlessly smoothed an invisible crease in the tablecloth. "It is not for me to come between man and wife."

"It doesn't matter," Philip said uncomfortably, thinking of the look Iris had given him when she had left the room.

David came back. "You are not to be too long," he said to Philip, a little too loudly.

There was another silence. Philip's eyes strayed to the mezuzah above the door, the chanuka candle-holder with its eight yellow candles on the mantle-piece, the clustered and overfurnished room.

Mr. Bernstein said softly: "There was something you wanted to tell us, Philip."

Philip shakily ran his fingers through his black hair. He cleared his throat, and, as though startled by the sudden noise, the words came out with a rush: "I am changing my name."

The frown that had gathered on Mr. Bernstein's face disappeared almost immediately. "You are not bank-rupt with that big, fine business already?" he asked, looking at Philip anxiously.

Philip was glad that Iris was not there at this moment, knowing that she would have thought how typical it was of his father to assume that he was going into bankruptcy. He drew a deep breath and then said, almost inaudibly "I . . . am not only changing it on the business."

"I don't understand," Mr. Bernstein said. But already understanding was there, apprehensive, incredulous, hoping that it was all wrong, that it was not true.

"I understand." David had jumped to his feet. His black eyes were blazing and his nostrils quivered with contempt. Absently Philip noticed the Adam's apple in his brother's throat moving up and down, up and down, Like a pump, Philip thought. He wanted to land.

David turned to him, a sneer on his handsome face. "A business in the best part of town." His voice became a hoarse whisper. "My brother, married to a Christian woman, one who is ashamed of the name Bernstein when she is introduced over the tea-cups!"

"Is David right?" cried Mrs. Bernstein. "Is it that you are now ashamed of your name? Is it that you are now ashamed of us?"

"Mamma," Mr. Bernstein said, his eyes weary and pained. "You must give the boy a chance too speak." "It's so difficult to make you understand," Philip said popelessly. He felt suddenly very tired. What is there to understand? he thought.

"You are wrong, Philip," Mr. Bernstein said. "It is very easy to understand. But why, Philip? Why do you give in so easily? I know that there are . . . things here which we thought we had left behind us in the old country. But they are small things. They are not persecution."

Philip knew all that. The silent sneer, the occasional little humiliations, the suppressed giggle, the resentment at his success in business by other businessmen less successful than himself, the occasional ugly rumors—they were indeed small things. But they stung, if only momentarily.

"Father, you are living in a Jewish Quarter. Things are not the same for you," he said weakly.

"Scham Yisroel, then why did you leave it?" Mrs. Bernstein exclaimed. "Always I wanted you to marry Becky. There is a fine girl for you. Already she has two sons."

"There is something else to life besides bringing sons into the world," he said wearily. "At least, there is for me."

"So you tell me. When you are dead and gone, what will you have to leave behind you if you have no children? When you are nothing, what will become of all these fine things that you have done? They will die with you and no trace will be there of you in the world." Mrs. Bernstein was crying, rocking to and fro, more in anger than in pain.

Mr. Bernstein got up and patted her on the shoulder. "Mamma, you must be calm."

"I shall not be calm," Mrs. Bernstein said savagely.
"You are content perhaps to see him make himself
unhappy because this woman wants him to do something which it is not really in him to do." She stopped
as she saw the expression on Philip's face.

"We can be intolerant too, it seems," Philip said.
"How you must hate her!"

"Of course we do not hate her," Mr. Bernstein protested. "She does not understand, that is all. She does not understand that we have had to fight all our lives to prove that we are not inferior. And it is because we always have to fight that we become sometimes a little too loud, a little too pushing, and a little selfish. No, she does not understand, but you do, Philip. Or is it that you forget so easily?"

Listening to his father talking in that quiet, almost soothing voice, he remembered his childhood in the ghetto of Cracow where he had been brought up in the stifled atmosphere that is always where too many people are herded together. For the first time in years he remembered the overcrowded rooms, where ten or more people lived together, the narrow cobblestones that seemed to resound perpetually with the hurrying of frightened feet, the secret meetings with the Rabbi

when they had not been allowed to worship in the Synagogue. He remembered his grandfather - the greasy black silk overcoat trimmed with a meager and bedraggled piece of fur, the satin cap with the thirteen small fur tails, and the way they would swing when

he painfully hobbled along.

To the old people like his grandfather it had been a way of life as inevitable as death itself. A hard life, which was scarcely a life at all, with disease and need and persecution always present: but a life which could be fortified with a reading from the Bible or from the Talmud. But it had not been the life for his father, who knew that somewhere outside the ghetto there would be a place for him where he could face life without having to use his religion as an escape from reality. So he had worked and saved, and in the end they had been able to leave. He had never really found that place, but there had been compensations.

"No, I do not forget," Philip said, in a low voice. In his effort to justify himself, his glance fell on his father's face where the religious side-locks had once

been. "You too have . . . changed."

Mr. Bernstein's voice suddenly hardened. "Because we choose to ignore a certain amount of ritual that belongs to the Middle Ages, it does not mean that the essence of us has changed. Our racial pride is still there, and we cling to it-" here his voice rose almost triumphantly-"because, Philip, we bear the sign of the Covenant on our bodies and in our hearts, and we cannot change, whatever papers we sign."

Mrs. Bernstein shifted uneasily in her chair. "Perhaps it is not for me to say such things, but you are my son . . . my first son. Therefore, when I say that you must not do this merely to please a woman that is not even in love with you, you must not be angry with me."

"Mamma." The edge had not yet gone out of Mr. Bernstein's voice. "Always you say too much."

"It is that I do not say enough," Mrs. Bernstein said defiantly. "Let Philip pretend to himself if he likes that she did not marry him for his money. But we know different."

There was a sudden embarrassed silence.

"Phil." David said awkwardly, "Mamma didn't really mean that."

Mrs. Bernstein began moving her head from side to side as if in pain. "Now it is my youngest son makes mock of me. Always you are all ashamed of me. Is it truth can no longer be spoken among us?"

Philip got up quickly from his chair. "I am going." "Yes, perhaps it is best that you should go now," Mr.

Bernstein said sorrowfully. "We have all said too much already." "Philip," Mrs. Bernstein cried. "You will come back

again?' Flinching a little from the note of fear that had crept into her voice, he paused in the doorway, half tempted to tell them that they were right. But then, remembering how she had attacked him at his most vulnerable point, he said: "I don't know, Mamma, I don't know."

But even as he closed the door behind him, conscious of a faint feeling of relief that he could leave as the injured party, the sound of her weeping came through the thin wall to destroy even that illusion. He was putting on his overcoat when his father came into the hall.

"Please, Philip," his father said, "even if you go your own way, you will come and see us again. We have not a great deal left in the world, your mamma and I. Although we disagree, we must not break up the family,'

"Of course," he lied, knowing that the family was already broken up because that feeling of guilt would

always follow him.

His father gave a quick, warm smile. "Of course you will come again. I should have known better than to have asked you."

As his father stood before him, an old, stooped man in a shabby coat, with a beard which he had refused to shave off, the prominent nose of his race, the kind eyes that had known much suffering and had finally found resignation, Philip remembered how Iris had always been repelled by his father's appearance. It came as a shock to him to realize that for a long time he had been seeing his father through her eyes, and with the realization the final barricade for his shame was gone, leaving him alone and defeated.

"Father," he said suddenly. "I won't do it." At that moment he really meant it.

Mr. Bernstein sighed happily. "I was sure that you would change your mind. It is not so easy to cast aside something that is part of yourself. Now we shall go in and tell the others."

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Philip knew that he could not face another scene, even if it was in a different key. "No, I must go. I've

kept Iris waiting long enough.' Mr. Bernstein nodded and opened the door. "I hope that it will not be too difficult for you."

He knew what his father meant and glanced in the direction of the car. "I'm sure she will understand."

But even as he said it he knew that she would not "Well," she asked, when he got into the car, "Did you tell them?"

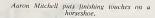
"Yes, I told them," he said grimly.

"Poor dear!" Iris was suddenly gracious with the certainty of victory. "I hope it wasn't too unpleasant for you."

"Shut up!" he said savagely.

He drove in silence, occasionally glancing at herremembering how attractive she had seemed on that day when she had come to work for him; in her ice

(Continued on page thirty-two)



THE VILLAGE **SMITHY STANDS**

by Robert B. Burns



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Helga Schnitzer

On one side of the street there is a new automobile showroom and garage. Shiny new cars can be seen through the massive glass windows. In back there is a modern garage.

Almost across Wait Street one looks at a world of a half a century ago, a world of horses and mules, and of One of the few surviving, old-time blacksmith shops left in North Carolina.

It is only one block from the underpass on the Zebulon highway that there is a slight embankment off to the

"I started out for Mister Holliday for \$5 a week. Five dollars went a long way then, I could make a livin'.

Weeds and high grass border the narrow path that leads transversely from the sidewalk to a shed. This building, adorned with honeysuckle vines on one side, is, in most places, covered with a rusty tin roof.

On both sides, walls of wide planking allow slightly hore than an inch of space between each board; hence, there is an adequate source of illumination on a clear day and air conditioning costs nothing. Around brokendown equipment, scraps of iron lay heaped on the dirt floor.

This blacksmith shop was established when the art of forging metal flourished; it has, nevertheless, stayed abreast of the jet plane, hydrogen bomb era. And the smithy responsible for its existence is Aaron Mitchell, 69 year-old Negro who worked for John Holliday as an apprentice for three years before opening his own shop in 1910. Then, there were three such shops in Wake Forest. There have been times when he made eight and ten dollars a day at this unique trade.

Those were the pre-automobile days. As part of the equipment, then in working order, was a ripsaw, band saw, and hand-driven drill; the latter, with a little tampering, still functions. A gasoline engine powered the saws.

The heart of the business is in the front where the roof doesn't leak. Rotting shovels with broken-off handles lay beside the two metal drums of finely crushed coal. Rusty plow points are close to the broken chair hung upside down on the wall. The grindingrock, mounted in the frame Mitchell made, is on the eastern side where climbing vines come in between the unpainted boards.

(Continued on page thirty-three)

The Tramp Printer

by Jack Robinson

The Herald News was full of noise as I entered to begin a new week. Everyone was running around trying to get things done in a hurry. The presses were stamping out their printed pages, and the linotypes were typing their news. The foreman and make-up man was busy giving orders for the day. Junie, the Negro, was back at his "pot." The metal he was heating was to be used in printing one weekly edition. It looked like I, the printer's devil, was the only one who had not come down early. The boss was down, too. He was bending over his typewriter in the front office, punching away at his editorial. Umpl Mr. Silver being down before the afternoon was something new. Well! There was fire in his eyes; I hadn't seen real fire in him in quite a while.

Now I understood why everyone was so punctual today. I knew why this was the only Monday in the year that all the workmen were down on time. The staff had to get a twenty-four page special off the press by Friday afternoon. How had this fact ever slipped my mind? Maybe it was because I had had such a raucous week end. I went to work to keep John, the foreman, from mistaking me for part of the scenery.

I was called the "printer's devil," but I did a very important job. When I started working for the paper seven years ago, I was tagged with the title. I had never lived it down. I was the number two make-up man and substitute linotype operator.

I fell into the spell of haste as I went to work. Everything seemed as if it were going wrong from the very start. The foreman was cross; it was obvious that he had something on his mind. We got the first run ready for the press, when John Utley got the problem off his chest.

"Mr. Silver, I have a chance of another job." John was sudden in all his ways. I thought it must have been the war that made him that way. "It gives me a smart nore pay, and lot better hours."

"I understand, John." My boss was very understanding. "I had the feeling you were wanting to leave me. When do you want to hand in your notice?"

"That's the trouble. I gotta go to work today. I'm sorry to leave like this, but you see how it is."

"The devil 1 see! You can't quit me without proper notice, and certainly not this week. John, this is the week we can all lay up a little nest egg. You just can't quit." John turned his back and punched the time clock.

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"I'll pick up my check for the hours I worked Saturday at the end of the week." With these words, John Utley stalked out.

"Wait, Utley, wait! Okay! Leave me, leave me when I need you most, but you won't get paid for the week you haven't finished. Well, that hurt. My best man has quit me. Don! Come here!" I was of the opinion that Don was the only name he knew.

"Yes, sir?"

"John has quit. Do you think you can handle the make-up?"

"I'm sure I can, sir." In reality, I had been making up the majority of the pages long before.

"If the going gets tough, just do your best. That's good enough."

Now, as if the foreman and most experienced man in the shop quitting wasn't enough, Junie got water in his boiling metal; it erupted, and spit its fury over his face and hands. The doctor's advice sent him home for two weeks. Everything was happening at once. I thought nothing more could happen. I was wrong, for the worst was yet to come. Mr. Silver and I had just finished putting the first proofed four on the bed press and readied it to run. I had hopped over the geats and started the press. The boss was over the equalizer, adjusting the web. Suddenly, I saw what was about to happen.

"Boss, watch the bottom roller! Watch it!" The steel roller for the bottom web had snatched my employer's leg onto the bed. I slapped the controls on emergency and backed the press up. Mr. Silver lay on the page bedihis leg was a broken mass of bones and flesh. He was unconscious. Hurriedly, I called the ambulance. In a natter of minutes he was in capable hands. He regained his senses very shortly, and I found that he would be all right. The accident wasn't as bad as my imagination had led me to believe. A few hours later, in his hospital bed, he spoke to me.

"Don, we're in one more mess. It looks as if ever" thing happens at once, and at the worst time. I can see a thing we can do other than issue a statement to the public cancelling our special. This was my big chance to get ahead, too."

"Yes, sir."

"Listen, Don. Do you think you can get out an eight page edition? You're the only one left. Junie is as bad off as I am, and John turned tail. If you can get out a small edition, we can keep our publishing franchise, but unless you do, we're through.'

"Well, I can try. I'd like to try for a sixteen."

"No, Don. You can't do it. It's impossible, all the advertising isn't even in."

"But boss, I can sell ads. You've taught me all you

know about salesmanship. I think I can do it. At least I'm going to try."

I waved good bye and left, not wanting to argue the point further with him.

The situation at the News was very bad. The paper was a small affair. It employed five people, including the owner, Mr. Silver. The average edition was about twelve pages a week. This week was to have been our big week, twenty-four pages. With all our hands, we would have had to work night and day to accomplish our doubled task. All were gone now except the linotype operator and myself. It was going to be a tough pull.

I went back to the Office and finished the day's work. Bed came early for me, and six a.m. found me opening the doors of the News. I put on my ink-blackened apron, and started to work. Then, a miracle occurred.

The front door opened and in walked the strangest man I had ever seen, with haunting eyes, and a hawk hose. His cheeks were drawn and hollowed. The clothes he wore were clean, but I saw at a glance that they Were cheap. Sweat was rolling off his brow. This was the middle of December. The stranger had a slight hump his back that made him look old. His face was tired, but his eyes gave him the look of a dead man. They made me think of marble, with their glazed look. His stiff walk when he came up to me gave me the impression that the man had a worn and weary body.

"I want to see the foreman," the newcomer said.

"You can't," I told him. His tone of voice put me on guard. "We have no foreman."

"Then, I want to see the editor."

"He's not able to see anyone. Mr. Silver mangled his leg as he was adjusting the web on the flatbed. I

ain't sure how bad he's hurt.'

"Oh? . That's too bad. I've seen that quite a few times. It's always bad. But I've ' got to talk to someone who can give me . a job."

"Are you a printer?" His answering laugh had a sarcastic

"Well, I've worked on a few papers. The Mirror, The Washington Post, The Tribune, and a few others!" Then I knew! He was a tramp, a tramp printer. He was an alcoholic who relied on its effects for some reason due to his trade. He, like all the rest of his clan, was a very good newspaper man, but reliability was not one of his traits. For months he would work harder than a Trojan; then an irresistible urge would carry this strange man of the printing trade into months of drunk-

"So you're a tramp printer, uh?"

"Some are ignorant enough to call me that."

"Okay! I might as well tell you that I don't like your type, though you're the first I've run across."

"Your likes and dislikes don't disturb me in the least, I want to talk to someone who can hire me." He had

"You're talking to the only one who can hire you." (Continued on page thirty-four)



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Portrait of a Lady

by Helen Puckett

If you're a coed with a problem, go to Wait Hall, turn right just inside the rotunda, walk up a flight of stone steps, and go through the door marked "Dean of Women." There, seated behind her desk, you will find Miss Lois Johnson who has been keeping an eye on college girls for eleven years now. She'll be glad to help you.

The coming of coed and Miss Johnson to Wake Forest is, in a sense, ironical. Because of the outbreak of World War II, there was a great shortage of students on the campus in 1942, so, to keep the college in business, coeds were permitted to enroll that year, and Miss Johnson was appointed to take care of them. Even the worst disaster can sometimes bring an unforeseen piece of good fortune.

Miss Johnson is a native of Thomasville, N. C., and before coming here, was already familiar with the many problems confronting young people and school life. She taught French and English for many years at Thomasville and served as principal for eight of them. For a while she taught at Meredith College.

In the earlier days of the Wake Forest coed, when administrative duties of the Dean of Women weren't too heavy and many of the men on the faculty were in the Army, Miss Johnson taught as many as 15 hours in the Language Department. However, as the number of coeds increased, the administrative duties of her office increased—so much that by 1947, an assistant Dean of Women was required-and at the present, Miss Johnson teaches French 21, 22. She doesn't find that teaching interferes in the least with her duties as dean. "In fact," she says, "I like it very much. It is a good thing to change from the administrative to an academic point of view. After all, that is what college is for. I just like to teach, anyway," she added, "If I could start all over again, I would teach school."

The schedule of the Dean of Women is certainly a full one. She goes to her office between 8:30 and 9 in the morning, and "you can never tell just what a day may bring. Some are calm enough, and sometimes we may spend a whole day on some special case."

an Lois Johnson, Dean of Women at Wake Forest for the past twelve years. Helga Schnitzer

A usual day, though, goes something like this: She looks over her mail, talks to a fraternity boy about late permission for a party . . . a girl who wants to do something that is not in the rules comes in . . . and occasionally, a faculty member who wants to know why some girl is cutting his class too much or doing poor work. All correspondence with prospective women students and all admissions are handled in the dean's office. "In fact," she remarked, "Everything sent to Wake Forest College and signed by a woman is sent here. Sometimes the most ridiculous things turn up!"

In addition to regular office duties, there always seems to be a faculty meeting of some sort to attend. Since Miss Johnson is a member of quite a few faculty committees-the Admissions, Calendar, Chapel, Executive, Lectures, Library, Scholarship, and Social committees, these meetings do require quite a lot of time.

She is in her office until about 4 p.m., but never keeps rigid office hours, and does about as much administrative work in her room at night. She finds that "personnel work is not like a job you finish, close the door, and go home on."

However busy she may be, Dean Johnson is not the all work and no play type, and does take a little time out for herself. She usually tries to reserve Tuesdays for a breathing spell, and occasionally takes a week end off. She doesn't like to be away on week ends, though, since that's when parents usually come to visit and all the social affairs are going on.

During much of her spare time she reads detective stories, current books and magazines. Detective stories are her favorite, though - Agatha Christie, Ngaio Marsh, Leslie Ford, and Dorothy Sayers make for a very diverting holiday. Interestingly enough, she finds that reading a good, intriguing detective story is the best way in the world to put herself to sleep at night. "Not the real tough ones, though. I like for nice people to be murdered."

Although she prefers the regular session, Miss Johnson is usually here during summer school-she has missed only three summers since 1942. Whenever possible, she likes to spend a little time with her family at a cabin the family owns in Riverton, N. C. She is next to the youngest in a family of five children and her only brother, Gerald W. Johnson, author and TV news commentator, was recently awarded the Peabody Award for his news work on station WAAM-TV in Baltimore. She is quite proud, too, of her seven nieces, three nephews, four grandnieces, and three grandnephews.

Sometimes, though, Dean Johnson just likes to leave everything and set out for distant places. She has made four trips abroad-traveling usually in France and Great Britain. She prefers traveling informally, with a few friends, to a guided tour, and has done so in all except her first trip in 1923. She explains, "I like to decide for myself what I want to see instead of being told what to look at by a guide." "Scotland is my

(Continued on page thirty-seven)

MUTABILITY

by Frank Andrews

"Milkshake, milkshake, cream on the top, what're the initials of my sweetheart? A, B, C, D, E, F. . . ."

"Betty, are you getting ready to go to the revival?"

"Yes, Daddy, I'll be ready in a minute."

"Well, stop the jumping and take your bath."

The little girl, Betty, stopped jumping rope and came into the dining room. Her face was a little flushed from the exercise, her striped T-shirt was pulled out of her dungarees and one of her pig tails was hanging down on her chest. The rope hung loosely in her hands.

"I'll get ready, Daddy, but I wanted to get to Z just once."

"We haven't much time. You start your bath while Mommy and Daddy finish eating."

She skipped to the bathroom and started the water running into the tub. I sat smoking my pipe and watching Wilma figure up how many calories she had just consumed.

"She's not going to like it. I don't see why she's so interested in going. Somebody sure pepped her up about revivals."

"Well, lct her learn. You take too much for granted sometimes," Wilma answered.

"That may be true."

"You take her, and let her make up her own mind."

"All right, all right." I got up, piled my dishes up, and took them into the kitchen. Betty was still in the bathroom; so I shouted, "Hurry up, I have to shave!" at the closed door as I went by.

In a few minutes she emerged, her little body wrapped in a blue bath towel. Her hair was piled up on her head and overflowed. Its blondness contrasted sharply with the blueness of the towel. She stood over the furnace opening a minute and then went to her room to dress. I shaved and wished I had an excuse to stay at home. I had promised Betty all week we'd go, but now I didn't want to.

"Doggone it," I muttered.

Betty was dressed before I was, and she wiggled with expectation and impatience. She wandered from the hall to the kitchen and back, she moved constantly, just like she did on Christmas Eve.

"Mommy, do people do a lot of singing at revivals?" I heard her ask. "Does the preacher tell about Jesus, and all of the nice things he did, like Mrs. Fox does?" Her mother answered that singing was good at revivals, and that the preacher always talked about Jesus. Betty came to the door of the bedroom and called.

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"Are you ready yet, Daddy? I promised Mrs. Fox that I would see her there and I want to be sure I do."

"Don't be so impatient, Betty. I'll be ready in a minute. Go and sit down and read the funnies."

"I don't want to read right now, I want to go. Please hurry, Daddy." $\,$

"I'll be ready in a minute, I said, so you go do something." She went into the living room and noisily sat down on the sofa. It squeaked; so she bounced up and down to make it let me know that she was waiting.

We arrived at the church a few minutes early. In front of it, over the lawn, was a long, white sign with large, red letters on it which announced, "REVIVAL—WELCOME." Betty and I walked past it, only after she stopped and spelled out the words. She always spelled out words that interested her. We entered the vestibule of the building and were met by Betty's Sunday school teacher.

"Why, hello, Betty, I'm glad you brought your daddy."

"Yes'm," Betty answered as she smiled at her.

Mrs. Fox was a pious soul, one of those nice women who teach Sunday school for years, and tell the childred all about the stories of how people in the Bible followed God. Betty loved her, and every Sunday she came home with a smile and a little picture of Jesus and his followers. She made Betty promise that she'd come to the revival. She always made some remark like, "I'm glad you brought your daddy." She noticed my expression and added, quite hurriedly:

"I'm so glad you could come and worship with us this week, Mr. Bradly. Revivals bring out the real workers for the Kingdom."

I didn't answer. I took Betty's hand and led her through the swinging doors to the sanctuary. It was practically empty; so we found a seat on the third row. Across the front of the platform another sign was

stretched: JESUS SAVES. Betty looked at the red and black letters and said, "Jesus saves, Daddy. What does that mean? What does Jesus save us from?"

"Sin," I replied, not really thinking about what I'd said.

She looked at me with a puzzled look that only a seven-year-old can give, but she didn't say a word.

The organist entered and unlocked the keyboard Over of the organ. He peered over his horn-rimmed glasses and smiled at the gathering congregation. Then he played, "Jesus Calls Us, O'er the Tumult." As he did the members entered quietly and took their seats around us. Miss Chatty—short for Charity—came and set next to Betty. Her protruding teeth worked on her thewing gum and gave her the air of trying to digest the latest morsel of gossip. She looked at me and nodded. I nodded back and smiled.

Betty picked up a hymnal as the bell rang and started leafing through it in expectation. The choir entered in their maroon robes, each clutching a song book in his

left hand. They stood waiting for a cue from the organist. Then, as Mr. Stovall, the revivalist, entered they burst into. "Stand up, Stand up, for Jesus." We all stood and as they finished, Mr. Stovall announced the call to worship. "Almighty God, Our Heavenly

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"Almighty God, Our Heavenly Father, be with us during this service. Move in our hearts, erase our sin and make us pure."

Betty shifted from one foot to the Other and leaned on the back of the pew in front of us. She was expecting a whole lot from the rivival because her schoolmates and Sunday school teacher had told her what a wonderful thing it was. She had chattered constantly about and I was hoping it would be what she expected. We sat down, and Mr. stovall directed us to open our hymn books to number 70. His voice was crisp and nervous, his black eyes flashed from one person to the next. He moved constantly, talking with his hands. Betty ared at him intently. She wiggled so hat her thighs squeaked on the oak bench, Wc sang, "The Old Rugged Cross," "When the Roll Is Called up Yonder," "I Love to Tell the Story," and with each song the atmosphere emed to become more and more tense. Mr. Stovall conducted the music with enthusiasm, asking us to repeat a verse which seemed to please him. Betty sang the words she knew, and just stared at the preacher when she got lost. felt myself getting caught in the mounting emotion of the singing. Miss Chatty rocked back and forth a little in her seat. The young couple in front of us accentuated their singing by nodding their heads. Mr. Stovall worked to get the right pitch. The choir lost their cold dignity and sang as loudly as they could.

When we finished singing "Amazing Grace," Mr. Stovall motioned that we all be quiet. His flashing eyes made me nervous. Betty wiggled, and as Mr. Stovall started his sermon she leaned forward, her chin almost touching the back of the bench in front of us, her mouth was wide open, and her hands were hanging loosely down between her legs. She seemed charmed by the nervous black eyes.

"My sermon tonight is about sin. Sin, my friends, dirty, filthy, sin, that kills, that keeps you from Jesus, the Saving Grace." His words were clipped, they reminded me of a circus barker. He continued, using his whole body to accent his words. His arms shot out at us like pistons. Betty blinked each time he pointed our way.

"All of you have sinned, either by omission or commission. You have fallen from grace, the grace of God. But you can be saved,

you can overcome sin.

"You needn't be like the lost sinners; you know all about Christ. You can be saved from Hell and Satan. Let us think together a minute. Lot sinned, he chose the world over God; Jacob sinned, he tempted God; Joseph's brothers sinned, by tempted God; Joseph's brothers sinned by worship of a golden calf. Do you love the world more than God? Do you love the world more than God? Do you sell your brothers into slavery of sin? Do you kill your brothers' chances of salvation? Do you tempt God? Do you worship golden calves?"

Betty was awe-struck. She couldn't take her eyes away from Mr. Stovall. She didn't move a muscle. Miss Chatty chewed her gum nervously. A girl in a white checked blouse nodded in approval every time he said "sin."

"Eli sinned by ignoring his children; Jonah sinned by turning away; Saul sinned by turning away from God, David sinned by desiring another man's wife; Solomon sinned by loving his worldly goods. . . ." The young couple in front of us looked at each other with a puzzled look as if the mention of David's sin bothered them. An old lady to my left grunted approval. The choir sat boil tupright. Mr. Stovall hurried on. I watched Betty, she hadn't moved a muscle. I thought of the story of the bird being charmed by a snake. Mr.

(Continued on page thirty-eight)



The Nightwatch

by Hunter James and Helen Puckett

"You up all night too?" Clarence Norman "Captain" Nuckles stood in the door. He stood shadowed in the mist, speaking to a student typing in a pub row office.

"Yeah," the student answered. "I'm up all night again."

Captain Nuckles grinned and moved on down the walk.

He was also up all night. Just as he had been up all night for seven years.

He stood on the brick wall in front of the Social

He stood on the brick wall in front of the Social Science Building and watched the smooth gray of the dawn light appear. It did not flare up in fiery tinges.

The air smelled purely of rain. Two squirrels played against the dark trunk of a magnolia. A white bird bent and climbed with the soft wind, and his wings clipped in the mist. One of the squirrels climbed the black trunk and was gone in the leaf. Then there was the rain-padded sound of a nut falling. Now, as it grew lighter, there was a new squirrel under the tree.

He and his mate ran off with the nut to a small rise in the lawn.

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Two girls appeared between the ivory columns of the porch of Bostwick Dormitory and, with lifted umbrellas, came up the cedar path in the mist and cut across the lawn. "Good morning," one of them said. "Morning."

At seven-twenty Captain Nuckles walked around the building to the concrete drive and stood beneath an oak

At seven-thirty Mr. Snyder drove up and parked. He got out and started for the bookstore. "Good morning," he said.

"Morning."

Dr. Reid came up the drive and parked in his appointed place, halfway around the Wait Hall circle-The Captain watched him walk toward Wait Hall and dip his head deferentially to a girl he met coming around the corner.



Idgadians Williams, Burns (fleeing) and James confronted by "Captain Nuckles." Subversion abroad.

Then to the slippery concrete driveway, the traffic came steadily and Nuckles watched each car to see that no student was going to park in the white-marked spaces reserved for professors. Girls were returning from breakfast and others were going, and the campus filled up with life again.

This gradual awakening of a college has been a portion of Captain Nuckles' life for a long time.

Once he had a small dog with a jingling collar that followed him throughout the night, as he walked over the campus. But the dog was stolen last year, and the jingling collar isn't around any more to warn of the nightwatchman's approach. A coed said of the theft.

"It was a terrible thing to happen."

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Did she mean the dog or the collar?

The loss of the dog has made Nuckles more lonesome than before. "So lonesome," he comments, "that I feel like I just can't stay here all night."

But he stays and is around every morning to awaken, increasing, a student slumping sleepily at a type-writer. It often happens that he is the first to bring a piece of vital news for the Old Gold and Black. But more frequently he simply drops by to talk. Will talk about anything that concerns the college. He speaks with a slight grin that hides what was once, Perhaps, a robust camaraderie.

It is quiet on the campus between eleven-thirty and seven o'clock, and there is seldom a disturbance. . . .

But things aren't (or weren't) always quiet. He remembers, chortling, the time when "It looked like every by at the college was coming right over to the girls' dorms. The place was full of boys, and girls were langing out the windows yelling, 'Here they are, boys. Come and get 'em'!"

But it was too late to get them (the lace panties dangling from the hands of the girls), because several patrollmen came in under the shadows and stood lingering around in front of the dorms; the boys waited and watched, not anxious to leave so quickly and admit they were thwarted and even more unanxious to rush in toward the dorms. It was a very unsuccessful panty haid and most discouraging, when "President Tribble came down and talked to them, making them all leave after awhile."

Anyway it has been suggested that the girl bought these frothy articles in expectation of the raid.

Nuckles has been a policeman for a long time, serving is guard at Womans' Prison and State Prison in Raligh, Cary Prison Farm, and he was once nightwatchman at Meredith College. "A year at Meredith Rough. From six at night 'till six in the morning. bidn't give me any time to go and see my girl."

But that's all changed now. He doesn't go to work until ten o'clock at night. He can visit his girl's home hear Rolesville before he comes to work.

He has two children by his late wife, Mrs. Eva Margaret Long Nuckles. They are Joseph Nuckles of Ra-



Knuckles peeps through the blanket of the dark to cry "Hold! Hold!"

leigh and Mrs. Christine Lewis who lives in Rocky Mount.

The outstanding thing that Nuckles can remember about his work is an episode that he once experienced with a couple in the chapel. He found a boy sitting with a girl inside, and "When I told him to get out he wanted to fight. I had my blackjack and I told him I'd put a knot on his head so big that his hat wouldn't fit the knot, much less his head. Then I shoved him off the steps, and he didn't give any more trouble."

The girl gave him more trouble than the boy. "I think she was on the Woman's Government, and I had a hard time making her come with me to Miss Johnson and she said, "What would you do if Pd drop right on this spot and couldn't go?" I told her I'd pick her up and carry her on to Miss Johnson. She came all right."

It isn't often that he's given trouble. He has caught only one person lingering suspiciously near the girls' dorms and "that was a married man who paid his bond that same night, and I don't guess his wife ever found out about it."

Nuckles spends a great deal of time on routine checkups around the campus, and he may check the girls' dorms any number of times in a night. At least he hasn't anything to fear: in his possession is a small and very hard blackjack that makes a disturbing thud when it hits on wood. It's a good and well-tested instrument. "I gave it a good try-out in some trouble over in Raleigh one night, and it wouldn't break."

This nightwatchman doesn't bother anyone who is

(Continued on page thirty-nine)

THE GRUDGE

by William Laughrun

He walked the streets for fifteen years telling a story that no one wanted to hear. He must have been seventy years old if he were a day, and he had the most tortured look on his face of any man I'd ever seen.

"There's something of the Ancient Mariner in the old bird, isn't there?" said Jim Westall, when we talked about it later. I agreed that there was, because I had fallen for it myself the day before. In fact, it had been in Jim Westall's Drug Store that I heard the story. I was sitting in the back drinking a milkshake when Byram Summers came in the door.

Kentucky King is a little town, not more than two thousand at any time of the year. A lot of the miners who work for Creech Coal Company come and go, but you can get to know nearly everyone in town in a week. I had been there for two days, and no one had told me about Byram Summers; so when he headed for my table, I paid no attention to him.

"Mind if I set here?" he asked. He had a long,

dirty-white beard that touched the table when he sat down, stained with tobacco juice around the mouth.

"Sure, sit down," I answered, a little embarrassed.

He carried a wrinkled, brown paper bag with the top twisted in a tight ball, wet from the sweat of his hands.

"Hot, ain't it?" His eyes flitted about nervously, and he kept glancing at the tie I was wearing. He seemed more embarrassed than I was.

"Yes, right warm,"

"You're new here bouts, ain't ya?"

"Yes, been here about two days."

"You the new doctor that old Man Creech hired fer th' mines?"

"That's right," I said.

"My name's Byram Summers," he said, extending a strong, bony hand. We shook, then he quickly withdrew his hand. His face, which always looked as though he was feeling sorry for something, flickered a pathetic smile.

"Say, you got a minute, Doc? You in a hurry?" He twisted the top of the paper bag between his fingers.

"Well, I was just ..."

"Won't take a minute of your time," he said. "They's somethin' been worryin' me fer the past few days Somethin' happened—to a friend o' mine. I'd like to ask your advice 'bout the matter."

I had practiced long enough to know about the streetcorner patients, and his insistence irritated me, but it was the look in his eyes that made me feel ashamed.

"All right, what's on your mind?" I asked. Wa

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"Like I said, it's bout somethin' that happened to a friend some time back. They was these two friends ya see, that had grew up together. They was as close as brothers. One was named Luke and t'other was Har vell. Well — uh they finally married sisters an' went into bizness together.

"One night the two of 'em got in a game of stud with some other fellers, an' all of 'em was drinkin pretty heavy. Harvell had saved up 'bout two thousand dollars to send his girl to



school with, who was only 'bout five at th' time. After they was both drunk, Luke talked Harvell into gettin' th' money fer poker stakes.' He paused and glanced toward the front of the store, where the boy behind the fountain was watching with a wry smile on his face. Byram Summers lowered his voice and continued:

"Well, they had been playin' fer an hour, an' Harvell had lost near bout all the two thousand, but they wasn't anybody winnin' but Luke. Harvell kept watchin' him, an' once he saw Luke dealin' off th' bottom of the deck. He didn't say nothin', but jest got up from where he was settin' an' walked over to the table where the jug of corn was. After takin' a long pull from the jug, he set id own an' walked slow 'round behind Luke, who was too drunk to see anythin'. Then this fellow Harvell pulled out a tobacco knife an' reached down an' cut Luke clean crost th' belly. He pushed him over in th' floor. The rest of th' fellers jumped up real quick an' jest looked at Luke layin' there in th' floor with blood runnin' ever'where.

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"Luke didn't die, but he might as well uh died 'cause the other fellers knew he'd been dealin' off th' bottom, an' they never said nothin' 'bout what happened, an' Luke was 'fraid to say anythin' 'bout it. Luke an' Harvell never saw each other after that. It was th' end of ever'thine.

"Well, that's the story, but—uh—tell me, do you think this feller, Harvell, did th' right thing? Do you think he had th' right to do what he did?"

For the first time he looked me straight in the eye, his brow wrinkled heavily. He bit his tobacco-stained lower lip and waited for an answer.

"Hard to tell, I guess," I said. "Maybe if Harvell had saved up the money for his girl, and Luke knew what he was doing, maybe he was justified in what he did.

"What I mean is, from th' story, do you think Harvell'd

be in danger of hell fire, even if Luke was cheatin' him?"

The paper bag was wet all over from the sweat that ran down the hands of the old man. I still didn't know what he was driving at, and it embarrassed me to sit there with a dumb look on my face. He kept asking if Harvell "had done the right thing." I said:

"I suppose so. Hard to tell," and then left without finishing the milkshake.

I saw Byram Summers many times after that. He was usually walking somewhere along Main Street with a brown paper bag and the worried look on his face. Each time that he saw me, he would smile faintly, as though we had a secret joke between us.

From the other townspeople I heard all about the story that he told. They said that since he had first come to town, he had told the tale over and over again to anyone that would listen. Probably, they said, he had killed the man somewhere up in the mountains and was haunted by the memory of it. No one seemed to know where he had come from.

Many years passed and old Byram Summers kept telling the story of the poker game to people on the street, stopping passers-by for "a word of advice."

"Do you really think he did the right thing?" he would say, and everyone who knew about him, and nearly everyone did, would answer, "Sure, he did the right thing." It was generally agreed that he was losing his mind.

Twelve years after I had come to Kentucky King, Byram Summers died. The local paper carried a short obituary notice on the back page. It was not until he was taken to the mortuary to be embalmed that people found out about Byram Summers.

The undertaker found on the wrinkled body of the old man a rough, jagged scar that ran clear across the belly.

SONG TO A LOST LOVE

I whisper your name to the winds of the night.

I search for your image in dim starlight.

Surrounded by shadows my loss I declare

to the winds who will shout it everywhere, everywhere!

Bob Pratt

FIRST SEMINAR

Sixty-two men sat in the first several rows of the Wake Forest Baptist Church auditorium. Each wore a robe and mortar board; on the back of each robe hung a band of red for theology and white and blue—the colors of Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary.

These 62 men represented the first three years of a new school; they were the first to graduate from Southenstern. To them was the honor of the first Bachelor of Divinity degrees. Among them were several other firsts: the first to apply to the new school three years ago; the first to register when the seminary opened in September, 1951; the first missionary to be appointed from the students of the seminary; the first chaplain to be called to the armed forces from the first class; the first president of the student body, and so on. They were all first—the first class;

As far back as 1944, the Southern Baptist Convention recognized the need for a new training school

Wiley C. Guthrie, of Hollister (left) first student to register in seminary, reminisces with William F. Askins of Hartsville, S. C., the first man to receive a diploma from Southeastern Seminary.

for ministers. To this end, the convention gave authorization to the Golden Gate Theological Seminary, at Berkeley, Calif., to become an agency of the Southern Baptist Convention, in 1950.

The same year, the Convention approved the establishment of a new seminary—Southeastern. Wake Forest, moving to a distant town, provided a campus. But the college was not to move for several years. Because of this, the first seminary year had to be limited to only a few more than a hundred students; 101 enrolled in 1951.

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Dr. S. L. Stealey, who had taught Church History at Southern Baptist Seminary in Louisville, Ky., for nine years, was selected as president of the new seminary. Besides Dr. Stealey, there were four other faculty members: Dr. J. B. Hipps, a former missionary to China, who had served on the faculty of the Shanghai Baptist Seminary and the University of Shanghai since 1935, was selected to teach missions at Southeastern. Dr. James Leo Green, who had served on the Southern Seminary faculty for 14 years, then pastored churches in Pensacola and Gainesville, Fla., for three years, was selected as professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Interpretation. Dr. Marc Lovelace, a former professor in the Wake Forest School of Religion, came to the seminary as Professor of Archaeology. Dr. William Strickland, who received his Doctor of Theology from Southern in January of this year, came with Dr. Stealey to teach New Testament Interpretation.

Fred A. Duckett, of Rosman, N. C., heard of the new seminary and quickly sent in an application for admission. He was the first to apply at Southeastern-

Wiley C. Guthrie, of Salisbury, was first in line when the seminary opened its doors in 1951; he was the first to register.

Cecil Earl Garder, of Culpeper, Va., was the first missionary to be appointed to the mission fields from Southeastern. William C. Fuller, who had completed one year of his B.D. requirements at Southwestern Seminary in Ft. Worth, Tex., was called during this last year into the chaplaincy in the Navy, the first chaplain to go from Southeastern.

William F. Askins, of Hartsville, S. C., was first in the line of graduates—the first to receive a South-

Since the enrollment in 1951, 10 more members

by Tex Newman

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have been added, to the faculty: Dr. Olin T. Binkley, Professor of Christian Sociology and Ethics; Dr. R. T. Daniel, Professor of Old Testament Interpretation; Dr. E. A. McDowell, Professor of New Testament Interpretation; Dr. S. A. Newman, Professor of Theology and Philosophy of Religion; Dr. M. Ray McKay, Professor of Preaching; Garland A. Hendricks, Associate Professor of Church-Community Development; Dr. Pope A. Duncan, Associate Professor of Church History; Dr. Richard K. Young, Associate Professor of Religious Education; Ben C. Fisher, Assistant Professor of Religious Education and publicity director of the seminary.

This year, 343 students have been enrolled in Southeastern. To handle this many, the seminary now uses classrooms in Wait Hall, as well as those in their own building. Last year, chapel was held in the college's Little Chapel, but that space is now the reading room for the seminary library; chapel is held in the auditorium of the Wake Forest Baptist Church.

In an experiment in scheduling, the seminary began classes this year on August 27, 1953. Christmas recess, which began December 19, 1953, ended the first semester of classes; the second semester began January 5 and ended May 1, 1954. Faculty members and students alike have expressed a favorable liking for this schedule, and a similar one will probably be worked out for the coming year.

Sixty-two graduates are now spread over the United States, A bronze plaque is to be hung in the seminary administration building in their honor, the first to go forth from a new institution. They have fulfilled Southeastern's motto, 2 Timothy, 3:17: "the man of God may be complete, completely furnished to every good work."



THE FIRST GRADUATES—First row, left to right: Askins, Beard, Bettis, Boone, Bruhn, Carder, first missionary; Clegg, Crisp, Daniel, Dowd, Duckett, first applicant; Duncan. Second row: Eaton, Falls, Flowers, Fuller, first chaplain; Garber, Garner, Gultrie, first resistrant; Hagwood, Hall, Hardn, Hardy, Hatchell, Hodday, Hollingsworth, Jenkins. Third row: Knight, Kreamer, Kyzar, Lemons, Love, McCall, McKay, Mitchell, Morris, Myers, Oman, Page, Pietries, Third row: Knight, Kreamer, Kyzar, Lemons, Love, McCall, McKay, Mitchell, Morris, Myers, Oman, Page, Pietries, Perry, Fourth row: Phillips, Porter, Propst, Quackenbush, Raines, Reynolds, Rittenhouse, Rollins, Shore, Singleton, Smith, W. C., Smith, M. P. Fifth row: Stennett, Stevens, Stoner, Turner, Vaughn, Woody.

Ovidia looked up at Janice, and wailed, "This has just got to stop. It's not that I mind helping you girls, but I don't want to spend my last two years of college helping other girls get dressed for dances and parties while I stay in the dorm." And she took another pin from her mouth and jabbed it forcefully into the slip she was pinning up. A little too forcefully it seemed—judging from Janice's yelp.

Rubbing the injured spot, Janice regarded Ovidia thoughtfully. What she saw was nothing unusual. "Perhaps," thought Janet, "That's the trouble. Ovidia's

sweet, but she's too commonplace."

And she did look commonplace sitting on the floor, her brown skirt hiked up over her plump hips and a frown on her face as she looked for another place where the slip showed. Her head was tilted to one side and her large blue eyes were active as she searched, although her mouth still panted a little. Suddenly she jumped up, flashing a wide smile. "O. K. You're all through. I've got to go see if I can help Jean. She'll probably need it! Her dress was tight when she bought it and she's gained five pounds since then. If she doesn't watch out she'll be as big as me."

Now it was Janice's turn to look up from her 5 feet 2 inches to Ovidia's 5 feet 8 inches. As she said "Thank you," she suddenly had an inspiration, "Ovidia, why don't you go to your namesake for advice. That's what I do when I need help. Aunt Jan can always

do something good for me."

Ovidia threw her head back and howled. Between laughs she sputtered, "A lot of good that'd do me. My namesake's some old Roman who's been dead two thousand years. All he ever did was write some old books!"

Janice said as she turned away, "Well, why don't you read some of what he's written. Maybe he left some advice that would help you some." Ovidia gazed after her thinking that that was the silliest idea she'd ever heard, but the idea remained in her head and cvidently grew stronger, because by the time she had pulled, tugged, and squeezed Jean into her dress and yelled "Good bye" and "Have fun" to the last of the girls, she realized that she had decided to find out exactly what her namesake had written. After all, the last dance of the year was just two weeks off and she did so want to go.

The next day, Ovidia entered the library blinking a little as she came into the dimness from the hor, bright April sun. She was slightly familiar with the library since she had been in it once when she wrote her English II term paper and once when she read an article in the Old Gold and Black about the library's being a place where girls went to get dates. Now she tip-toed to the card catalogue and after a little delay found "Ovid" and started flipping through the cards behind his name. Suddenly, her eyes opened wide, her lips parted a little and she gasped! She had found what she had not really even hoped for—advice from her namesake. There on the card was listed

Advice fronC

A Twentieth Century Colak an Oon

a book, "The Art of Love." She filled out a call-slip with a pencil she had borrowed from a tall boy, and after waiting at the circulation desk a few moments to get the book, she left the library, her eyes sparkling, and with the small book clutched in both arms.

She ran across the lawn between the buildings and into her room, successively slamming three doors as she went through them. Flopping onto her bed, she eagerly opened the book and raced through a few pages. At first she looked disappointed, but as she read on she began to grow more and more excited!

Finally, she whooped aloud and springing from her bed she danced a jig around the room, out the door, and down the hall to Janice's room, where she grabbed the astounded girl around the waist and swung her off the floor and round and round! "You certainly had a lulu of an idea this time, Janice. 'Uncle' Ovid left me a whole book full of ideas on catching men. He wrote them to boys, but if they'll help boys catch girls they oughta help me catch a boy. Just listen to this cnel" And she waved the little green book in the air, her eyes sparkling and face animated as she quoted. "(You) must labour first to find out whom to love, and next the (one) that pleases you to gain."

Then opening the book, she said, "He even gives me advice on where to look for the right person: 'To find these out, I would not bid you go afar, nor plough the ocean to and fro. From that first time the stage hath always been a place fair (men) to entrap therein-Here opportunity will wait on you.' And he tells me what kind of boy not to try to catch: 'Avoid those men who elegance profess, who are too scrupulous in looks and dress. . . . Their wandering fancy has no fixed abode. No man accounted faithless, entertain. I'm going to start right now using his advice!" And she hurried back to her room where she pulled her notebook from a shelf, got a pencil and sat on her bed. She thought, "I guess 'You must labour to find out whom to love' means to decide what you want in a guy; so I'll do that now, and then this afternoon I can join the Little Theatre like he says and there I can maybe find the 'one it pleases me to gain'." She

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Colakes the Advice of n Ooman Poet

by FLORA NELL ROEBUCK

lieaded her sheet of paper "Whom to Love" and underneath she wrote:

He must be a fraternity boy (so he can take me to the dance in two weeks).

 He must be six feet tall (so I can wear high

2. He must be six feet tall (so I can wear high heel dancing shoes).

3. He should be someone well known on the campus (so I can be proud to go with him).

4. He should preferably have dark hair (so my blondness will be set off).

5. He should have a car (so we can get to the dance without having to worry about how!)

Ovidia came in from her last class and exchanged her textbooks for the list she had made. She re-read it, and then picked up Ovid and opened it rather doubtfully. She had, on thinking it over, begun to doubt her new-found faith and hope in his advice, so she had decided to put it to the test. She closed her eyes and opened the book then put her finger down on a spot on the page and opened her eyes to read the line thus indicated, "Assume a courage first, think any may be won and fearless your devices lay." Snapping the book shut, she tossed it on an already disheveled bed. "That settles it. I'll put Ovid's plan into action right now!" She paused only long enough to tie a kerchief around her hair before she strode out the door, slamming it, with all the purposefulness of her new decision. She walked down the hall carrying out Ovid's advice, "And with a stately step your body bear." She threw back her shoulders until the flesh between her shoulder blades ridged outward and the buttons on the front of her cotton blouse strained to keep it closed. She walked vigorously but with careful small steps, putting the heel of one foot directly in front of the toe of the other and inhibiting her pudgy arms from their naturally violent swings.

When she got to the chapel she walked through the Vestibule and into the large auditorium. Remembering her instructions to "Walk at a distance while you reconnotite; sometimes before, sometimes behind . . . go, how you may walk a pace and then slow," she walked a pace she back of the auditorium fast and then rescrees the back of the auditorium fast and then rescrees the slow and went down the side aisle to the

stage. There she walked across in front of it then went through the triple doors into the anteroom and up the steps to the stage, where she crossed backstage and then stood in the wings while she tried to determine whom to love."

Ovidia tried to make some order out of it and failed. She could not even take in all that was going on. Several boys seemed somehow to completely fill the large stage. The flats, platforms, and the four scattered sets of stairs were completely in excess, as were the various tools lying around.

The confusion was not lessened by the noises. She heard the dominating sound of a hammer, the insistence of a saw, and the gentle acquiescence of a brush. Interspersed among these was a symphony of several voices commanding, advising and questioning in rhythmic discord with an obligato by someone whistling "Life Upon the Wicked Stage."

Just as Ovidia began to get these sights and sounds separated they ceased as one boy who was draped over a metal pole just under the ceiling yelled, "We got a visitor."

Ovidia found herself the center of attention and in the cessation of the stronger tunult she became aware of another confusion—a jumble of smells. There was a dusty smell, and a wood smell, and a paint smell and permeating the others was a rather putrid smell which she couldn't identify. Tilting her head back so she could see the boy on the pole she said, "Not a visitor—a worker. Can you tell me who's boss around here?"

Across the stage a boy uncurled himself from around the legs of the table that he was making and spoke, "I guess that's me." Ovidia picked her way across, the littered stage to him and held out her hand. "I'm Ovidia Poteat. I used to work on the stage crew in our high school plays. I can paint a little if you need me."

The boy crushed her hand, dropped it, and drawled as he picked up a hammer. "I'm Jim Trent. We can always use another hand. Why don't you grab a gun and some dutchman and size those flats over in the corner. The canvas is beside them."

Ovidia stared at him, "I'm sorry, I don't know what you want me to do. I'm not familiar with those names."

Jim sighed as he again uncurled himself and stood up. "O. K. I'll show you. You take this stapler—the gun—and then that cloth—the canvas—and you stape the cloth to these frames—not too tightly. Then you take the dutchman—over there in the bucket—and brush it on to the canvas so it will draw it up taut, see?" While he was talking Jim and Ovidia had moved to the well lighted corner of the stage where the flats were and as Ovidia got a good look at Jim she suppressed a gasp. He was "Beavo" Trent—first string basketball player and a Sigma Chi. He was just exactly what she needed to fill her specifications. "Uncle Ovid" surely does know his stuff," she thought as she an-

(Continued on page forty)

THE SHORTY STORY

By Durwood Grissom

The late evening group of students in the little place was no unusual scene and surely nothing new with the little round man behind the counter. He moved smoothly and efficiently about, filling the orders of the students: egg sandwiches, hotdogs, cokes, "big oranges." The quiet-spoken man with a friendly smile moved with mechanical

precision; his automatic hands reached without need of his looking for the various items ordered by the students. Years of repetition had skilled him in this procedure. As the cash drawer clanged shut, his eyes checked silently, swiftly along the counter to find any unattended patron. Then he sat down on a high stool behind the counter to await the next order.

Along the right side of the little store were four magazine racks. The students milled around, some eating, some talking, some browsing through the selection of comics. Some read freely from the numerous selections as they munched on their late evening snacks. This free use of the "library" seemed to be an undisturbing custom to the little man. Occasionally a student would find it worthwhile to check out some

one of the books or magazines. The variety seemed to fill all requirements: color comics, short stories, dramas, popular magazines, comedies, movie land, detective magazines, sex and numerous other choices. This open library system seemed to be a custom of the students and compliment of the house.

Every available space in the little place was filled

with innumerable items to fill the desires of patrons, giving the little place a colorful and curious appearance. The crowded atmosphere gave the place the intimate feeling of the old general store. The stock of innumerable items included tobacco, pipes, mouth organs, razors, blades, nail clippers, dictionaries, shoestrings, African

dominoes (dice), "No-Doze Pills," and, of course, the grill and many different items of edibles and many more various and sundry items. fc

b

As the plump man returned once again to his temporary seat, he looked across the counter and relaxed with a light whistle of relaxing breath.

"How long have you been handing out sandwiches and beverages?"

His head reared back as he thought back, and said,

"I came here in 1914."

"You've seen a lot of them come and go, haven't you?"

"Yeah! Quite a few."
"Do they change

"Yeah! There's a whole lot of difference in them now than in the old days. When me and my daddy came here, we run a the ater down where the Wilhison building is, in the first block, across from

where the old hotel used to be. In them days they were a whole lot rougher. They were older too. Now they are young. Coming here to college is the first time away from home. In the old days a man had to go away from home to some high school or school of some kind to prepare for college. Course, that is except for veterans: they've traveled around. When I come here, won't no



Shorty, a man who has watched five decades of students come and go.

paved streets. There was dirt and watering troughs all along the street and a well in the middle of the street. There was flue epidemic during the first World War and we had to close the theater, on account of the flu. That's when I opened a sandwich shop up, in the front of the building."

A new bunch of students came in, returning from Raleigh. Shorty and his competent brother-partner, "Worth," were busied with orders.

Two young students entered, freshmen; one passed on to the "Hall of Privacy." He reached to open the door, stopped and hesitated. He queried in his mind about the sign before his — "Ladies." Changing rules had long before halted the patronage of coeds. At one time they had visited "Shortys'" like the male students and participated in games of billiards or had stopped in for snacks. Little also did the freshman realize that in by-gone years no "Frosh" was seen out at night. It was a woeful situation if the "Frosh" was out after dark, or was seen wearing a tie or smoking a cigar or cigarette. The two freshmen were evidence of the changing times.

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2" ck as said, ot of go, ew." ange whole them days. daddy a the-Wil n the from vere 3 ey are away from ind to erans; n't no After the rush was diminished once more, Shorty returned again to his sitting place to relax a few minutes. He smiled as his mind rambled back through the years to recall earlier years and incidents.

"In those days the freshman won't nobody. He couldn't get out. Hazing then was a big thing. They were rough; they rode the freshmen on rails, cut their hair off just before going home for holidays.

"When students came here — they were here to stay, if they lived bout sixty miles away they never got home over two or three times a year. Some of 'em never went home till end of the year. I used to have automobiles for rent; I used to rent them to students to go to Raleigh and Durham. There used to be a rental stable up near where the underpass is now. Students used to rent buggies to go courting in.

"They were a whole lot rougher then; almost all the students carried pistols."

He chuckled gleefully as he recalled scenes.

"I've seen some of 'em get tanked up and come down the street with two guns shooting off in the air. They'd do anything then for a big time; they couldn't go nowhere. Some of 'em used to catch the Shoo Fly train to Raleigh and come back at night on the Hoot Owl.

"The whole student body used to turn out to see the trains go through. The train stopping was a big excitement. They would come down to see who got on or off the train, wave, flirt, and raise a big fuss. Won't no girls here then. Yeah, things have changed. Didn't nobody have no cars then. But they enjoyed themselves. I used to fix up orders of sandwiches and things for the fraternity parties. Course they were secret then, but they had 'em. They come down and get the orders and have a big time."

Only occasional patrons entered now at the late hours; some students, some local inhabitants stopped in for a cup of coffee, sandwich or to chat.

An elderly man of about 60 years entered and sat down at the counter. He quietly ordered a sandwich and beverage. His thin face rested in the cup of his hands as he waited. He picked up the gist of conversation and readily recalled scenes of yesteryears and related incidents in his conversation, with Worth. His tranquil eyes denoted his turning back the pages of

(Continued on page forty-one)



From cooking literally thousands of hamburgers, the little man's motions have become mechanically perfect.



Debate coach Carol Oldham plans route for debate trip with Carwile Leroy.

The Road Runners

by Yulan Washburn

The station wagon wound its way heavily around the curves and bends of the mountain highway between North Carolina and Tennessee. Inside, a lanky, rather gaunt individual gripped the steering wheel tightly and pecred alternately along the headlight's beam at the white line on his left and the nothingness on his right. He blinked his red-rimmed eyes constantly to stay awake. On the seat beside him, a sandy haired, round-faced boy in his early twenties slept soundly; in the back, a young woman tossed and turned in an attempt at sleep. All of the occupants of the car were wrinkled and disheveled from the several hours of riding that lay behind them.

Some time passed. The unshaven driver suddenly jerked alert and listened. He flicked a glance in the rear view mirror.

"Oh, no, it's a cop!"

The other two figures quickly sat up, and the driver began to pull over to the side as a now discernable black and silver car moaned its way beside them and forced them to the side.

The patrolman got out and walked over to the station wagon. The driver rolled down the window and with attempted cheerfulness greeted him.

"Hi."

The officer peered through the window suspiciously at the unkempt driver and the two other equally disheveled occupants who were sleepily trying to orient themselves.

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"What are you carrying?" He motioned to the low-hung car.

"Baggage. You see, we're . . ."

The officer had to be shown.

After looking through the car, he asked for the registration and driver's license. They were prompted produced. Still somewhat hesitant, he allowed the people to go, all the while throwing hard, dissatisfied looks at the car and its occupants.

Thus it was that Jim Greene, Wake Forest BSU president, Joe Hough, BSU president-elect, and Miss Carol Oldham, professor, were stopped on suspicion of carrying illegal alcohol while returning from the Notre Dame Invitational Debate Tournament in the BSU station wagon.

This is just one of the lighter incidents that have happened in the midst of a tremendously hard schedule to Wake Forest's Atlantic Coast Conference Champion debate squad. But despite all the hardship, work and sidelights like the above example, the squad has participated in over 160 debates, won honors in all nine of the tournaments entered, and travelled over 11,000 miles, all the while contributing markedly to campus life and preserving superior scholastic averages. If it sounds impossible, it is — but the varisty debate squad

is well accustomed to effecting the impossible and is carrying on a tradition of excellence in forensics and leadership which Wake Forest has been famous for for over a hundred years.

This year's team of Kay Arant, Carwile Leroy, Joe Hough, and Jim Greene, has been pitted against the cream of American debate talent, in most cases from the larger universities, and still has come out with an outstanding record. Besides taking first place in the Atlantic Coast Conference tournament at Charlottesville, Virginia, they also took top rating at the South Atlantic tournament at Lenoir, second place at the University of Miami Invitational (tying for first place and losing by a narrow margin of points), third place in the Notre Dame Invitational (after losing on a split decision to Army in the semi-finals), and high honors in both the Pi Kappa Delta District tournament held at Georgetown, Virginia, and the West Point Invitational at West Point, New York. And besides these team victories, various team members have garnered many firstplace certificates and plaques in the individual com-Petitions. Over 35 other tournament invitations were received this year, some from as far away as Arizona, and all the tournaments that the team did enter correspond in importance to the football bowl games and basketball invitationals of sports. For instance, the Notre Dame Tourney is compared with basketball's National Invitational, and the West Point tournament parallels the NCAA of basketball. Some of the teams met include Army, Navy, Princeton, Purdue, Notre Dame, and a host of other big-name colleges and universities.

It all begins in the fall of the year when the national query is received. Then the debater is on his way. First he reads the debating handbook to get an over-all perspective of the question and the relative material. From then on, every time he opens a newspaper or a book, always in the back of his mind is the thought, "Maybe this can be connected with my case." As he comes more and more familiar with his argument, his eyes begin to automatically ferret out those stories and names in the newspaper that are connected with his query. The New York Times becomes as habitual a Part of his schedule as eating. The Department of Commerce, interested businesses and industries, congressmen and various government agencies furnish books and pamphlets on the subject, and since the topic is always one of prime interest, the current magazines ate usually well supplied with information. Poring over the books and gathering the material takes hours of time; time, of course, that must be sandwiched in among studies.

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After the gathering of the material has been done, meetings are held three times a week, and it is these meetings that really determine the merits of a case. The debaters argue among themselves, present their preliminary cases, and hack away at eath other's arguments. Through the experience of having a cherished argument torn to pieces and having aspects of his delivery he thought were perfect criticized mercilessly.

the debater's argument matures. The extraneous material and details are weeded out and each debater begins to learn how the opposition will react and what points in his case are weakest and need bolstering. Conversely, he begins to find his opponents' vulnerable spots and slants his argument accordingly. At first he takes one side of a query; later, in the tournament leats, he must be prepared to take both.

Tournaments and debates are interspersed in the schedule beginning in November, but by the time the big tournament months of February and March have rolled around, the squad has been rounded into shape and is ready for the big-time schools toward which the whole year is pointed.

The trips to the tournament cities, ranging from 100 to 1,200 miles, are quick and grueling since the cut system places time at a premium. The team drove the distance to Miami and Notre Dame practically non-stop taking turns on two-hour shifts. They usually, however, arrive in time for a few brief hours rest in a hotel that may or may not be good, and then make a hurried dash to the tournament site where the few minutes leeway occasionally leads to indiscriminate parking. (Observers say some of the team's best de-

(Continued on page forty-three)



Jim Green makes a point as Kay Arant and Joe Hough
smile approval



by Visiting Editor Hunter James

The following is a highly imagistic poem taken from the highly imagistic Book of Charles which was, itself, a highly imagistic organ of dissemination in the early part of an uncertain century:

The wind went with the tinkling timbre Of the shimmering grass and the shamrock Where it, glowing, rolled beneath the window In the moon.

Where is the blowing cup of the wind Which, pouring wine, felt the heart of me In the violet bowl of the night.

The smoldering iron of me, I stand Unafraid of the ghostly hand, my hand So clammy and cold with moon-silt.

Drinking wine, we danced into the sun At the time of the scarlet rim, the blood of it Which, with the wine, is burning in the depth of me And love, my love, is burning.

There lies the wine of the flesh, Incandescent where it lies burning

With the rhythm of the beat Of the dark red bowl of the heart.

The revival of interest in this poem is due largely, of course, to its influence on our own school of poetry here at Wake Forest, but its appearance is mainly owing to remarks made in class by professors, lamenting the esoteric nature of student poetry. Also it might be said that we definitely are not suffering from a poverty of imagination; that is to say: Don't knock it if you don't understand it.

In the first two lines

The wind went with the tinkling timbre On the shimmering grass and the shamrock

we have two obvious references, the first of which is to the poet's familiarity with Ireland as seen in the word, "shamrock." The poet spent some time in Irish exile. He was banished from this country for chopping down the Louisiana Live Oak Tree of which the first line is representative. His soul had been sitting under the Louisiana Live Oak when a tornado came along and ripped it to fragments. Being intensely angered then, he chopped down the tree, and "tinkling timbre" is therefore symbolical of the wind-blown fragments into which both his soul and the tree were torn. Magnificent double imagery! This interpretation is, of course, purely arbitrary, and, although open to question, may not be disputed on the grounds that "tinkling timbre" is the poetical antithesis of his soul as found in his flesh, which is later in the poem, reflected by the moon.

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The remainder of the stanza

Where it, glowing, rolled beneath the window In the moon.

precipitates an evident inference, which is that the poet has proved a man does live in the moon. This is mentioned because some irrational astronomers have contended that a man doesn't live in the moon. The "window in the moon" shows the poet's knowledge of astronomical phenomena, although this inference may or may not be valid.

The word "rolled" causes the most trouble; it is an unusual word, found only in tires and things and barroom restrooms. We are thus confronted with a definite abstraction, for it has been said that grass doesn't roll proceeding, however, to the logical conclusion that the first two lines suggest, we might find reason for asserting that the poet's soul was still in a rolling process from the wind; so if the poet rolled, then why can't the grass!

In the second stanza

Where is the blowing cup of the wind,

Which, pouring wine, felt the heart of me In the violet bowl of the night?

is the focal point of the poem and is the part to which later passages have retroactive currents. "The blowing cup of the wind" is identified as one of the tourist resorts in the mountains of North

Carolina: "cup" is a definite poetical sublimation of the word, rock, especially bottomless rocks . . . or topless rocks. Again, we here arrive for the first time a definitive impasse, as is seen in the word "heart" into which the symbolical wine is poured: Critics say that the composer of this poem cannot be Charles, for they contend that he has no heart. This, however, is not necessarily so. Whether or not Charles has a heart is not important to the understanding of the poem. The critics nevertheless seem to have overlooked a statement Charles once made, "I'd rather be read than be editor"; this statement of course proves he was the composer. Be that as it may it is certain he has approached a subject about which there has been much conjecture, a subject approached by Aristotle in The Golden Mean and discussed ever since by philosophers, poets and things, especially lovers. The

only critic worth listening to is Boregarde Smith who has objected to the participial relevance of the "pouring wine" phrase. He comments, "It is important to guard against a diminishing of effect which results when a participle is closed off from the principal part of the line."

The third line is simple. It is plainly seen that the poet's heart is somewhere in the violet bowl of the night, which is formed from that unearthly substance that every day shuts off the sun for a few hours.1

The next stanza

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cuts most incisively into the realm of the spirit world. The first line will be referred to later; it is the "ghostly hand" phrase which is here important. Charles is guilty at this point of immortality: he is certainly not afraid of becoming a ghost as would inevitably be the case were he not endowed with perpetual life. The last line gives depth as well as revealing a masterful choice of words in the use of "clammy," a quality peculiar to ghost-skin.2 The word "moon-silt," while splendid in itself, is particularly vital in that it is televant to the glittering substance given off by glowing ethereal bodics.

More explication is needed for

Drinking wine, we danced into the sun At the time of the scarlet rim, the blood of it

Footnote: op. cit; bid; bid.

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Which, with wine, is burning in the depth of me And love, my love, is burning.

than for any of the previous stanzas. The first line, according to poetical mathematicians, is said to have been written by some other person, because Charles was away at the time of its construction searching for a new sheet of paper in "the blowing cup of the wind." This is, however, unimportant. The important question is whether or not it is the physical action of dancing into the sun which is here intended. Charles spoke frequently of dancing into the sun, but it is more usually believed that this line has no biographical significance. Regardless of this there is no denying it an imagistic pertinence to the total context. If Charles did not write this line as has been suggested, then

the question of interpretation dissolves at once.

The second line refers most. definitely to the time of sunset, although it may not. Admittedly, the sun is bloody at this time of day, but it is uncertain as to whether or not the blood could actually drip down on Charles and get into the "depth" of him. Charles, we remember, was standing on the

"shimmering grass and shamrock"

at the time of composition.

In the third phrase it is readily seen that "burning" has to do with that part of Charles which is inflammable, and in arriving at meaning we have to first decide on the part of him in which combustion takes place. Now we can bring up the line which was omitted before, "the smoldering iron of me":

it can now be seen in its proper relationship. We find that the part of Charles which is inflammable is the smoldering iron part, symbolizing the depth of him, which is in its turn highly symbolical and represents enigmatic cross-exposures of the soul. Our conclusion on this stanza then must rest wholly on the significance of this cross-exposure. This cross-exposure is his creative genius3, and we see definitely that love refers to his creative spirit that he much relied in writing, In other words Charles was in love with his words,

The last stanza

There lies the wine of the flesh. Incandescent where it lies

burning

With the rhythm of the beat Of the dark red bowl of the heart,

shows the part of the poet which has succumbed to wine (that has accompanied love into the depth of him). The poet has just cut off that part of himself that has become inebriated. There is, however,



Owen Herring

at this point an alternative interpretation. It might be suggested that his creative genius is the portion on the ground, "incandescent" because it has burned itself out with inventive fire. At any rate it can be seen that only a little of the poet remains; this is exemplified by the fact that only three lines remain in the poem. Now critics have maintained that the poem falls down in this last stanza and no doubt it is so. But it must be considered that a man could hardly expect to do his best with only a hand remaining.

The last three lines definitely do not constitute an obscurity. After several readings it is clear that the flesh is beating with the rhythm of the heart which is beating most triumphantly, harder than the rest of him. Having been accelerated with great quantities of alcohol it is not quickly stopped simply because the poet has thrown his cut-off self onto the "shimmering grass and the shamrock." We also have a cross reference in image here which the critics maintain is not good. "Bowl" refers to the heart now where it formerly referred to the night. It is said that "heart" and "night" cannot possibly submit to a double image. This is not necessarily true: since Charles was synonymous with night, then it is certain that his heart can be.4 Gaaaa.5...

THE MARINE WHO DIDN'T KILL HIS PARENTS

(Continued from page five)

Now he asks, "Why did that man die then instead of when he first came to Korea? Why did he have to go through all that suffering and then die at the last?"

That is an unanswered question.

But there is a humorous side too, although this is a humor that stems from a kind of morbidness, and does not seem funny when related in our reality. Cut off from the world of their knowledge, the fighting men enjoy humor that necessarily must be blazoned on a persistent undertone of mass death and futility. Under this influence it is difficult for the men to maintain other than a constantly low ebb of morale, a morale that at best is "equivalent to the less-than-average over here." And this very best morale is reflected in scenes such as the following:

As they moved up to the battle area the company, filing along on the winter road, could see the dead and rotting Chinese lying still and frozen with death in the gutters and ditches along the road and in the bush on the mountainside. They were stiff with that stage of death that comes succeeding rigor mortis, and a bayonet would chip their skin which was very hard now, almost to the hardness of marble.

Some of the bodies were out flat on the ground and some were heaped in stacks; still others lay with walnut faces, ghastly puffed and floating in pools of stagnant water. The marines could smell them as they filed by.

Passing, Rip noticed a corpse that lay slumped in a ditch. There was a Camel cigarette in between his lips.

"I know it was a Camel," he says, "because I got it out and looked at it and then put it back." The mouth had been pried open wide enough to hold the cigarette, and the purple lips were chipped where the point of a bayonet had been.

Then in the late evening of that day the men came back along that same road. They had gone to give temporary support to an outfit fighting in the mountains. And that same corpse of what once had been a Chinese male, still lay there with the unlit cigarette in his mouth.

And another time:

Two marines sat in a bunker. Out of nowhere two "chinks" came up the hillside, and, while holding the marines stationary with their guns, took their thermostat boots, an innovation in military equipment, and their clothes. It seemed funny to see those two marines standing naked outside their dugout, watching the Chinese walk away.

"The 'chinks' had heard about the new boots and wanted some for themselves," Rip says.

But he still doesn't understand how they had the courage to come in the daytime to a marine stronghold.

War is the philosopher's mecca. It has something to offer the fatalists, the stoics, the chauvinists and to many others. But whatever is included can mostly be marked up as luck, pure and simple. No person who has been to war will deny its existence anymore than he will deny the very closeness of God over there.

Qualities of luck and of God's nearness are emphasized in a war.

This was very true on the day that Meletis was leading an advance guard above the main battle lines.

They dug in behind a big concave rock. Behind the rock were the Chinese and the purpose of this guard was to render a kind of psychological effect by throwing over grenades and in general to liven it up and let them know of the existence of the marines in this place. The enemy could either come over the rock or around it on the path to the right of them.

"I put one man on the path with a BAR, but my corporal was afraid we would be trapped. 'Put a man shooting up at the rock he said'."

Rip ordered a man in position for security, out where he could zero in on it.

A little later the Chinese began to pour in a thick flux over the rock, and the squad was apparently trapped. "We're trapped," Rip#shouted back to the lines.

"Run" was the answer. "We'll give overhead machine gun fire."

They ran for two hundred yards, and somehow, fortunately, only one man was hit. And that was the corporal-His wound, though, was in the leg and wasn't serious.

Meletis can't explain the extreme "luck" involved in this incident, but he understands what happened one night to a new replacement in his outfit.

He was a young boy from Texas, a farmer, nice-looking and reserved, and he wanted the end of the waf to come so that he could return to marry a girl who

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was "really nice looking," as Rip explains it. "He showed me her picture and the war must have preyed on his mind, because he came to me that night and said, 'Let's go get 'em sergeant. I hear 'em outside. Let's hurry and go get 'em; I knew he had gone off his beam, and when I took his arm it was tense.

"I took him to the Captain, and he told him to take it easy, that he would be all right. I never saw him after that. I suppose he went completely crazy."

This was a case of a boy who broke before he had undergone what they call in the armed services, "baptism by fire," which is simply a name for the first battle you survive. The range of personality types from the boy who survives this first battle to the hardened soldier are

In the latter class there are men who are so seasoned they become indifferent about the death to which they lead everyday, uncaring about life or death, showing no respect, even, to the enemy dead.

They are like the men who crossed a bridge just above the thirty-eighth parallel one day, with someone saying to a dead man lying there with his guts eaten out, "Wake up, Harry... You going to sack out all day?"

Dead men are everywhere. Once there were dead Chinese on the strand of beach beside the Injim River, and Rip recalls the boy who had formed the bad and dangerous habit of searching the dead enemy's pockets for valuable gold souvenirs; it was dangerous because booby traps were often placed close to these men. But it wasn't booby traps this particular day, when he stuck his hand in the pocket and the hand went all the way to the chest. The chest and much of the whole man was hollow. He brought his hand out, and it was covered with magegots.

He looked at the maggots, quickly going to wash them off in the river, swearing and cursing as he went.

There were times when there would have been no beach here for the men to lie on, and their corpses would have floated in the river swollen by the ceaseless monsoons of the Orient in the spring.

Rip remembers that it once rained all the nights of the Easter season, and the foxholes and bunkers filled up with mud, and then with water; the water swelled the edges of the dugouts and rolled, foaming brown, over them. The marines lay in the slick mud and the water, singing. They sang for hours and for days, unconscious and uninformed about the time of year or the particular day of the week. They didn't even know who was winning the war.

"There is much natural beauty over there. It was especially beautiful in southern Korea. It was rolling country down there. The colors of the oriental sky were unusual."

During the war there were green rice paddies in between the mountain swales. In the spring the earth was wet with constant rain and warm; and the rice paddies were deep in water, with paths cut through them for the fighting forces to pass. Many rivers flowed up their For the Finest in Smart Clothes

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JACARD'S

of

Winston-Salem

and

ROBBIN'S

of

Durham

sandy banks and over them. When the water drew back after the rainy season, the air was crystalline, the fields green and rich and soon there would be the incomparable stillness of the heat of summer.

And every spring these people held to their customs. The war did not stop that.

They were clutching to custom and tradition when they were out in the swales planting rice and scooping out the great bins of human manure saved all winter to be used as fertilizer in the planting season.

Saved, too, was their tranquil manner, possibly assumed in very defiance of the war. The tranquility was most evident, and surprising, when the marines would pass on patrol on the sodden earth and on into the not only sodden but water-clogged rice paddies: the peasants seldom looked up from their work to watch them pass.

Things looked very dim, though, for a long time and very discouraging; the war seemed never-ending; for three years they were given war and they silently accepted it since, of course, there was nothing else they could do. "They are a heroic people in spite of their being conquered for so long."

Meletis can quickly crystallize his reasons for the justification of our war policy in Korea, and he would uphold a similar policy for Indochina. "It (communism) has got to be stopped, and it's better to stop it over there than to have kids like that . . ." He pointed to several kids playing on the railroad tracks . . . "starving and suffering and dying in front of us."

Young America, swinging baseball bats and reading All-American selections, has got to stop it, he says. "If we had let MacArthur do as he wanted over there, the Russians would right now have more respect for us. The important thing is that aggression must be stopped, and I don't care how it's done."

He sees us as inevitably fighting in Indochina and answers "Yes" when asked if he would go to war again. It is, of course, a most emphatic yes.

SEEDS OF ABRAHAM

(Continued from page eight)

blue dress, her smooth, blonde hair high-lighting her delicate face, carrying her slim, straight body with carcless grace, she had seemed the very antithesis of all the women he had ever known. Remembering, too, how he had compared her with Becky, who even then had seemed a little over-ripe. It was this horror of obesity that seemed so prevalent in the women of his own race that had sent him running after Iris.

And the physical attraction had not waned. He could feel it now, reaching out to him, as she sat beside him in a hostile and offended silence.

As soon as they were in the house, the tears came, just as he knew they would.

"Why are you always so cruel to me?" Iris said faintly, groping for a handkerchief. "I try to help you, and all I get is a fit of temper."

"Do be quiet!" he muttered.

"I should have known what it would be like, mar-

ried to you," she continued. "I should have thought that by now you would have a mind of your own, without always having to hang on to your family's shirt-tails." a

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He winced at the expression. "Family ties may seem a small thing to you," he said, controlling his temper, "but to us they are very important. I have told you so often that they are far more important than the ties to a country or a place or a society which we do not possess!" He paused and drew a deep breath. "After talking to my family I realized that I cannot change my name."

Iris gave a quick gasp and then caught herself. He watched her hand slowly screw the handkerchief into a small ball. "It's no use your creating a scene. I've made up my mind." His voice was a little unsteady.

"But you liked the idea," she protested. He turned away quickly. "Nonsense."

"I seem to remember," she said slowly, "an occasion when you wanted to join a certain club which turned you down. I seem to remember your saying that if you didn't have a name like Bernstein you would have been admitted."

"All right, perhaps I did!" he shouted. "Since then I have changed my mind. You married me knowing that I was a Jew. It didn't seem to worry you at the time."

She caught the sneer in his voice and flushed. "But you don't really look Jewish," she said quickly.
"I suppose that makes all the difference?" he rale

"I suppose that makes all the difference?" he rallied. "I suppose if my family didn't look Jewish they would be more acceptable to you?"

She eyed him in sullen silence, then she said finally. "It's not only that. They behave so badly." Then, as he stared at her, she added defiantly: "They do be have badly. You all do in some way or other."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Look at that Palestine business," she said vaguely. "Shooting and killing people for no reason at all."

"Why must you talk about things you know nothing about?" he said impatiently. "Now let's drop the whole matter and leave things as they are before we both say something we'll regret later."

"We'll talk about it some other time," Iris said. "A little later perhaps when you're not so upset,"

"I've told you I've made up my mind," he said.
"I'm going to bed." Iris turned toward the door. "I'm going to look at the child, and then I'm going to bed."

He watched her go out of the room, knowing exactly what it would mean if she was determined to fight it out to the last. He made a forlorn grimace at himself in the mirror, remembering other defeats in the dark-ened bedroom where their whispering voices had gradually lost their edge as they took on a new urgensy.

He put the thought quickly out of his mind and glanced around the room comparing the good taste of the furnishing with the antiquated and over-elaborate furniture that cluttered up his father's rooms. His house was a perpetual source of satisfaction to high.

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a material sign of his conquest over all the things that had stood in his way. His gaze swung back to the mirror, and for a while he stood there peering at his reflection. Iris was right when she had said that he did not look Jewish. With his straight nose and blue eyes he was a handsome man, a man who had already in spite of his youth that certain look of prosperity about him which makes the head-waiter's or the salesman's blood circulate a little quicker. He could not deny to himself that he had felt an exultant surge of triumph when be had for the first time been mistaken for a Gentile. It was only the name that gave him away. He frowned, remembering the incident of the club.

He lit a cigarette and smoked it angrily. It was all very well for his father to speak the way he had. But even he had found it convenient to forget many of the old shibboleths as so many others had done once they were away from the ghettos where it had been necessary to preserve superiority to make life seem bearable. His father, he told himself, had dissected his religion, preserving only enough to satisfy his own conscience. It had been easy for him to maintain those standards, living and working as he did in a Jewish community.

But he was in the outside world which had always been divided into Jew and Gentile: a world where the hostility between them was more violent and more Permanent than the hostility between nations, because it was directed against every individual and not an abstract "ism." It was in this world that so many tried to merge, chameleon-like, with the alien foliage. And who could blame them, he thought? And who could blame them... or him, for that matter?

Suddenly, Iris was in the doorway, "Are you com
ling to bed now?" There was a faint smile on her lips,

and her pupils were abnormally large in her pale face.
"Yes, You must be tired."

He crushed the cigarette in the ash-tray and walked lowards her, knowing that all this had happened before. And with the knowledge there came that dull, supply feeling, starting in the pit of the stomach, and then slowly spreading, flooding him with the weariness of defear

But almost at the same time, as he looked at the woman standing in the doorway, there was a different feeling, one that made every nerve tingle in his body. Philip turned, and with a quick motion he switched off the light.

THE VILLAGE SMITHY STANDS

"I used to fix furniture, chairs, and about anyting that came in that I could do. Don't do too much
that now." A jack of all trades and master of one,
works on wagon wheels, buggy wheels, ploughs,
but the main item is still that of shoeing horses.

Around seven every morning, Mitchell arrives at work and dons an old, ragged jacket that is stiff with and grease. There was a time when he fired the

furnace every morning and left a log on the fire to keep it going. If a job came up, all he had to do was add a little coal and crank the blower a few turns; the sparks started flying and the shoes were ready to go in.

Now, the furnace isn't fired unless he knows in advance of a job he has to do. There are about three jobs a day, shoeing horses. Most people just want the horse's front feet shod, since they are used in the field for plowing. When horses were the main source of transportation, and legal to be on city streets, business was extremely good. The horse's all four required shoes then.

Mitchell knows the size of most of the work animal's hoofs in this area. And if a man buys a new horse and wants him shod, he can go out and merely look at the animal's foot, come back, and fix the shoe to fit.

Those persons wanting work done come down to the shop and take Mitchell to wherever the horse is. He carries a small wooden tool chest similar to that of a carpenter. In it, there are horseshoe pinchers, a hammer, a draw knife, and hundreds of big, diamondheaded nails that, if bent correctly, will make a ring some little boy will brag about. If the proprietor isn't in, the customer can find him up town at Smith's Barber Shop, or the colored shoe shop and sometimes, across the street at the service station. The less eager just go on in the shop and have a seat on one of the two sunken bottom, straight-back chairs. Perhaps they know him well, and want to chat a little about old times. There is a place for the stranger, too, because he can sit outside the door on a long wooden crate.

The main stock consists of approximately six sets of shoes which are hanging across a horizontal rod suspended on the wooded legs of the furnace. Old shoes with crooked nails in them dangle from the narrow strip attached to the two-by-fours that brace the walls. The time comes, infrequently, when the demand becomes greater than the supply. The shoes aren't shipped from Kentucky or Texas but are purchased at the hardware store here in Wake Forest.

An order comes in. Four shoes are placed in the embers with tongs and half-burned pieces of coal are

WAKE FOREST LAUNDRY AND CLEANERS

PHONE 375-2

11 White Street

"To Serve You Is Our Business"

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taste borate His pushed over the open end of the shoes. A small wheel, similar to a water wheel, is encased in copper and geared down like an ice cream freezer with two sprockets; the hub of the larger holds a crank with an iron knob on one end—for balance—and handle on the other.

Copper tubing from the fan-wheel encasement stetches over the pile of dross scattered on the floor and runs to the bottom center of the furnace. This kind of blower is old and new. It replaced the portable, accordian-type blower that is occasionally used by country stores for dusting.

His left shoulder dips down with each turn of the crank while the right hand manipulates an iron poker, stirring up in places the raw pieces of coal toward the center of the fire. This old gentleman in dingy overalls regulates his own tiny Vesuvius; the sparks fly about in great quantities, and he slacks off on the blower until the new coal catches up.

After about five minutes, the ends of the shoes are white-hot; he takes the tongs and extracts a shoe from the fire. His huge hands grip the long handle of the tongs tighter than the golf pro holds his driver.

Very quickly, he picks up a mallet and moves the shoe into the notched end of the heavy anvil mounted on an old oak stump. By the time the ends of the shoe have been beaten into an "L" shape, the color has changed from white to red hot and the rapid pace of hammering must be sustained. There is no noise. The sound of clanging metal affords the certainty of each stroke of the mallet. The ends are beaten back against the shoe and braded down so there are no rough edges.

The red color of the shoe has faded out, now, like the sun setting, but the heat can still be felt. And the final process is opening the nail holes that were partially closed by the intense heat and pounding. He places the shoe over a small hole in the large, slick

By Popular Demand
We are now operating as a
Super Market
Giving our Customers

- * Wide Selections
- * Everyday Low Prices
- * A Clean Store
 - Personalized Service

HOLLOWELL'S FOOD STORE

A Wake Forest Institution

anvil and taps the awl squarely on the head. And with the dexterity of a watchmaker, this gray-headed old man lets the mallet strike two beats on the anvil while moving the awl to another hole. Each tone seems to tell him when the flowing meter must subside. A new shoe is finished and hung over a board sticking out near the door.

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Shoeing out on the farm, he sets his tool box beside the horse and struggles to get the strap of the thick leather apron over his hat, shadowed from sweat. And it's not unusual that he knows the horse better than he knows the owner. The foot is raised, and the hoof is placed firmly between his knees. The animal may or may not be calm. This quiet and masterful smithy lodges his tobacco in one cheek and makes soothing sounds, "Whoa . . . who now," to the horse.

Both hands hold the horseshoe pinchers. Two quick yanks and the shoe is off. The bottom of the hoof is smoothed down and made level with a razor-sharp draw knife; a handle is on either end which allows more power to be applied. The shoe is put in place, and a nail is driven in. The pointed end comes through outside the hoof and is unfelt against the stiff leather apron.

Wisely and swiftly he bends and twists off the end of the nail. In inexperienced hands, trouble could mount at this point and it would be something like a loose contender at a cock-fight, but Mitchell has gone unseathed in 43 years experience, except for an occasional prick of the finger.

This business goes on, the business that enabled him to build a home and raise a large family. At 5:30 p.m., the door is closed and locked for the first time during the day. A lame Negro, who broke his less when he was a boy, some sixty years ago, and never had it set, moves slowly up the path, and by a service station and frame house with a towering television antenna, ward home, tired and contented.

THE TRAMP PRINTER

(Continued from page eleven)
"You? A kid? What kind of newspaper is this?"
told him of our hard luck.

"Okay, so you're the boss. Either hire me or shut up."
What could I do? I needed an experienced man, and here was that man.

"You're hired!" I then told him of our plans for the special that were ruined. As I told him of the work he and I would have to do, I noticed that the marble glaze left his eyes. They became soft, but strong with fire-

"Kid, you're all right. Me and you, we can do it."

"Do you really think so?"
"Sure, Why not?"

"Okay, but before you start, you have to promise me that you'll lay off the bottle. We've got no time for that His mouth pulled into a snarl. "I'm off the stuff! Gel

it? Now let's get to work. I'll work at union wages."

It seemed to me the minute he started work he was doing the ordering and I was doing what he said. We

started to work. Much to my surprise, the tramp was very profane about the lack of cleanliness in the rear shop. He was a fine one to complain.

"This place is a mess. Can't work in this trash. Get a broom and get started."

"Me?"

"Yes, you!" I got a broom and started sweeping. Me, the fellow who was going to save the day by doing the impossible. Now I was sweeping the floor as I had done as an office boy years ago. But this character who was lowering my self-esteem held a magnetic fascination for me. What could I think of a man who would drink himself senseless, then rove off to parts unknown? A man who would sleep in dumps, yet couldn't work in a shop with a little clean newsprint lying around.

All morning we worked like sixty. Tate, as his name turned out to be, did the work of ten men. He was driving himself, and apparently enjoying the pressure. He would make up an ad, take care of the casting and rout the metal. As I studied him, he appeared to me to be satisfied. The sweat poured from him, drenching his clothes from head to foot. The thing that captured my attention was the water he drank. He drank enough water to supply a train from Maine to Florida. It wasn't long before he had all the ads proofed and ready. He began to grumble about the lack of material he had to

work with.

"How in the dickens do you expect me to put out this special of yours if I don't have the copy and layout. There aren't enough ads either. Why don't you get some speed? A young fellow like you should be able to sell.

Have you got a service?"

I nodded my head in reply. "Okay. Then stop piddling around. Get up town and sell some ads for me." Well now, I don't mind taking orders, even from him. I don't mind too much sweeping the floor. I don't even mind the thought that he was working harder than me, but when a blessed tramp insinuates that I'm loafing, then there's

"Listen, you! Work as you want to! Advise me, but doggonit, don't tell me to stop loafing and start sweating." I was nearly as wet as he.

"Kid, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude. But I do need some matter in order to finish this run."

I began to see many good traits in this man. I found myself liking him.

"Kid! Before you go, do you think you could manage a little loan? I lost my pocketbook a day or so ago."

I handed him a ten spot from my pocket.

I sold advertising all Tuesday afternoon. I wasn't an expert salesman, but I got the job done. All afternoon had been wondering about Mr. Tate. What sort of man was he? He reminded me of a man of the past that I had lead about. This certain literary figure was a saddle tramp, and he was one of the best of his trade, but he had to roam. The only difference was that Mr. Tate had a traveling mate, whiskey. I went back to the office and drew up my sales. I had always taken pride in my ability to draw up an ad. I was in for a lesson in drafting.

"What's this?' Tate asked me when I took my work to him.

"They are the ads you wanted. Don't they suit your tastes?

"Suit me? Son, where did you learn to do stuff like this? You had better go back to school and start over." My feelings were wounded.

"Well, if you know so much about drafting, show me what's wrong." I got my answer when Mr. Tate tore up my drawings. This tramp was beginning to get on my nerves, but show me he did. The layout that he drew up was equal to any in the service. Very patiently, he showed me a few pointers. What a man this fellow was! He could do anything. No, not anything; I was just waiting, patiently waiting until we started the press. In the two years we had had the press, we had never got it running correctly. Two hours was the minimum time

T. E. HOLDING & CO.

Druggists Since 1880

FEATURING A COMPLETE LINE IN COSMETICS

> WHITMAN'S CANDY CORO JEWELRY TUSSY

> > REVLON SHULTON'S YARDLEY'S

> > > and

Prescriptions Filled Accurately By Experts

White Street

WAKE FOREST NORTH CAROLINA

DIAL 249-1

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nise me r that. iff! Get es." he was id. We it took the regular staff to adjust the press for running. When it came press time, that old press and I would surely take Mr. Tate down a notch or two.

Again I was fooled. To my astonishment, we had the press at full speed in fifteen minutes. In two hours the run was over and the pages off the press. This tramp sure could get things done.

It wasn't long before we were friends. I guess he just took to me. I liked him for his knowledge. I asked him where he planned to stay, knowing he had no money to rent a room.

"I haven't decided where I'll stay. Are there any good hotels in town?"

"No, the hotels are rotten. Tell you what . . . you come home with me, we have plenty of room, and you'll be nuch more comfortable than at a hotel."

It didn't take much persuasion for Mr. Tate to con-

After a late supper, the tramp and I were sitting on the front porch taking in the full moon and cool weather. The ace printer, still in his sleeves, seemed very comfortable. I was cold in my overcoat, but I always was a bit cold-natured. I heard my new friend mumble something about this is what I need. I asked him what he said.

"Nothing, I was merely thinking out loud. You have a nice place here, Don. You sure are lucky."

Again I wondered what Mr. Tate had done with his life. I knew that he could have had any number of jobs with the best newspapers. The News was nothing to the papers he had worked for. I also noticed how often he looked at the sky. When he did gaze into the blue. his eyes became soft, and the haunted coldness left them. I felt the mood of this man capture me. He was indeed a man of strange power.

"Mr. Tate," my curiosity could stand the wondering no longer—"why did you ever become a tramp? Why? You are the best man in a print shop I have ever seen, and—"

"Cut it." He had turned his head in a jerk toward me. His eyes were hard.

"But why?"

"That's enough!" With that he left the porch and stalked down the street. The next morning the tramp seemed to have forgotten the incident. I was willing to let it ride. I hadn't told Mr. Silver about hiring Mr. Tate. I guess it must have been the childishness in mc. I wanted to surprise him with a twenty-four page special.

Wednesday and Thursday Mr. Tate and I worked sixteen hours a day. It seemed like twenty-six hours a day by the time we hit the sack. I had never seen a mar who could accomplish as much as the tramp could. Everything he touched seemed to turn into a finished product of perfection. By Friday at twelve, we had the next to the last run on the press. We had four hours in which to finish the last four pages and run them off. It was impossible. There wasn't enough time. I was so tired it was like picking up lead to move my feet. The

tramp's eyes were bloodshot, but not from drink for once. His hands were heavy.

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"Mr. Tate, we can't do it. We can't meet the deadline."
"The devil we can't! If you can get that run that's on
the press off, I can finish the last four pages by the
time you're through."

"But you can't get four pages ready in two hours. Besides, it takes two hours for each press run, and a half hour to change the form chases. That's five hours there. Then we have to insert the last two sections. Mr. Tate, we're through!"

"Listen, kid! You run that press and watch my speed. You ain't seen a thing yet." I had seen plenty, but I was willing to see more. Up on the store tables, the tramp was working like a mad man. In one hour and fifty minutes I stooped the oress.

"That's it. How are the last four coming?"

"They're ready." I didn't believe it, but as I looked, I saw the proof.

"If you can make up four pages in two hours, I can change the press in 10 minutes." I proved my bluff. With one hour and fifty minutes until the deadline, the press was making its last journey. We still had to insert the last two sections. I was considered a very good inscrter, the best around, I couldn't come close to keeping up a press that stamped out twenty-five hundred copies an hour. Tate gave me another lesson, this time in inserting. While I controlled the press, he assimilated the two sections into one. I couldn't see his hands for the entire run. They moved so fast, I thought he was part of the press. With five minutes to go, I stopped the press for the last time. The tramp was loading the special in the car for delivery at the post office. That is where they had to be by four. By the time I had the rollers off the flat bed, the papers were loaded. Mr. Tate was standing beside the car looking rather foolish after all his rush.

"Why don't you get in the car and take off?" I asked. "It's a good five minutes drive to the post office."

"I can't drive."

"Well, get out of my way and I'll take them." The strain was telling on my nerves. "Get in the other side."

"No! I'll stay here."

"But it takes two people to unload these things."

"Don, I can't. I'm scared to death of cars."

Well, that was a new one on me. I didn't have time to argue. I cranked up the old buggy, and left rubber in the street. The drive to the post office usually took me about five minutes. I cut two minutes off the old record. With two minutes to spare before the deadline, and the post office closed its doors, I dumped the special in the mailman's lap. We had done it, the tramp and I. I, for one, will never say that anything is impossible, now with my tramp around. When I got back to the office. Mr. Tate was cleaning up the stones. Cleaning the stones mind you, after working like twenty slaves at election time. Well, that is just the type of man he was. I persuaded him to go with me to the hospital. I wanted to

show the impossible to Mr. Silver. My boss was overjoyed, of course. He found a few errors, but he wasn't kicking. After talking with Mr. Tate for a few minutes, with me butting in with my two bits, the boss gave the ex-tramp a job as foreman of the shop.

I was happy. We had put out the special; Mr. Tate and I had gotten a two hundred dollar bonus, and my friend had the job of his dreams. He could settle down, build a house, get married or anything he wanted. He could be a part of our community.

Monday morning found me opening the News for another week. Tate wasn't in. I cleaned up the shop, and took my bonus money and deposited it in the bank. I wondered if Mr. Tate was there, too. I left for lunch at one o'clock and still Tate had not shown up. I never saw the trann gagin.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

(Continued from page thirteen)
favorite country," she says emphatically, but adds, "I
always stay in Paris as long as possible, too."

In 1792, Miss Johnson's mother's grandfather came to America from the Hebrides Islands off the west coast of Scotland. None of the family had ever been back, until, in 1929, Miss Johnson decided to see her fereat grandfather's house for herself instead of just hearing about it. She not only saw the house, but found some distant relatives at Govrick on the Clyde River in Scotland. Since that first meeting, she has gone back to visit them several times and two of the relatives visited in America recently.

Miss Johnson has done a considerable amount of traveling over the eastern seaboard of the United States, also, but regrest that she has never been out west. "Of course I would like to get to California," she wishes, "But I would like to see the Grand Canyon Toost of all, I'd be willing to settle for that."

It was inevitable that many problems would have to be worked out before the coed could fully be accepted into Wake Forest College for men, and the Goeds back in the early 40's as well as today, found in their dean a leader and friend who would guide them over the rough spots and help them find their nightful place in the college. Miss Johnson is a person Coed can feel free to go to as a friend to talk about Classes or the weather, or as a counselor, for advice On more personal problems, and from the first, the Bits and their dean were very close. Together they changed old traditions and turned Wake Forest into a Goeducational college.

First there was the problem of a place for the girls lo live. The Army upset the original plans of converting bastwick Dormitory into a girls' dorm. An Army Filance School was set up at Wake Forest in 1942, and the 1,200 soldiers that were sent here took over practically all living space on the campus—including the gym. So 17 of the 47 girls of junior-senior standing who enrolled that first year lived with Miss Johnson in a large white house on Faculty Avenue, while the others

were given rooms in various residences in town.

The next year the 63 coeds that enrolled stayed at Mrs. Barbee's and Mrs. Bowers' rooming houses, and finally, in 1944, the Army left, and the coeds were given a home in Bostwick Dorm. By 1945, the influx of girls was so great that both Hunter and Bostwick dorms, plus Mrs. Barbee's and Mrs. Bowers' were used to house the coeds.

In 1946, construction was begun on a boy's dormitory adjacent to Bostwick while another dorm for girls was begun near the athletic field. However, Miss Johnson just didn't think it would do to have girls in Bostwick and boys in the dorm right beside it. So the new dorm for boys was adapted for girls, and since there was talk of the college moving to Winston-Salem, plans for the dorm near the athletic field were discontinued. In a short time, this new girls' dorm was very justly given the name Johnson — for the dean who had figured so prominently in securing it for the coceds.

As Miss Johnson remembers, the coeds were received into the college remarkably well by both the boys and the faculty, the only resentment being shown by a few returning veterans. She still marvels at the way the coeds immediately took over the various activities of college life. This was probably due largely to the lack of male students, she admits, nevertheless, the coed influence on the college was apparent. The Little Theater, which had merely existed before, was given new impetus by the coeds, and has been a strong col-

Greetings to All the
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office, stone, lection I per nted to lege activity ever since. And, in 1943, a coed, Martha Ann Allen was appointed editor of the Old Gold and Black, while the Howler was edited by Elizabeth Jones. In 1950-51, Miss Johnson must have been very proud of her coeds. The Student was edited by Jewell Livingston, Betty Isbel edited the Howler, and Carol Oldham was one of the co-editors of the Old Gold and Black—and there were plenty of men here that year.

The coming of coeds brought another problems—how should the girls be governed? Miss Johnson, under the belief that the girls should govern themselves, helped them organize a Woman's Government Association with the permission of the trustees and the president of the student body. She talked with the girls, and together they decided on seven basic rules concerning the behavior of a Wake Forest coed. She then appointed the first president of the W. G. A., who incidentally, was Beth Perry, the first coed to register at Wake Forest in 1942. The original constitution has been changed and amended many times; as needs arise, new rules are made.

Miss Johnson does not, however, recommend a complete separation of Woman's Government and Student Government. "In the over-all welfare of the students and such regulations as concern them all, such as cheating, the girls should be handled by the Student Government; but, the Woman's Government should definitely have jurisdiction over the conduct of women and in all questions which concern them personally."

In the future, Miss Johnson would like to see the present 1-4 proportion of coeds to men students increase nearer to 50-50. But, as the two girls dorms at the new campus in Winston will accommodate only 400 girls, the proportion will probably remain about the same. The number of applications greatly exceeds the number of admissions for girls today. As applications came in from two girls in Brazil, Miss Johnson commented rather sadly, "I do wish we could accept them; but we must give preference to Baptist girls from North Carolina. Each vacancy could be filled three or four times. It really gives the girls who are accepted something to live up to."

This year, the coeds and coed alumnac of Wake

Quality Men's Wear

Of Wake Forest

"Ben Wants To See You"

Forest decided that Dean Johnson should have her portrait painted. A famous portrait painter, Stanislav Rembski, was engaged for the job, and the sittings began. "It was a very interesting experience," smiles Miss Johnson, "and rather odd—seeing yourself as others see you." She was allowed to watch the progress of the painting during the nine different sittings. And she was amazed by how completely relaxed the studio sessions were. They only lasted from 1-2½ hours and she and Mr. Rembski, whom she admires very much, talked while he painted so that the sittings seemed even shorter than they really were.

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Miss Johnson is very pleased with the portrait and very appreciative. She still cannot quite believe that she has had her portrait painted by a famous artist. "I thought a person either died or gave lots of money to the college before a thing like that is done." And she smiled, "I have no intention of doing either any time soon."

"No, Miss Johnson," a coed answers "that certainly isn't the reason. It's just that the girls and the college realize how fortunate they are in having such an understanding Dean of Women, and wanted to show their deep appreciation for helping them find a place for themselves at Wake Forest College 'for men'."

MUTABILITY

(Continued from page fifteen)

Stovall's voice mounted in tension, the atmosphere seemed to move with him. The congregation was under a hypnotic spell. I wanted to take Betty home.

"Samson sinned by breaking his oath; Peter sinned by denial of Christ; Paul sinned by persecution; Judas sinned by being a traitor. Are you a sinner?"

Betty relaxed, she sat back. She looked at me with a question in her eyes and appeared visibly shaken. Her blue eyes were not as intense as usual. She had while patches on her cheeks. She was frightened. She had learned most of those names in Sunday school as people who had followed God and Christ. She had a right to be puzzled.

She asked, "Do you have a pencil, Daddy?"

I gave her one and she took the hymnal and opened the back cover. She started moving it over the cover is a circle about the size of a quarter. Every time Mr. Stovall mentioned the word sin she made another ring until the circle was completely black. Miss Chatty watched her and frowned. Let her go, I thought, you can tell the gossips I let her do it, Miss Charity.

"Are you sinning tonight?" Mr. Stovall asked. "
you are, come down and confess. Come to salvation
now!" He stopped and after a moment changed his tone
He pleaded with the sinners to come.

"Come now, or be lost forever. All of the members of the church please stand." Betty started to stand as the crowd arose around us, I gently pulled her back down on the seat. Miss Chatty looked down on us. I coll feel the resentment and embarrassment rising in me.

was a member, but I didn't want Betty to be alone. I remained seated with my arm around her. She leaned toward me. The people all around us stared.

"Those who are seated are lost in sin," continued Mr. Stovall, "lost to the salvation. You may sit down. Now, let's sing number 85, 'Jesus Is Tenderly Calling Me Home.' Let's all sing."

Betty didn't sing and neither did I, I was angry, and she was puzzled. I looked around at the light green walls. the white ceiling and the lights with bugs in the globes. Betty squirmed. Two boys about ten years old presented themselves for baptism. What, I thought, did he say to make them decide? Betty looked back and forth from them to me and then sat back with her feet on the book tack of the pew. I nudged her gently and she dropped her feet noisily. Miss Chatty chewed her gum and

As we left the church Betty kicked the red carpet in the aisle with the toes of her shoes. She didn't look up at any of the older people who spoke to us. Mrs. Fox asked us to come back the next night. I remained silent and Betty didn't bother to raise her head. When we got to the car, Betty was frowning, her fingers moved up and down the length of the pencil I had given her, and she seemed to be trying to make it answer what was on her mind. I didn't ask her how she liked the service, because she would have told me that she had a good time, even though she didn't, just to please me.

The next morning at the breakfast table Betty was not herself. She didn't have her usual good morning smile. She acted sick. I served her some scrambled eggs and she stared at them as if they were something she had

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I could n me. I "What's the matter, Betty?"

"I'm not hungry."

"You should be. Is something bothering you?"

"God is a big, black spot."

"What?"

"I said God is a big, black spot."

"Why?"

"Well, Daddy, I don't know exactly, but after hearing Mr. Stovall I decided He's bound to be if he lets so much sin go on in the world." Betty pushed her chair back from the table; she pushed her bangs back from her forehead.

"May I be excused, Daddy?"

"Certainly."

"Daddy," she asked, while she got up and turned to put her chair back under the table "what is sin?"

THE NIGHTWATCH

(Continued from page seventeen)

across the walk from the chapel, singly or in couples Just so long as they aren't back up under the magholias."

"I don't see much of the girls. They have to be pretty early. But I see boys walking around all times the night. I have to see that the girls obey Miss Johnson's rules while they are out, though. They like

to hang around under the magnolias too much. I run them out, but they just keep coming back; I warn them the first time, and I never can catch the same one twice. I caught a little girl the other night, and she's been avoiding me ever since."

But he couldn't catch the girls who dressed up like boys and came out one night looking for coca-colas outside the bookstore. He chased them through the dark, but the girls reached the dorm first and went up through the basement window into the arms of Mrs. O'Brian and Miss Johnson. Nuckles came along shortwinded and sweating. "They ran too fast for me to get them."

He hasn't yet tried to stop the girls from sitting in cars with boys. So far as he is concerned they will sit there in safety until Miss Johnson asks him to stop it.

Dressed in gray, he will linger for long intervals at the corner of the Social Science Building and look across the lawn to the Bostwick and Johnson Dormitories. But he may appear quite unexpectedly and inopportanely at any spot on the campus to curtail disturbance. He says, "If I hear a noise somewhere, I'm not going to stop until I find out what it is,"

Although it is occasionally very lonely here in the night, Nuckles seems to get a thorough-going enjoyment from his work. "The people are real friendly; they always stop to speak. And they're pretty good to obey me, too. When I speak to a student, he moves, because he knows I'm taking no foolishness."

This enjoyment is likely to make him a permanent Wake Forest mainstay. He anticipates the college's removal, because he is moving, too, and expects to get a daytime job in Winston-Salem. "That's a bigger place up there. I don't expect to work at night. They'll probably have two nightwatchmen then. It would be good to get on daytime. I feel good now, but a man can't take it always."

The strenuous silence that begins a little before midnight and continues for seven or eight hours would almost suggest that the campus had been suddenly caught and swept with desolate abandon. But in the morning the campus just as suddenly wakes up again, This is the time when most students see Nuckles stand-

Meet me at

SHORTY'S

ing on the concrete driveway directing traffic into the Wait Hall circle.

He observes that the mailbox is the busiest spot on the campus at this time. "It looks like everybody in school writes a letter every night."

This ruddy-faced, gray-suited man seems to possess indefatigable strength. There are many days that he doesn't sleep over two hours. It is hard to sleep in the daytime, especially when it is continuous for many years. "Like to go somewhere, not just stay in one place. I'm different from my girl that way. She likes to just sit and talk."

Nuckles is taking his girl with him to Connecticut this summer during vacation to visit his brother. "I was going last year but we busted up and that was that."

There is a constant aura of expectancy about him as he wanders in and out of the pub row offices during the night. Concerning the current interview he said, "You can't tell what will happen around here at night. If anything happens before tomorrow I'll let you know."

ADVICE FROM OVID

(Continued from page twenty-three) swered Jim's question. "Yes, I understand except what is the hammer for?" "That's to pound the staples all the way in. The gun isn't strong enough by itself." And he turned away to go back to his table.

Ovidia started to work while she wondered what to do next. What was it the book had said? Oh yes, "It will much advantage you to walk out frequently in the public view." "Well," she thought, "I won't accomplish anything in this corner. Besides, I need some dutchman." So she threaded her way across to Jim and his table. As she went she remembered another instruction, "When you oertake (him), don't divide, but go as close as may be to (his) side." "But how am I going to do that when he is busy with that old table?" she wondered, and suddenly her question was answered as she saw the hammer which Jim had placed on the floor near him. She called as she approached him, "Jim, will you show me where to get . . ." Her question was cut off as the ankle of the foot which she had carefully placed on the handle of the hammer turned, and she was thrown against Jim.

He caught and steadied her and inquired, "Are you all right?"

Ovidia started to laugh and say "Sure. I'm always turning my ankle," when she recalled her "uncle" and his advice. "Shed tears, for they a stony heart will move." So she drew a deep, shuddering, breath and thought of onions while she said with a small quaver in her voice, "Yes, Or I will be in a moment." She looked up at him with tears glistening in her big eyes. "I'm more scared than hurt, I think."

Awkwardly, Jim said, "Oh yeah, I guess so. You'll be all right. Here, sit down for a minute and catch your breath," and he hooked a chair with his foot and brought it close for Ovidia.

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She did as she was told, but in so doing she deliberately dropped her wallet which she had prepared in order to carry out Ovid's teaching, "(Some) if no rival spurs them on, lose interest in a love, so love . . . must be stirred up." As she had planned it fell open to her older brother's picture. Jim didn't notice it and turned back to his table so Ovidia said sweetly and helplessly, "Jim, would you get my wallet for me. It fell on the floor and I'm afraid someone will step on it. It has a picture of one of my friends in it that I wouldn't want harmed."

Jim resignedly put down his hammer once more, picked up the wallet, and gave it to Ovidia. As she took it she decided that now was a good time to practice yet another of her Roman uncle's precepts, "But love is most increased with gentle looks," so she looked up at Jim and widened her eyes then smiled to give them warmth and depth, "Thank you so much." Then she let the smile fade away and she lowered her lashes and looked down for a moment and then slowly raised them again and looked sadly into his eyes, "I'm afraid Pm being more trouble than help."

Jim shook his head and patted her on the shoulder. "No. You couldn't help it. I shouldn't have put the hammer down there. Why don't you rest a few minutes and then go on back to your dorm or go to supper and then if you want to you can come back tonight about 7:00 and finish sizing those flats." He picked up his hammer once more and drove the last nail into the table and then set it right side up. He stood off to look at it and yelled, "Joe, wha'da ya think? Will 't do?" The boy on the pole up in the floor, said, "Yeah, it'll do? Come 'ere and throw dose spots."

Ovidia watched Jim walk across the stage, his arms swinging and the muscles rolling against his T-shirt. Her heart had swollen so big from pure happiness that it was filling up her throat. She rejoiced, "He is already beginning to like me or else he wouldn't be trying ¹⁰ make me feel better. Uncle Ovid sure does get fast results."

She got up and started out, but paused in the wings to listen as Joe said, "You should see my gal's new half cut, Jim. It's one a them puppy ones."

Jim laughed and said, "They sure do name those hairdo's right. I betcha that one looks like a dog just out a-swimming."

Ovidia's hand rose in dismay to her head. She rail lear fingers underneath the kerchief that bound up her hair and fingered her close cropped curls. She worried, "Jim doesn't like short hair! Golly, am I glad I had this kerchief on. He doesn't know I've got short hair. But I can't wear a kerchief all the time. I'm bound to run into him sometime and he'll se my short hair. Oh, why did I cut it, what'll I do?" She hurried out of the chapel, careful to limp until off sight of the stage, and ran to her room. Grabbing

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up the little green book, she read its instructions on appearance.

"Do not use instruments to curl your hair, . . . a careless beauty's best."

"And rippled curls becometh well. Some women you may see with hair well grown; it is luxuriant, but it is not their own, such may be purchased in the market place . . . buy it . . ."

"You think it no shame to mark your lashes."

"How powder makes skin whiter, that you know, and what's not red by nature art makes so. By art the brows more clearly are defined."

"Let both your shoulders and your neck be bare." Ovidia put down the book slowly. She pondered the advice she had gleamed, "I can do most of it, but what am I going to do about the hair? I can't grow long hair in a couple of hours and I can't take Uncle Ovid's advice and buy any, 'cause the stores are closed and, anyway, they wouldn't have a wig. If I could get one, though, I could wear it just to the theatre meetings and stuff, and I wouldn't have to wear it to classes 'cause he isn't in any of my classes, and I could tell anybody who knows I have short hair and who saw me with the wig on that it is for a play. But where am I going to get a wig? Wait a minute. Joan wore one in that play she was in last fall. Maybe she's still got it." And she ran down the hall and soon came back with a long, blonde wig.

Then ensued two hours of much labor on Ovidia's Part as she styled the wig, dressed, and fixed her face. Fixing her face took her an especially long time, since she ordinarily didn't use make-up and wasn't sure exactly how to use it.

Finally at 6:30 she was satisfied that she had done all that Ovid had commanded and she sat down to wait until 7:30, (and darkness) to go back to the shapel. She had to wait until then because of Ovids direction, "Delay your coming until the lamps are lit—this for your entry you will find most fit. Though you be ugly, yet you will look fair; at night all impersections covered are."

At 7:30 sharp she entered the chapel. Jim was the bally person there. He looked at her and exclaimed, "Holy cow, what kind of a party are you heading log-y"

And she did look as though she might be heading for a masquerade party. The wig rippled, curling down her back to the top of the strapless black evening blouse that she was wearing with bright red pedal push-ss which matched her lips and the two rouged spots on the product-whitened checks against which her darkened eyebrows stood out in painful contrast.

Ovidia laughed, delighted that Jim had noticed her, and twirled around. She asked, "Do you really think look good enough for a party?"

You gonna work in it?" After her affirmative reply continued doubtfully, "Well, how about sweeping up

some of this trash so people can get round to do some work. The brooms are over there in the corner."

As Ovidia, quite flattered by his compliment that she looked too good to work, crossed to get the broom she was unaware that her twirling around had caused the wig to slip back on her head and that her own short curls were bobbing freely over her forehead in fast time with her steps and her happy thoughts, "Goodness, Jim is just staring and staring at me. He can't seem to take his eyes off me. He really must like my outfit. And me, too! I guess I'll have to read the second book of Ovid's 'Art of Love to find out how to keep him now that I've got him. I wonder if Mother will let me get a new evening dress for the dance? She bent over to pick up the broom and as she did, the wig finally lost its fight with gravity and fell in a yellow pile at her feet.

THE SHORTY STORY

(Continued from page twenty-five)

years, as he talked. Worth arose at different intervals to complete orders from his end of the counter, as Shorty attended the grill and passed out the sandwiches. Worth moved in the same mechanical, calm, efficient manner as Shorty in filling orders. His long years with his two brothers here in the little business had afforded him the automatic type of skill.

The flashback conversation between Worth and the gent continued. The gent smiled a complacent, reminiscent smile, as he inquired of an old acquaintance. He asked of Worth, "When have you seen her?"

Worth replied, "I saw her not long ago; she still looks pretty good."

The nostalgic man displayed a meditative thought as though the lady in question was to him as young as she had been in far gone years when he last saw her.

They talked on of individuals, incidents and happenings. They talked of the fire that destroyed the theater Shorty was running and the drug store next door, of the late Tom Holding. Fire seems to have brought many changes through the years to the structure and face of the little town and the college. They remarked on the changing times and the difference of the college and students. Worth echoed his brother's account of the changes.

"Back in '15 won't nothing much here and when students arrived they were here to stay. There's a whole lot of changes since then."

The old gent added: "Won't but about three hundred students here then."

Worth spoke in mild tones as he compared the students of those years and the present ones. "Students were a whole lot rougher then, they didn't give a damn then. The freshman then won't nobody. But one thing is that, the requirements of students then won't as rough as they are now."

The gent compared the loads the students carried then and the present ones. "I remember when students came in summer for six weeks of school of law and

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e'll see o?" She ntil out rabbing passed the bar. Now it's almost four years academic courses and three years of law school."

Worth asked the older man, "When did you finish? '14?"

"Yeah."

Worth recalled a baseball game which the gent had participated in with the Navy. It wound up in a "freefor-all." As Worth commented on the man and his days a pitcher for the college team, the man turned and blushed modestly. With a sighing exhalation of breath he rose and walked calmly out, bidding, "Good night" to Shorty and Worth.

Shorty had been busy with occasional orders and different little finishing touches to duties before closing shop. A sigh of relief indicated his readiness to call it a day. He returned to the conversation with renewed enthusiasm in recollecting the years. He shook with an

amusing little chuckle as he said:

"One time a circus came to town and set up on the other end of town, out where Shug's place is now. The whole student body turned out to go down there. They went down singing the songs they sang when they would ride the freshmen on the rail. The circus people thought they were going to make a run on the circus, so they got ready for trouble. A fight started, a free-for-all.

"They were fighting with tent poles, clubs, and everythings. Some of the folks down at the mill section came out with shotguns. A couple of people were shot up. The tents were torn down, animals were let loose and the circus manager grabbed the money bag and took off through the woods. He showed up in the next town. Didn't any more circuses come to town, ever again."

The big, tacitum night cop had entered and sat quietly listening. He nodded familiarly with some of the recolections. He had served as policeman for 19 years with ten years of straight night duty. He entered remarks of arreement and additions to incidents.

As Shorty concluded the circus event, he said, "The students are younger now. But they are smarter and better mannered. They seem to work harder. But you don't know 'em now like you used to. They don't all get out now. Course the student body is a whole lot bigger now. I used to know all of them after they were here sometime. They ain't as friendly now. A whole lot of them come in, but I don't know them. Those boys that done the painting over at State College came in here when they came back. I gave them some kerosen't owash the paint off their hands. I knew they were students, but I didn't know them. Students now don't know the ropes like they used to."

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As the friendly little man spoke, he showed a pleasurable air in going back through the years. It seemed as he had for this brief period unrolled the years and relived some of the many instances of the forty-year period he had known in Wake Forest. He continued talking in a slow, meditative, concluding manner.

"Some of the old alumni come by to see me when they visit here. I know 'em time I see 'em. I remember when Dr. Folk, Bill Williams (father of present "Bore garde Smith") was here; Clonts, Dean Weathers and others. I remember Lennon, he was a good customer he remembers me. (Lonnon is present appointed Senator for North Carolina.) Times flies."

He summarized the years in decades. "The 'teens was the time of a small student body, horse and buggy days the first world war. They had an S.A.T.C. here then. The roaring 'twenties came on and some changes were made Streets were paved in the 'twenties, there was a bigget student body. In '29 the bottom fell out, and in the early 'thirties there won't much money spent. Nobelly had it to spend. Boarding houses popped out all over town then. During the depression years you could boar for twelve dollars a month. Durn if it won't cheaper send a boy to school than to keep him at home the Course Roosevelt helped things out with the W.P.J. and P.W.A. After '35 things picked up, the student bod was bigger, there was more transportation, more more and everything. I remember in the 'thirties the first 5 dent that came here at the age of seventeen. He was real curiosity to everybody. They didn't know how he here so young. They kidded him about shaving. In the 'forties things were better 'till the war started. After started the student body fell off. They had an ar finance school here then. Course things changed a head in the 'forties, that's when the coeds came here. The after the war the veterans came. Times have change Times are faster now. Don't know the students now I used to. They're not as friendly now. Student now is like an army, they all look alike."

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PHONE 276-1 WAKE FOREST

When asked about prospects of business in the future, Shorty replied:

"My business will be cut, but don't make no difference, I'm ready to slow down, anyhow."

He laughed and said:

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"I'm gonna get me a checker board and set down and play checkers.'

With this conclusion, he set about locking up for the night; a procedure that had for so many years been his custom. As the last resort of night life for the student in the little college town closed, the sleepy little town was turned over to the vigilant old night cop, who had for nearly two decades been accustomed to the last wee hours of morning, alone.

For ten generations of students, Shorty has been part of the night life of the students. He has served through the years in a patient, friendly, hospitable manner that marks him in the memory of multitudes of students through the years. From the middle "'teens," through the roaring "'twenties"; riding the "Hoover Cart" into the "New Deal," and on to the warring "'forties," its "square deal" and period of reconstruction and on to the "'fifties" that mark the two big changes: The Republicans once again sit in the high places and of course, "Wake Forest making its last mile for a camel." So, among the things that will be left behind physically, to be remembered by many; "Shorty's" will long be remembered by students of the present generation as well as those of old.

THE ROAD RUNNERS

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

bating this year has been in off-the-record contests With indignant policemen.)

Once on the rostrum facing the judges made up of businessmen, debate coaches, or civic figures, the research, and practice begins to tell. The Wake Forest style of debate, unlike the more casual, unheated methods of most of the rest of the country, is characterized by a rapid fire delivery of facts on-top-of facts and constant refutation. The debaters speak very fast, in almost a staccato manner, and are always on the aggressive, hammering fact after fact at the other team, and then refuting everything the other team presents by more rapidly presented facts during the rebuttal. Even with this delivery, no attempt is made to disguise the Southern accents and drawls in which most of the varsity members naturally speak. Only Kay Arant is completely without a Dixie inflection, while Carwile Leroy has a drawl tinged with a prominent Virginia

softness. The team record indicates that the accent

has never been a hindrance, however, and in many cases, as at Notre Dame, spectators followed the team from debate to debate to hear the Southerners work. Wake Forest is one of the few top United States teams made up entirely of Southerners.

Because the team usually wins, the members have to engage in six or eight debates per tournament. Thus almost all the spare time during the tournaments is used either in studying or in re-working cases. Some time, however, is given to sightseeing, and the team has visited such places as Calumet Farms, Derby Downs, and Williamsburg, Virginia. But compared to the distances they travel, team members have little time other than that spent around the debates.

Since Wake Forest is a little college among giants, the team is accorded a special respect from the audiences and other teams in the tournaments, especially since Wake Forest is acknowledged as one of the bigname schools in national debate. Many of the opponents are at their schools on debate scholarships and can never quite grasp the fact that Wake Forest has given but two debate subsidies in its history, and both of these were for nominal sums. "They'll cut my subsidy," is a classic joke among the team members. One of the varsity members recounts the time when Leroy almost had apoplexy when he walked up to a small group of people surrounding Jim Greene and heard that straight-faced BSU president earnestly telling an opponent that he was worried for fear that the college would cut his subsidy from 2,000 to 1,500 dollars a year because he lost one debate.

Wake Forest is warmly received everywhere, and people like to see the team win. Part of this feeling toward the school is probably due to the high regard in which Professor Shirley (now absent on leave) is held, and for the exceptional men like Professor Avcock and Zon Robinson who preceded him. The Wake Forest coaches have always insisted that every thing be on the up-and-up, especially about the validity of facts used in cases, even if it hurt the team's chances.

After the regular debates in most tournaments, there is an opportunity for individual honors, and from the field of extemporaneous speeches, declamations, encomiums, etc., Wake Forest usually gets its lion's share of the awards.

When the tournament is finished and the awards either won or lost, the team makes another quick trip back home, and hurries to catch up on academic work, and of course to practice and do research, for the next

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The reasons for Wake Forest's continued success in debating has even faculty adviser Carol Oldham guessing, but as she pointed out, a look at the individual members clearly defines the immediate reasons.

Kay Arant, from Miami, Florida, a diminutive but fiery debater, is active in many college organizations other than debate and is a leader in all of them. She has debated since high school and her experience has been valuable all through college. "Right much of a rarity," as one of the team members described her, she has an analytical mind that tears her opponents arguments to pieces. Listed as one of the top debaters at the West Point tournament, her fast, hammering style of delivery has caused judges to label her "that little girl who talks so fast."

Kay is usually teamed with Carwile Leroy, a slightly more persuasive than rapid-fire speaker. Leroy, a pre-med student from Elizabeth City, is president of Kappa Alpha fraternity, a member of ODK and Who's Who, He, like Kay, is only a junior and shows promise of being one of the country's best debaters next year. Leroy thinks well on his feet and has a gift of analysis that makes him one of the most formidable men on the team.

Joe Hough, another of the "persuasive" speakers, is a junior from Star, and usually teams with the staccato delivery of Jim Greene. Joe is president-elect of BSU, past president of Sigma Chi and a member of ODK. Hough is a polished speaker who also thinks well on his feet, is clear in his arguments, and has a selfassured air about him. Joe is the man who is always getting post cards from swanky hotels and mailing them back to school.

Senior Jim Greene, president of BSU, a member of ODK and Who's Who, is the "old man" and perfectionist of the group. A tireless worker, his cases are superb in their preparation and once in the heat of a debate, he can spout an astounding number of pertinent facts at his opponents. He is noted for losing himself in his debates and coining words like "obliberating" in his haste to overwhelm his opposition.

Just why such superlative debaters so consistently come to Wake Forest provides an engima also, especially since North Carolina isn't a debate-conscious state. Yet for the past 12 years, Wake Forest has had a team in the national limelight, and interest in forensics has been avid since the college was founded. Professor Aycock, the college's first official debate coach, and the man who nurtured the team successfully through World War II, explains it as a self-perpetuating system. The good debaters here attract others and draw student interest. He also points out that debaters are trained here, whenever possible, from their freshman year, so that by their junior year, they are reaching their capacity.

At any rate, whatever the reason, debate is on top at Wake Forest, and from all appearances, is hitting a national stride that will keep it in the ascendency for years to come.



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